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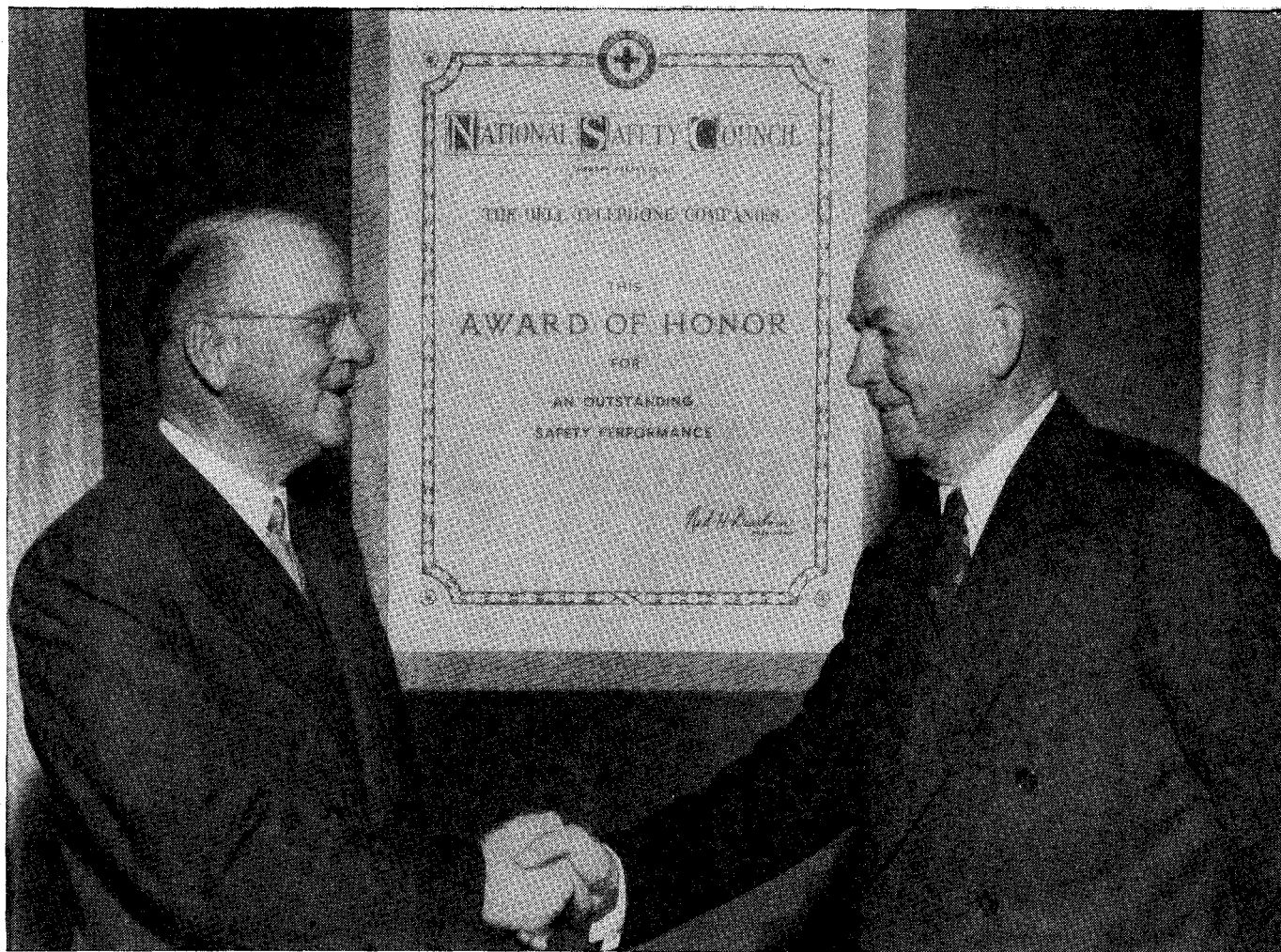
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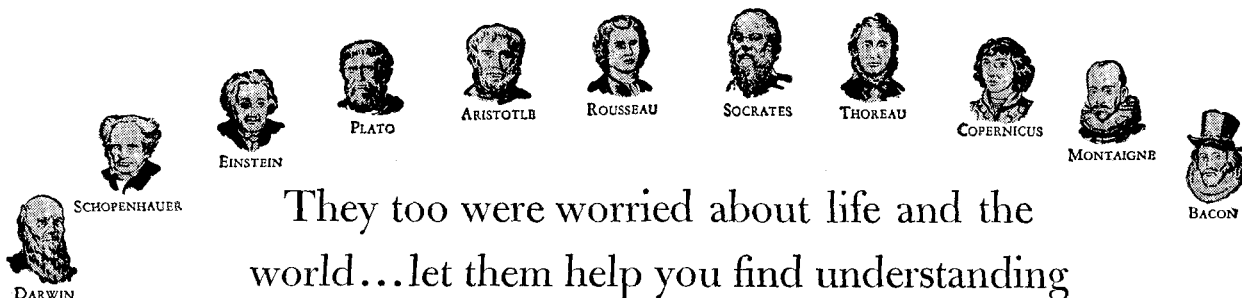
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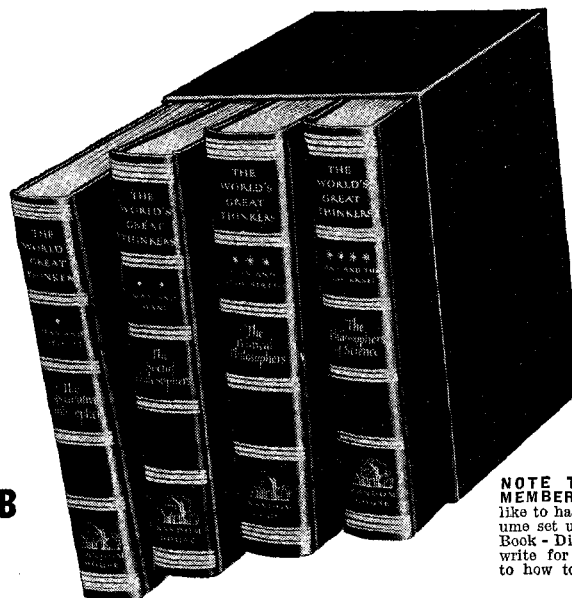


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THE ATLANTIC REPORT

on the World today



London



BECAUSE no people reacts so promptly to changes in weather as do the English, it has long been a rule of thumb for reporters in London that you can roughly assess the prevailing mood of everything from politics to greyhound racing by reading the *Times* weather report every morning. This winter, however, the rule has broken down badly. Though it has been the grimmest winter in some years — including a spell of unusually sulphurous and tenacious fog — the general mood in Britain has been good, almost buoyant.

After a mediocre performance through the summer, Churchill's Government has suddenly achieved a modest but palpable easing of the economic strain. Bevan's rebellion within the Labor Party, which has envenomed politics here for a year and a half, has been called off. Britain's standing set of foreign crises, particularly the two most costly, in Malaya and Egypt, have for one reason or another been mitigated. The most effective cause of the easier atmosphere, however, is the impression being made by the new royal family.

Britain's radiant Queen

The idea of being ruled by a pretty young queen with the promising name of Elizabeth has tickled the British ever since her ascension to the throne on the death of her father last year. When, after months of mourning followed by a respectable transition period of court austerity, the Queen made her first state appearance at the opening of the new session of Parliament in November, they found her even more attractive than they had expected.

For the first time, as a photographer at the occasion put it, she "pulled out all the stops." In regal robes, wearing a crown of sparkling gems, she no

longer had the air of premature matronliness given her by the apparel ("good Republican cloth coats" would be a valid description in another country) she wore when she was her father's daughter. Her dutifully restrained demeanor of months past gave way to a gay smile as she waved to crowds on the way. A United Press photographer who luckily caught this attitude in a close-up may look forward to having his work become the standard image of their queen that will hang over millions of Britons' mantelpieces; Churchill promptly ordered a dozen copies for distribution to eminent friends.

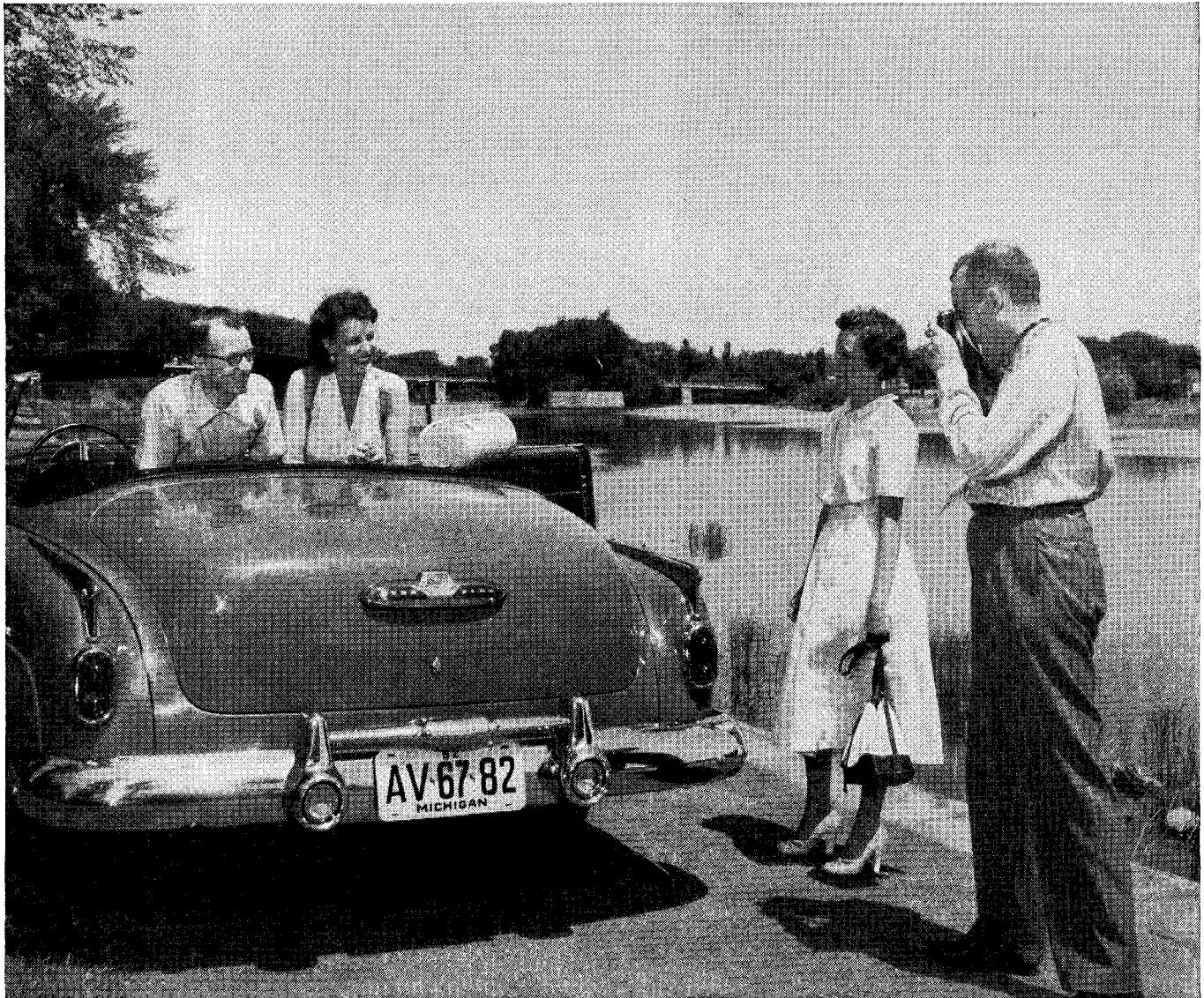
Photos nearly as attractive were made inside the House of Lords, where her slender form, small but given an illusion of tallness by her trailing robes as she mounted to the throne holding her husband's hand, made her seem as near to the fairy-tale variety of princess as ever English queen appeared.

The stunning effect of this first state appearance on the people has been sustained by an excited anticipation of her coronation. Though the event does not take place until June, no day has passed in this gloomy winter without news of the preparations for it. The first stamps and coins bearing the Queen's image each produced animated debates as to resemblance in the letters columns of the *Times*. The debates have had an insidious and infectious quality: hard-boiled members of London's American community who have long since dismissed the whole fuss as "a lot of mumbo-jumbo" have been noted comparing half crowns with photos and declaring with spirited conviction that the artist has indeed made the Queen's neck too long.

Seven months before the event, bleachers had already been constructed on the processional route

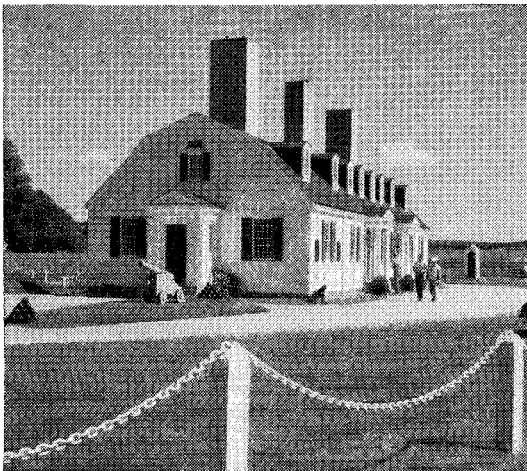
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The Atlantic Report on London



along the Mall, and all leading hotels had announced that they were sold out for June. Six months before, Westminster Abbey became forbidden ground to the public and a chaotic scene of cranes and piles of lumber and sand. On Sunday, early risers have been able to watch through the mist the Queen's horses and the Queen's men already rehearsing the parade they will be able to do blindfolded by summer.

The Churchill revival

Not all Britons completely approve, or adopt the view that it is all harmless fun. Aneurin Bevan of the Labor Party's left wing, for example, sees hard political significance in it and does not hide his misgivings.

It should be said that Bevan and his Labor colleagues have an unpleasant political phenomenon to explain. It is the sudden revival of Churchill's prestige. The Conservatives' stock with popular opinion fell radically throughout the summer and autumn. At one point it stood, according to the Gallup poll, ten percentage points below that of the Labor Opposition — a figure which promised Labor a landslide victory whenever new elections should be held.

But by midwinter, Churchill and his party had become the people's choice once more. In a by-election to fill a vacated seat in Parliament, Churchill's candidate won handily by a larger majority than the Conservatives got for that seat in the general elections a year previous. This was the first time in twenty years that a party in power in Britain had increased its majority in a by-election, and a startling index of Churchill's rehabilitation.

To Bevan, a large part of the explanation of this change lay in the nation-wide hum of chatter about the coronation. The royal family, he said in an article in the left-wing weekly *Tribune*, always comes to the aid of the Tories. In the middle thirties, when the masses should have been justly indignant at their Conservative rulers, their attentions were diverted and their unrest solaced by royal opiate — the dramatic abdication of Edward VIII to marry the woman he loved. Now, in the winter of 1952-53, when once again they should be charged with a fever to throw the rascals out, there is provided the atmosphere of coronation with the double effect of inducing a Conservative frame of mind in the people and taking their thoughts off their real grievances.

There is indisputably something to Bevan's thesis. People are certainly more lighthearted than they would be if no royal celebration were in the offing. But other grounds for the change in the Prime Min-

ister's political fortunes cannot be ignored. First among them, the general economic stringency has clearly been eased. After more than a year of failing to pay her way, Britain's industries began in September and continued through the winter producing and selling more than enough to pay for the nation's imports, with a welcome influx of gold for the nation's depleted treasury.

In part, this was a happy accident: those mysterious features the "terms of trade" happened to shift in favor of the kinds of goods Britain sells. In large part, however, it is undeniable that the Tory husbandry of British resources — in the main, the ban on semi-luxury imports with the purpose of reducing the national bill — is responsible.

More homes, more quiet

The Tories' most specific election promise in 1951 was to increase appreciably the number of houses being built. This they have done, and during the winter the increase has become very noticeable. Laborites may justly complain that any party could have done it if it had chosen to deprive more vital sections of British industry of resources in favor of housing; they may point out that in part the increase in "dwelling units" has been achieved by lowering the standards the previous Labor Government set for them. But the public is impressed by the fact that more homes have become available.

In addition to these positive achievements, the Conservatives have been helped by sheer windfalls, particularly in the realm of foreign affairs. With the change in Soviet cold war tactics announced by Stalin at the Communist Congress in Moscow in October, the prospect of hot war has appeared to recede. Since in the last elections, in 1951, Labor loudly insisted that a Churchill victory would bring war nearer, the new turn of things has tended to raise Churchill's stock and lower Labor's.

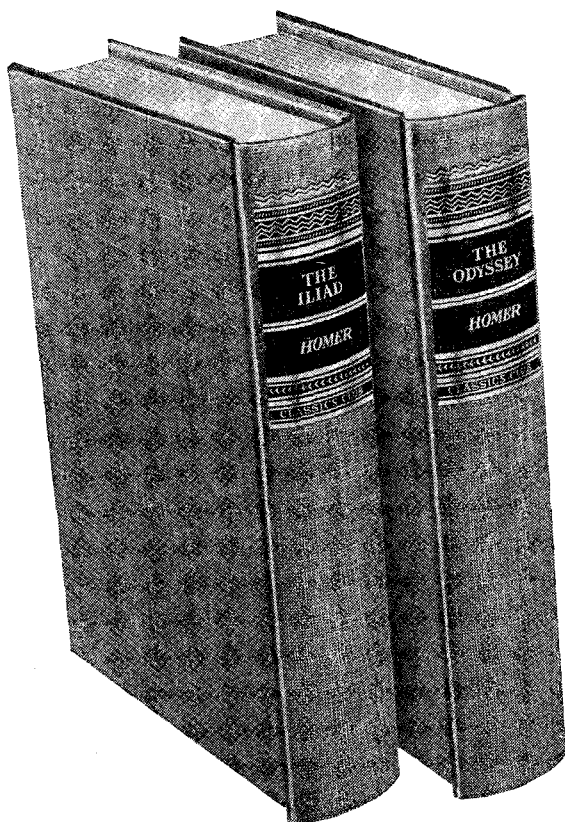
The changed Communist line has in the specific case of Malaya brought immediate improvement. The Communist rebels in that British dependency have abruptly reduced outright guerrilla warfare in favor of subversive "popular front" propaganda.

And in Egypt the ascendancy of General Naguib has brought very near an agreement with Britain over the disposal of the disputed Sudan, which in turn has caused a marked easing of tension in the Anglo-Egyptian crisis. Since these two crises have been Britain's most costly in terms both of economic resources and of casualties, the amelioration has had political effect in Britain.

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What has been most embarrassing in all this to the Labor Opposition leaders is that their own behavior has also been a factor in the Tory recovery. The struggle within the party leadership reached its querulous climax just at the time of the indicative by-election mentioned above and had no doubt great effect on the outcome.

Bevan a captive

At the Labor Party's annual convention in September, Aneurin Bevan's rebels made their maximum bid to wrest power from the Old Guard leaders headed by Attlee. In the voting to choose a new executive committee to guide the party, the Bevanites achieved a sizable victory: they won six of the seven places on the executive committee that are allotted to local Labor parties to choose, knocking off the committee Herbert Morrison, who has long been considered second only to Attlee in command of the party.

Since most of the places on the committee are reserved to other bodies, such as the trade unions, to elect, the right-wing leaders were still able to retain over-all control of the commit-

tee. But Bevan's startling triumph in the limited field open to him was sufficient to stir the Old Guard at last to mount a counteroffensive.

The early winter rang with interne-cine battle, political rallies and counterrallies. As so often happens when heat replaces light in an argument, the battle degenerated from a conflict of issues to one of personalities. So much mud was slung by both sides that by the time of the crucial by-election all the Labor leaders had discredited themselves far more thoroughly than the Tories could have discredited them. Moreover, since the annual "policy-making" convention had been so completely devoted to internal Labor Party strife, there had been no time to compound a policy. With nothing new to offer the electorate against the Conservatives' list of achievements, Labor was no match for the Government party.

Meanwhile, the long struggle for power within the Labor Party has at last reached a decision. The reaction which Bevan's triumph at the convention called forth proved more powerful than the triumph which provoked

it. When Parliament reassembled after the convention and Labor's members of Parliament resumed their private weekly meetings to determine current parliamentary strategy, Attlee was able to muster a great majority for requiring the Bevanites to disband their tightly organized "party within the party."

When the parliamentarians voted to choose their "shadow cabinet," the twelve men who direct the Opposition in the House of Commons, some canny rewriting of the rules by Attlee enabled him to get Bevan elected with the lowest vote of the twelve who were chosen. In a minority of one against eleven, Bevan became captive. In accepting the situation, he once again, after a year and a half in the wilderness, came under official discipline, which means he cannot speak against official policy any longer, and thus has virtually admitted the failure of his rebellion.

"Never be completely right"

In the view of most political observers here, however, this last development should be considered not an end to the rebellion so much as a tactical retreat, an interlude for recovering breath. Bevan remains one of the only two exciting figures in British politics, and the only Labor leader, not excepting Attlee, who can draw an overflow crowd wherever or whenever he speaks.

Moreover there is a vital fact that has been generally clouded over by the bitter personal animosities of the struggle: that is, that on the central issue of the argument, Bevan was incontestably right and the other Labor leaders were wrong. Bevan resigned from the Labor cabinet in 1951 because, he maintained, it had projected an arms program too burdensome for the British economy to carry. Since his resignation, reluctant confirmations have come first from the Labor Government itself in its last months and then from the ensuing Conservative cabinet. Labor was forced to curtail the program once; Churchill has twice announced reductions because the British economy could not carry the load.

A few nights before Bevan accepted his lonely captivity in the "shadow cabinet," he made what he called his last speech "as a free man" to a London gathering. "I do not want to tell

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you any of my and Jennie's [Jennie Lee, his wife] secrets," he said, "but I must give you some sound advice: In politics as in marriage, never be completely right." Bevan had not only been right but had in the most irritating fashion rubbed it in. The orthodox leaders of Labor had to band together out of sheer embarrassment in an attempt to destroy him. If the Welsh firebrand has genuinely learned the lesson of diplomacy—his irrepressibly peppery personality raises doubts—he will remain a factor to be reckoned with in British politics.

Ike gives reassurance

Some observers here argue that a contributing factor to Bevan's failure has been the aftermath of the American elections. However sound Bevan's reasoning may have been, the emotional impetus which put it over with a section of the British public has been anti-Americanism. He had argued that Britain adopted the too onerous arms program because of American pressure, and that it is American policies alone that require heavy rearmament.

This line enjoyed great success during the American election campaign, when General Eisenhower was making so many oratorical concessions to keep right-wing Republicans campaigning for him—for example, his American Legion speech about "liberating" the Russian satellites and his near-promise to take new measures to bring an end to the war in Korea (which was promptly translated here to mean that he would extend the war à la MacArthur). Indeed, the General's speeches provoked the British press to come out more outspokenly for Stevenson than it has ever dared for any other candidate in an American election.

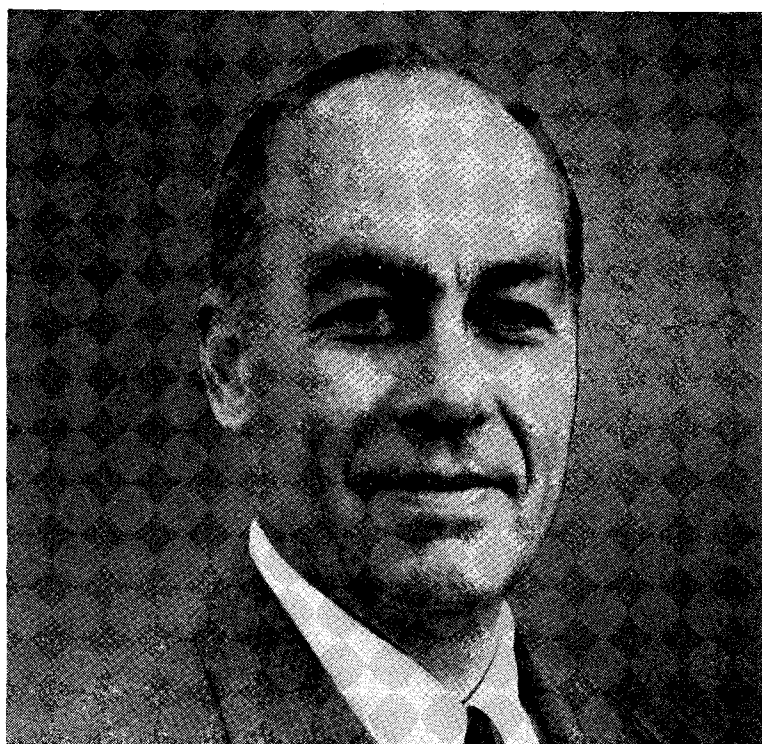
What indices have registered here of the new President's policies at this writing, however, have been greatly reassuring to the British. Especially the General's provocative appointment of a Stevenson Democrat to his cabinet to handle labor relations, despite Senator Taft's pained protest, has done much to restore the Eisenhower halo and to lessen the appeal of anti-Americanism to the British public. The conservative weekly *Spectator* put the general view: Until General Eisenhower gives reason to think otherwise, it wrote, he must be assumed to be a wise choice.

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Washington

PRESIDENT EISENHOWER has one of his strongest administrative teams in the Treasury Department. Indeed it is hard to see how he could have enlisted better brains than he did. The influence of Paul Hoffman was evident in the choices. Secretary George M. Humphrey has been a close friend of Hoffman. He is the Cleveland steel and coal industrialist who, when Mesabi Range iron ore appeared nearing depletion, took a farsighted interest in developing a new source in Labrador.

Marion B. Folsom, the Under Secretary, has been, like Hoffman, chairman of the Committee for Economic Development, and he has long been working on a revision of the tax system. Assistant Secretary Chapman Rose, a onetime law clerk to Justice Oliver Wendell Holmes, was closely associated with Humphrey as a Cleveland lawyer.

It is in the selection of W. Randolph Burgess as special deputy to the Secretary on debt management that the new course of the Treasury may be most clearly seen. Mr. Burgess has been chairman of the executive committee of the National City Bank of New York, an institution that has given a great deal of attention to the funding of the national debt. This problem is allied with the control of inflation. Under Secretary Snyder the Treasury took deferred action. Its apparent primary concern was to keep the interest charges on the national debt as low as possible so as to hold down the cost of servicing the \$267 billion sum (which this fiscal year will cost \$6½ billion in carrying charges).

This concern of the Treasury with artificially low interest rates led it into a public squabble with the Federal Reserve Board in 1950 when the latter body was seeking to restrict credit. Secretary Snyder finally agreed to a truce which resulted in somewhat higher interest rates. But the groundwork for post-war monetary inflation had long since been laid.

Where the Treasury missed an opportunity was in its failure to refund the national debt after World War II. Some three fourths of the \$267 billion debt consists of bonds that are callable or will come due within five years. Had these short-term obligations been refunded — that is, exchanged for long-term

bonds when the interest rate was low — the premium would have been on saving and the subsequent debt service charge would have been reduced.

Too rapid a reduction in the debt, especially when defense spending is tapering off, might of course precipitate a recession. The question will be one of fine balance calling for a working arrangement between the Treasury and the Federal Reserve Board that still will respect the latter's independence. The Eisenhower Administration will have the benefit of sound advice and experience in its effort to chart a stable monetary and credit policy.

Ike's personal staff

In staffing the executive branch, it seems likely that the President will follow the military type of organization with former Governor Adams of New Hampshire his "chief of staff."

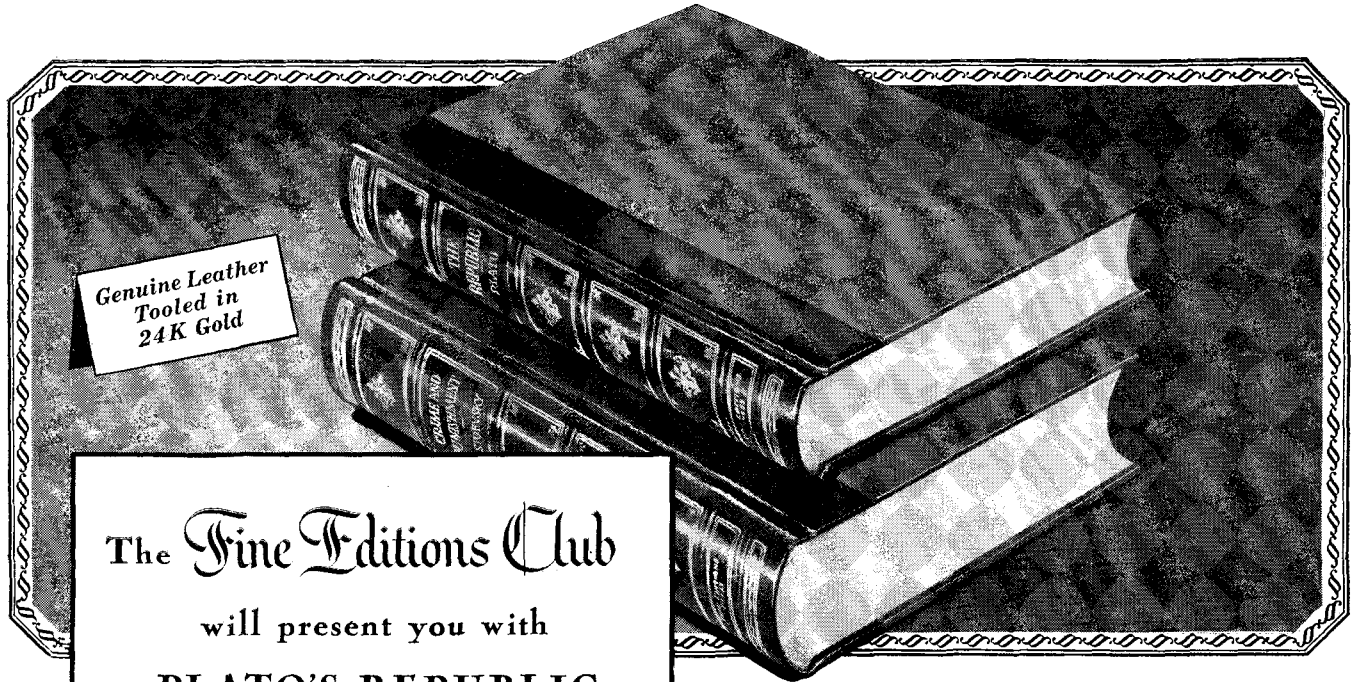
The job of a military chief of staff is to insulate his superior as much as possible and to make sure that relatively few persons report to him directly. Without doubt the President needs some screening procedure. But one grave danger is that the President will be shielded from happenings that tend to discredit his administration. President Truman used to complain that he had trouble finding out what was going on. There is also danger that presidential aides, without close supervision, may become focal points for special interest pressures, as they were in the Truman Administration.

Certainly the new President will need a staff of men who understand the difference between an agent and a principal. One who did in the Truman Administration was Rear Admiral Sidney W. Souers. A Missouri businessman whose military title derives from wartime service in naval intelligence, Souers was President Truman's confidential consultant on national security affairs. He was the first director of what is now the Central Intelligence Agency and the first executive secretary of the National Security Council, and was instrumental in preparing the legislation to establish both agencies.

Souers briefed the President almost daily on security matters, and he also did such other con-

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fidential jobs as the investigation that led to the firing of Theron Lamar Caudle. One of Souers's great assets was his ability to remain in the background as an agent of the President.

Particularly important was the link Souers afforded with the National Security Council. This is the top-level agency — whose principal members are the President and the Secretaries of State and Defense — that attempts to tie together military policy and foreign policy. Although a confidential trouble-shooter is not provided in military tables of organization, President Eisenhower no doubt will find it necessary sooner or later to rely on someone with the qualities of Admiral Souers.

McKay and public lands

It is in the Department of the Interior that the efforts of the Eisenhower Administration at consolidation may first be observed. No one expects that Secretary McKay will upset the programs of public works and conservation that have been Interior's stock in trade. But he is likely to modify new extensions of the Interior programs. Many persons are watching to see whether he will stand up against the attempts by certain Western legislators to revise public lands policy to favor some stockmen and lumber interests.

During the campaign there was some fear that if the Republicans came in there would be pressure to turn control of grazing lands over to the stockmen. The Republican plank on public lands — in which the unsuccessful candidate for Senator from New Mexico, Patrick J. Hurley, reportedly had a leading part — gave some substance to this fear by a reference to "legislation to define the rights and privileges of grazers."

Grazing is only one use of the public lands. Overgrazing in the past greatly hampered two prime objectives of Federal management: watershed protection and the prevention of soil erosion. Although many stockmen exhibit a genuine interest in conservation, there has been unremitting pressure on the Bureau of Land Management for more "liberal" policies.

Range land administered by the Bureau is for the most part poorer in

quality than that within the domain of the Forest Service. It is noteworthy, nonetheless, that the grazing rate per head of cattle set by the Bureau is less than one third that charged by the Forest Service. Many rangers say privately that even the Forest Service rate is too low. Secretary McKay will find himself in the middle of this controversy.

Private power and irrigation

In line with President Eisenhower's campaign promise to bring more partnership between the states and the Federal government in developing natural resources, Secretary McKay also may be counted on to explore new devices for state representation. He has opposed a Columbia Valley Authority as bringing too much Federal control. But as Governor of Oregon he participated in the Federal-state Columbia Basin Interagency Committee.

Secretary McKay has indicated his belief that private power companies should be allowed to do all they can, but that some projects are of such size that only the state or Federal government can undertake them. One public power decision he will have to make is whether to support legislation authorizing the mammoth Hells Canyon dam on the upper Snake River.

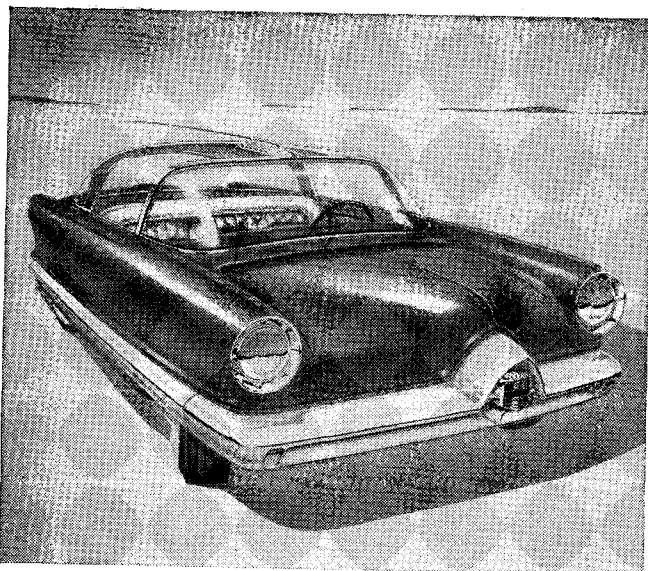
Like most Westerners, Secretary McKay is known as an advocate of reclamation, but he also takes a dim view of the political activities of Federal bureaucrats. Thus the Bureau of Reclamation, whose administration under Commissioner Michael W. Straus had many political overtones, is sure to come in for scrutiny.

One charge lodged against the Bureau, particularly on the Colorado-Big Thompson irrigation and power project in the Rockies, is that it has loaded an excessive proportion of the cost on irrigation so as to justify lower rates for public power. Certainly the Bureau has displayed a remarkable ability to underestimate construction costs.

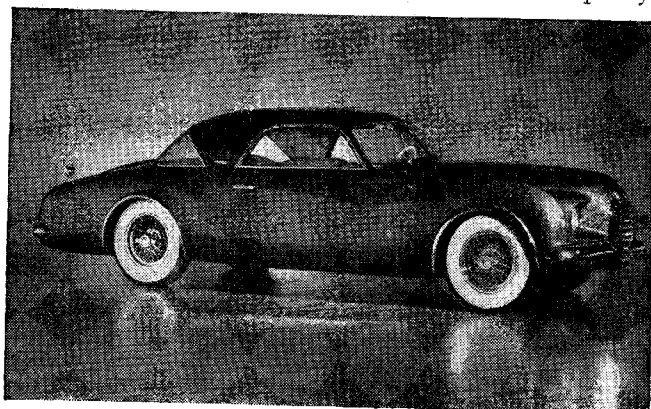
There is a moot question whether it is possible to get a complete accounting of the actual cost of public power when it is produced as part of a multiple-purpose project. The complaint of juggled figures remains, nonetheless, one of the most potent arguments of the private power com-



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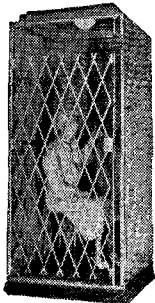
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Another activity of the Bureau of Reclamation that may come under scrutiny is its "partnership" with the Corps of Engineers in the Pick-Sloan plan for the Missouri River. This arrangement has been roundly damned by conservationists as excluding valley-wide development and neglecting the upstream conservation so essential to effective flood control.

In this connection there may be renewed pressure on Secretary McKay to revive the recommendation of the Hoover Commission task force for a Department of Natural Resources. Such a department would absorb the natural resources functions of Interior, the Department of Agriculture, and the Corps of Engineers. While it would not eliminate conflicts and duplications in governmental programs, it would ensure unified policy direction.

Justice and the oil companies

Attorney General Brownell has an able assistant in William P. Rogers, the Deputy Attorney General. Rogers, a Washington lawyer, was the former chief counsel of the Senate War Investigating Committee, and he is known for his fairness. His appointment thus has been taken as a happy sign of President Eisenhower's feeling about the conduct of investigations.

One of Mr. Brownell's first big decisions will be what to do on the international oil suit launched by his predecessor in the Department of Justice. State and Defense Department officials have been crying that this suit, with the whetstone it gives to the forces of fanatical nationalism in the Middle East and Latin America, is the most disastrous blow to United States foreign relations in a decade.

There is undeniably more than a little inconsistency in the fact that the State Department has been consulting, in the Iranian crisis, the same oil companies that the Department of Justice has apparently regarded as suspect. In many instances the State Department urged the oil companies, for diplomatic and national security reasons, to enter into the very contracts that the Department of Justice has condemned.

The suit had its genesis in a report by the Federal Trade Commission completed in the fall of 1951. This report, kept secret at the time, alleged that five American and two foreign oil companies had engaged in a gigantic cartel to restrict production and keep prices high. It cited a number of restrictive agreements between the companies and foreign firms.

When the report was circulated through the Administration, various officials objected to its publication. Admiral Souers protested the damage the report would do to American interests abroad. Secretary of State Acheson and Secretary of Defense Lovett were said to be opposed to release, but neither would take the initiative in the National Security Council for fear that his past business connections with the oil companies might be criticized.

During the summer, stories about the contents of the report were given to the press, especially by Senator Hennings of Missouri. Finally, after appeals from several Senators, President Truman authorized Senator Sparkman's Small Business Committee to make the report public with certain deletions. This gave the oil companies the first knowledge of the general charges against them.

What did not come out until much later was the fact that in June, 1952, President Truman had disregarded the protests and had authorized the Department of Justice to take legal action against the oil companies. This culminated in the antitrust suit filed in August along with a separate suit to recover alleged overcharges to the Economic Cooperation Administration on oil bought in the Middle East for shipment to Europe. In support of the subpoena the Department of Justice advanced the unique argument that dependence on foreign oil under the agreements had endangered American security by removing the incentive for domestic exploration.

Federal District Judge James R. Kirkland, remarking that oil could be "the fuseline of a powderkeg to set off another war," continued the subpoena but modified its scope. Subsequently the British and Dutch governments declined to make available the documents in their possession. No one argues that improprieties or abuses by the oil companies should be

condoned. The fear of State and Defense officials is that the manner in which the cartel suit was presented — involving, as it does, some agreements of twenty years' standing — will set off new epidemics of nationalization fever such as swept Iran. Already the Venezuelan government had indicated that it will be forced by popular sentiment to conduct its own investigation of the oil companies there. This follows the nationalization of the tin mines in Bolivia and rumblings about copper in Chile.

If the oil companies have engaged purposely in illegal restrictive agreements, it would be possible to apply for an injunction or to issue cease-and-desist orders without exposing the national security to such peril. What Attorney General Brownell will have to decide is whether the legal case against the companies warrants the damage done. Certainly President Eisenhower will need to concern himself with the breakdown of coordination that the oil case represents. For no administration can present a united front when several departments ride off in opposite directions.

Mood of the Capital

Indecision has afflicted the whole area of American aid to Europe. The British interest in "trade, not aid" — an important consideration in Churchill's visit — has a great deal of appeal in Washington. But the practical mechanics of stimulating more dollar-earning trade are another problem, what with Secretary of Commerce Weeks talking about the need to protect American industries against foreign competition and Senator Millikin of the Senate Finance Committee raising doubts about the reciprocal trade agreements.

On one point virtually all parties seem agreed: the need to reduce the number of Americans in government jobs abroad. Former Secretary of Commerce Sawyer, as a sort of swan song before his departure, turned in a critical report on European economic conditions. He pointed to the confusion resulting from "too many people doing too many things"; for example, there are four Americans with the title of "ambassador" in Paris, each claiming authority to act. The remedy for this situation, Mr. Sawyer noted, "does not require another study employing a large staff to consider and report upon the problem."

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Venezuela

IN the national election of November 30, Venezuela's voters ran up an overwhelming majority against a military junta government which ostensibly held control of the situation. It was one of the few times in Latin American history that such a strong showing had been made by an opposition group. But a counterphase immediately followed. Near midday on December 1, the government imposed a blackout on news of the election returns and took over the counting. As a result, the junta was able to announce on December 2 that its own Independent Electoral Front party had 570,123 votes against 473,880 for the major opposition party (called the Democratic Union for a Republic) and 138,003 for a Catholic-led Christian socialist coalition known as Copei.

This was a hefty reversal of obvious polling trends even by standards of the Caribbean republics. The last official figure, released on December 1, with more than a fourth of the ballots counted, had given the U.R.D. party 294,000 and Copei 89,000 to the government party's 147,000. And late in the afternoon of December 1 the *New York Times*, in a telephone talk with a private source in Caracas, learned that the U.R.D.-Copei vote had been unofficially tabulated at 656,000.

The government had to act fast. On December 2 the three-man junta resigned to the ranking officers of the Venezuelan armed services (which had created it four years earlier), and before the day was over, the top brass named Colonel Marcos Pérez Jiménez, dominant junta member, Provisional President.

Shortly afterward it was announced that in the 103-man Constituent Assembly which the November 30 election was called to choose, the government party had won 49 seats to 25 for the U.R.D. and 7 for Copei. There was no doubt that with an adroit use of its counting facilities in the electoral districts the Pérez Jiménez regime would rig itself up a working majority.

The road ahead for the new Provisional President looked easy. The army, for the moment, feeling the weight of popular distaste for a military regime,

appeared to be more solidly united behind its outstanding colonel than it had been behind the junta. The rigged majority in the Constituent Assembly reasonably guaranteed that at any convenient time after its scheduled opening session on January 10, the legalistic forms could be carried out to elect Pérez Jiménez Provisional President by a civilian vote.

A general strike was attempted but failed, and the opposition appeared to have no more formidable resistance to offer than a crackle of irreverent witticisms in the dark corners of bars and cafés. Most of these had to do with the question, What made Pérez Jiménez a thief?

The stock answer, with variations, was: He was so confident of winning an election that he went crazy and held an honest one. So when the vote knocked him back to his normal attitude, he had to steal it.

A long-term revolt

The big anti-government vote on November 30 strongly indicates that Venezuela, like half a dozen other Latin republics from Argentina to Central America, is deeply launched on a long-term revolt. It is a revolt by a rural peasantry living on bare subsistence standards. It is also a revolt by a fast-growing class of low-paid, impoverished city and town workers against the control of the state and the country's resources by an immensely rich aristocracy. It is a protest, nonviolent for the present, against the military strong-arm methods and the constant political trickeries with which the controlling group has denied the Venezuelan people an effective voice in their government and prevented them from claiming a share of the national prosperity.

Above and beyond political objectives, the popular movement expresses a demand for rapid improvements in living standards. The Venezuelan masses would naturally like their living conditions to compare favorably with the lavish ones they have learned about from Hollywood movies, American social betterment programs conducted by Point Four technicians and the Rockefellers, and the lux-

uries displayed by the oil-royalty and new-business millionaires, the large landowners, and the government grafters who compose the home-grown aristocracy.

In open and underground phases this kind of protest has now been under way in Venezuela for more than seven years. It began with a military coup in October, 1945, on behalf of a new but fantastically growing political party called Acción Democrática. The coupists, who incidentally included the present dictator, Pérez Jiménez, promptly installed an exceptionally competent, mildly leftist party leader, Rómulo Betancourt, as Provisional President, and Acción Democrática ran the government for the next three years. During that time it gave the Venezuelans enough political liberties so that the movement has never died.

Acción Democrática, for instance, held a free and strictly honest election for a Constituent Assembly in 1946. The next year the Assembly produced a Constitution which provided universal suffrage for all Venezuelans, men and women, guaranteed a secret ballot and control of polls and vote-counting operations by joint electoral boards of all contending parties, and made both registration and voting compulsory. To make voting easy for Venezuela's several thousand illiterates, different-colored ballots were supplied for the different political parties.

In this sort of election late in 1947, Acción Democrática's candidate, Rómulo Gallegos, a professional educator and an outstanding South American novelist, won the presidency by a majority of more than 70 per cent of all the votes cast. Gallegos and a constitutional Congress took office in February, 1948, and busied themselves at once carrying out Acción Democrática's plans for long-range agricultural and irrigation development, road building, low-cost public housing, and a greatly enlarged public school system.

Toward the end of the year, however, President Gallegos tried to bring the military into constitutional subordination to the civilian government and was tossed out of office in November, 1948, by a military coup which set up a ruling junta, suspended Congress and the Constitution, out-

"But Why The Candles, Holy Water And Beads?"

"It looks like hokus-pocus to me," Dave Smith said to Father Crane.

Dave was expressing a quite common view held by many non-Catholics... that the Catholic use of such articles as beads, crucifixes, medals and holy water is unnecessary in religion and even smacks of pagan superstition.

"What good does it do," Dave asked, "to light a candle or burn incense? And how can a little medal around my neck protect me from accidents?"

Unfortunately, too many people outside the Catholic Faith have a complete misunderstanding of these religious articles and the use to which they are put. There is nothing pagan or superstitious about them, and they do have a very real religious meaning and value.

"Actually," Father Crane told Dave, "religious articles used by Catholics are meant to be helps to their religious life—nothing more. The value of such articles is not in the metal, wood or wax of which they are made, nor in the form they may have... but in the prayer of the Church and of Christ, in whose name the Church prays in blessing them... as well as the fervor of the user's own prayer and his good disposition."

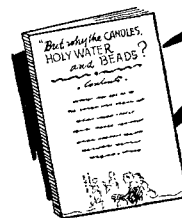
But Dave was still not convinced. He argued that religion is a spiritual thing... that it requires no external manifestations. "Yes," the priest agreed, "it is spiritual. But isn't it the natural thing for a human being to give outward expression to the things within his heart? How, for example, could you be sure that your mother loved you if she gave no sign that she did?"

Our Lord, Father Crane added, could have cured the blind man (John 9:6)



merely by willing it. Instead, he first made a salve of clay and anointed the man's eyes. In blessing little children, He did not have to lay His Hands on them—but he did. Many people, Father Crane added, think the Catholic practice of kneeling to pray is unnecessary... yet Jesus, in the Garden of Gethsemane, "kneeling down... began to pray" (Luke 22:41).

Many Catholic practices which seem strange to you now, would make a deep and convincing impression upon your mind and heart if you really understood them. And this is your invitation to investigate.



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We will gladly send you without cost or obligation a highly interesting pamphlet explaining such things as the Catholic use of crucifixes, medals, incense, holy water, candles, and special Catholic prayers and practices such as the Rosary, Devotion to the Sacred Heart, and Lent. It costs you nothing to learn the truth about these things... and the truth will be most interesting. For your free copy, write today. Ask for Pamphlet No. B-38.

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The Atlantic Report on Venezuela



lawed Acción Democrática as a political party, exiled Gallegos and Betancourt and most of the members and ex-members of their cabinets, and either jailed or drove out of the country hundreds of local and congressional leaders belonging to Acción Democrática.

For the four years since then, the junta has ruled by the harsh methods of Latin American military dictators, flavored with rigid censorship of political news and frequent waves of police terrorism. Every form of public disturbance or commotion was used as a pretext for getting tough with members of Acción Democrática. Discoveries of bomb caches and barrack disorders in the provinces usually led to dozens of arrests and the liquidation of a few "resisters" by gunfire.

Under the circumstances Acción Democrática went underground. But apparently, except for its jailbirds, exiles, and a few minor leaders who were won over as government stooges by the junta's favors, it thrived under persecution and tightened its secret lines of organization.

So when Pérez Jiménez felt himself forced last summer to order the Constituent Assembly elections — in order to regularize his position and to give the Venezuelan government a pleasant democratic façade for the Tenth Pan-American Conference scheduled to meet in Caracas during 1953 — he found himself in a considerable quandary as to what to do about Acción Democrática's manifest voting strength.

The underground organization was outlawed, to be sure, from taking part in the elections as an official party, but there was no way to disenfranchise nearly a million A.D. members who had voted for Gallegos in 1947. The junta did not even know who they were.

The junta's local officials in every part of the republic had spent four years building up the government's Independent Electoral Front party by favors to joiners and petty persecutions of opponents, and the junta's boss-man relied on the old Latin American adage that an iron-fist regime in office can't lose. On the opposition side, the U.R.D. movement was obviously growing but did not yet seem strong enough to be genuinely formidable. Copei was a middle-sized minority party which could supply a neat appearance of opposition in the Assembly but was not sufficiently opposed to the government on basic issues to make serious trouble.

Pérez Jiménez evidently accepted the tip, carefully spoon-fed to his secret police and intelligence agents by the underground, that the A.D. rank and file would show their disgust with the regime by casting blank ballots. But as the possibilities of a secret ballot procedure dawned on A.D. leaders, orders crackled out to the Acción Democrática over the underground radio to vote for Copei in the two states where it was strongest, and everywhere else in the republic for U.R.D. The big anti-government majority which forced Pérez Jiménez to reverse the election results was rolled up by the outlawed underground.

The army's apparent union behind the new Provisional President should be regarded as highly tentative. For to every officer with political ambitions or an urge for quick promotion, the November 30 election conveyed the tempting information that a coup in favor of Acción Democrática and the U.R.D. party which fronted for it would have nearly two thirds of the Venezuelan people behind it. If such a coup should encounter last-ditch resistance from the hard-boiled Pérez Jiménez and the beleaguered aristocracy, the result could be a civil war as vicious and prolonged as the one which has been going on for three years across Venezuela's borders in the neighbor republic of Colombia.

Will Venezuela nationalize oil?

A struggle on such a scale would endanger more things than the peace and order of Venezuela. The U.R.D. party platform during the election campaign, for example, demanded for Venezuela a more than 50 per cent share of the revenues of American oil interests in the republic and of the half-billion-dollar iron-mining industry now being built up in the Orinoco valley by the Bethlehem and United States Steel Companies. It also demanded that 50 per cent of the republic's oil output be refined in Venezuela and 50 per cent of the iron ore production be put through the milling processes there.

Mario Briceno Irragorry, U.R.D.'s candidate for Provisional President in the Constituent Assembly, called for nationalization of both oil and iron ore interests on the pattern of Bolivia's recent seizure of privately owned tin properties.

The tensions of a full-scale social war within the republic could hardly fail to sharpen these demands and transform them into major objectives of a people's revolt. The obvious close connections between the oil interests and the Venezuelan wealthy aristocracy would make the foreign investments a natural target of a violent revolutionary movement.



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"The railroads are a great machine which combines a vast variety of apparatus, devices, and processes to turn manpower and fuel into ton-miles of freight service and passenger-miles of travel." Some of the ways in which new developments are combined with tested fundamentals on the 225,000-mile "proving ground" of American railroads, and some of the advances in actual results, are outlined in this statement by one who is in a position to see the whole picture.

THE ADVANCING RAILS

by WILLIAM T. FARICY

President, Association of American Railroads

Nineteen twenty-one is a bench-mark year in American transportation. It was the first full year after Congress and the country turned from the government operation of railroads of the World War I period and returned the railroads to private management. It marked the beginning of tremendous and dramatic changes in transportation, not the least of which have come about in railroading itself.

Back in 1921 government expenditures on building inland waterways were just in their beginning. Since then, the government has spent on such projects three times as much as had been spent in all the preceding century, with resulting changes in the transportation picture.

Back in 1921 the pneumatic truck tire was just coming into use and the business of intercity commercial transportation by motor vehicle was in its infancy. Since then, the total number of motor vehicles has been multiplied five times and the proportion of trucks to total motor vehicles has gone up half again as much as it was then. The resulting changes in the pattern of transportation are visible on every street and highway.

Back in 1921 commercial flying of air mail had just been inaugurated and general commercial transportation by air was still to be born. In the years since then, planes have multiplied in number and grown in size, cities have built more and larger airports to accommodate more and larger planes, the Federal Government has assisted in airport building and has provided and operates

special airways with navigation and control features. A new industry of commercial air transport has been created.

Transportation of crude petroleum by pipeline was well established before 1921, but since then the network of lines has been greatly extended and whole new networks of lines have come into being to carry refined petroleum products and natural gas in vast volume and over long distances.

The Growth of the Service

Beneath the earth, then, as well as on the earth, on the water, and in the air, the past thirty years have seen changes in transportation plant and methods so profound and so dramatic that in the minds of many they have overshadowed the parallel advances made in the older method of transport by rail. To some, they may have seemed to forecast even the ultimate eclipse of the rails.

But with all the changes, the railroads have not only stayed in business but have gone ahead to render more service and better service to agriculture, to industry, and to the defense of the nation.

In 1921 the railroads performed freight service equivalent to moving 2900 tons of freight one mile for every man, woman, and child in the United States. By the peak pre-war year of 1929, that amount of railroad service had grown to 3700 ton-miles per capita. But in 1951 the railroads moved 4200 ton-miles per capita, and during the peak years of the Second World War they



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had been called upon to move more than 5500 ton-miles per year for each one of us in the country.

The people of this country continue to need railroads, and to need them more and more — especially in time of war, rearmament, and national emergency. Then what have the railroads done to keep abreast of these needs?

The measure of what railroads have done is not to be found in any mere catalogue of new devices adopted and new methods put into effect. I could list here more new and important advances in plant and methods than space permits or a reader's patience would tolerate. But the railroad is not a mere aggregation of devices and apparatus.

The railroad, rightly viewed, is a machine, and the railroads as a whole are a great machine, which combines a vast variety of apparatus, devices, and processes to turn manpower and fuel into ton-miles of freight service and passenger-miles of travel. The real measure of the advance of the railroads is to be found, therefore, in the way in which new developments and tested fundamentals are combined to produce transportation service with maximum economy and minimum expenditure of manpower, fuel, and materials.

So, as a measure of the real advance of the railroads in the past three decades, let's take a look at how these elements were combined and used in 1921 and, thirty years later, in 1951.

Holding Down the Cost

The working time of employees for which railroads paid \$1.00 in 1921 cost them \$2.81 in 1951. For fuel, materials, and supplies which cost \$1.00 in 1921, the railroads paid in 1951 an average of \$2.20. Taxes which took 5 cents out of each dollar of revenue in 1921, took 11½ cents in 1951.

Wages, fuel, supplies, and taxes make up at least 90 per cent of the cost of operating railroads, and every one of these items has more than doubled since 1921. Yet the ton-miles of freight service for which shippers paid in 1921 an average of \$1.00 cost them in 1951 only \$1.05, while the passenger-miles for which you paid \$1.00 in 1921 actually cost you only 81 cents in 1951.

Of course it would not have been possible to move 1951 traffic with the railroad plant of 1921,

but if it could have been done, the cost to the railroads of doing the work with that plant, but with wages, prices, and taxes at present levels, would have been nearly three times what it cost to do the job with the improved plant of today. Necessarily, under such conditions freight rates and passenger fares would have had to be very much higher than they are now.

Efficiency: 1951 or 1921

The story back of this tremendous advance in efficiency and economy is one of research and invention, of investment in improved plant and equipment, of application of the new and better methods of operation which improved plant and equipment made possible.

Note that I do not say enlarged plant, for in miles of track and in number of locomotives and cars the plant of 1921 was larger than that of the present day. But in capacity and efficiency the 1951 railroad is so greatly different from that of thirty years ago as to warrant the statement that we have railroads which in essentials are new.

Let us turn our thoughts back to the railroads of 1921 for a moment. There were 2.6 million freight cars on the rails in that year. The total output of freight service was 310 billion ton-miles. Of course 1921 was a year of business recession, but even at the peak of the boom of the 1920s, when the railroad plant was working at capacity, a similar number of freight cars turned out only 450 billion ton-miles.

Last year, with half a million fewer cars than were in use in the 1920s, the railroads produced 647 billion ton-miles of transportation — getting 80 per cent more service out of the average freight car than in the pre-war peak of 1929.

Back in 1921 the railroads had 65,000 locomotives, of which all but 364 were steam power. The diesel locomotive was yet to be thought of. Since 1921 we first saw the development of the modern high-horsepower, high-speed, high-efficiency steam locomotive and then the introduction and rapid adoption of the diesel electric locomotive.

So rapid has been this adoption that today 65 per cent of all freight service, more than 70 per cent of all passenger service, and more than 75 per cent of all yard service is rendered by diesel electric locomotives. And 97 per cent of the diesel electric locomotives which are performing this



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service have been bought since 1940. More than 82 per cent have been bought since the end of World War II, and more than 38 per cent just in the two years 1950 and 1951.

Right now we are seeing the beginnings of what may be a still further development in the use of turbine locomotives of at least three different types — steam turbines, oil-burning gas turbines, and coal-burning gas turbines. In no field of transportation is there greater or more rapid change than in the motive power of American railroads.

And who can say that we may not have atomic-powered locomotives some day? They are not yet in sight, but for four years now the Association of American Railroads has had a competent mechanical engineer duly accredited to the Atomic Energy Commission. One of his assignments is to observe, in so far as security regulations permit observation, the workings of the Commission staff to the end that whenever atomic power becomes practically usable for locomotion, the railroads will be ready to apply it.

As was said before, there were no diesel electric locomotives on American railroads in 1921. Neither were there any air-conditioned passenger cars or streamlined trains.

Today virtually every passenger car in regular through service is air-conditioned, and streamlined trains have become so prevalent that on main lines of principal passenger-carrying railroads they are now the rule rather than the exception.

Electronic Railroad

In 1921 there were only the rudimentary beginnings of automatic train control, and the marvel of centralized traffic control was still in the future. Now, on hundreds of stretches of railroads, switches are thrown and signals are set over districts of as much as 200 or 300 miles by one man seated before an illuminated map on which moving trains automatically show their position.

In 1921 there were no coded track circuits which now transmit information in such detail and completeness that it might be said the signals do everything but talk. And even talking has been added in the post-war years as the equipment has become available, through the use of communication between moving trains and fixed stations, now widely adopted on at least fifty railroads.

In 1921 there were no push-button yards where electronics and compressed air, cooperating with gravity, enable one hump switch engine and a few men to do the work which in flat switching yards would have required the services of a fleet of engines and a much greater number of men.

The recorded and measured advance in actual results made possible by these and hundreds of other changes on the railroads will stand comparison with those of any segment of American industry. They are not the record of an industry which is static or asleep — or even the record of an industry which has just been awakened. They are the product of unremitting research, invention, ingenuity, and investment. They are the achievement of an industry alert to present opportunities and alive to future possibilities.

The Basic Principles

Fundamental features of this railroad industry were arrived at long ago. There is the track, a surface unique upon the face of the earth which makes it possible for units of locomotive power to pull whole trains of cars. There is the principle of the train made up of separately and individually loaded cars combined into a mass unit for movement. There is the principle of standardization and interchangeability which permits the cars of any railroad to be operated in the trains and on the tracks of any other — and by so doing makes possible the truly continental character of American commerce.

These fundamentals which have shaped the growth and development of rails remain unchanged. Vast changes have occurred in the manner in which these fundamentals are applied to the job of transportation. One reason why they have so largely escaped general notice is that changes in railroading are necessarily in the line of evolutionary development rather than revolutionary departure.

Take, for example, the steel rail which is at the very foundation of our commerce. To the naked eye the only change observable in the past thirty years has been an increase of about 20 per cent in average weight.

But this increase in weight is the smallest part of the change. As a result of protracted research carried on jointly by the railroads and the steel companies, the advances of metallurgy, manufacture, and design have been such that rail laid today



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is only one-fourth as much subject to breakage as the rail of thirty years ago and will give 50 per cent more service life.

The number of rail joints has been reduced since 1921 by lengthening the rail from 33 to 39 feet, a length which is soon to be doubled when the rolling of 78-foot rail begins. In many instances, rails are welded together end to end in long stretches of continuous or jointless rail.

What is true of rail is true in greater or less degree of every other element in the structure of the tracks. The average life of crossties has been more than doubled, for example, and the search for improved protection against decay and mechanical wear continues with some thirty different kinds of ties and methods of treatment being subjected to service tests.

The Biggest Proving Ground

One of the curious misconceptions about railroads is the belief that the industry has no proving ground to try out new ways of doing things. The railroads have the biggest proving ground in the world, and the only one big enough for their purposes, in their 225,000 miles of line.

Sections of this trackage do not have to be set aside as "railroad proving grounds" because any and all of it is available to try out under test conditions new ways of construction, new types of equipment, new methods of operation, or any new idea or combination of ideas which offers enough promise in the laboratory to warrant testing in service.

At any given time many miles of railroad are so used under test conditions as carefully controlled as if the track were permanently set aside and devoted exclusively to these purposes. These tests may be short stretches of some particular track material or method of construction. Or they may be stretches of a hundred miles of line on which the performance of new types of freight car trucks, to take only one example, is tried out under operating conditions in test trains containing instrument cars which are really rolling laboratories.

Perhaps as good an example as any of how these things are tried out on the railroads is the story of the development in recent years of better freight car air brakes. The first testing was done with sets of air brakes of new types arranged on test

racks in the laboratory at Purdue University to simulate the workings on a train of 100 cars.

The type of brake which performed best on the test rack was installed in a special train in which the number of cars had been increased to 150. This train, which contained a number of instrument cars to record performance, was operated on mountain railroads in Oregon and California.

After this test, the brakes were returned to the laboratory to work out defects which had developed in the field. Then they were re-installed in a 150-car train and once more subjected to road tests, this time in Pennsylvania, before the new air brake was declared ready for general use.

The cost to the railroads and the air brake companies for the entire test was in the neighborhood of 10 million dollars; and now the whole process is being repeated in laboratory and train tests of still another brake — this latest one designed to handle trains more smoothly by varying the braking pressure according to the loaded or light weight of the cars.

This combination of laboratory research and field testing on the proving ground of our railroad tracks is essential in the further advancement of the industry. Much, though not all, of the laboratory work is done in the Central Research Laboratory of the Association of American Railroads located on the campus of the Illinois Institute of Technology in Chicago. No sooner was this large laboratory opened in 1950 than the rapidly growing research program of the Association of American Railroads began to outgrow it, and today we are going ahead with an additional building for enlarged mechanical research.

A major project in this field, being pursued not only at the AAR laboratory but also by the Armour Research Institute of Chicago and the Franklin Institute of Philadelphia, looks toward improvement in the design, metallurgy, lubrication, and performance of axle bearings of freight cars in our constant war on that enemy of railroad performance, the hot box.

Important as are axle bearings, they are, however, but one detail of freight cars — and freight cars are but one part of the whole great machine of the railroads. To measure the advancement of the enterprise as a whole, it is necessary to look at operations as a whole.



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There is no one measurement which reflects the results of all the changes and advances, but the one which comes nearest to doing so is the hourly transportation output of the average freight train — a figure which reflects not only train loads but train speeds. So great has been the increase in both these factors that the average freight train of 1951 turned out almost three times as many ton-miles of transportation service per hour as the average train of 1921; almost twice as much as the train of 1931; and nearly 50 per cent more than the train of 1941.

The Needs of Tomorrow

Who, thirty years ago, could have foreseen the advances which have been made in railroading? And who today can say what the advance will be in the decades ahead?

Certain it is that never has there been greater zeal and activity in pushing out the frontiers of knowledge than there is today. And certain it is that much of the new knowledge to be gained can be, and will be, applied to railroads and railroading. Certain it is that the gains to be achieved will benefit not merely railroads but all of us in an America whose production, whose very life, depends on steel rails.

Just as the transportation needs of 1951 could not have been met by a 1921 railroad plant, so the needs of 1981, or for that matter the needs of 1961, cannot be met to the full with the plant, equipment, and methods of 1951.

To meet ever-growing needs with ever-better service, rendered at decreasing costs, there must be unremitting research and invention. But the most devoted and ingenious research is not enough by itself, unless somewhere there is someone willing to invest the money it takes to put the results of research to work. And that willingness to invest — so essential to the life of any business in a free-enterprise economy — depends upon earnings, or the prospect of earnings.

Railroad earnings have not been sufficient in these post-war years to warrant investment on the scale which is required. And yet during those same years the railroads have invested an average of more than a billion dollars a year in better tracks and terminals, better shops and signals, better cars and engines, better everything.

This tremendous program of improvement has been, on the part of the railroads, an act of faith — faith that the public and the government will come to recognize the railroads for the highly competitive industry they are rather than the monopoly they are supposed once to have been; faith that railroad management will be granted greater latitude to adjust rates, fares, and services to changing and flexible conditions; faith that railroads will be recognized and treated as a business, created by private investment, subject to the same economic necessities as any other business, and entitled to the same chance to operate on a business basis, without the added pressures of unnecessarily rigid restrictions or of government-aided competition.

We have it on Scriptural authority that faith will move mountains — but I suppose this to mean that the actual moving job has to be done with the tools which someone has the faith to provide.

The people who have invested in railroads have provided for America a great machine for moving mountains of goods and products — a machine which in World War II moved more than 90 per cent of all war freight, and which today, and on any other average day, moved more than 10 ton-miles for every man, woman, and child in the United States.

On faith, a tremendous job has been done, striking advances have been made. And if that faith shall prove to have been justified, jobs bigger than we have yet seen will be done, and advances even more striking will be made as America moves forward to her great destiny.



ATLANTIC

Repartee

LETTERS TO AND FROM THE EDITOR

"The Illusion of Power"

SIR:

It seems that Barbara Ward has become the Oracle and that she can peddle with immunity in the pages of the *Atlantic* her neo-mystical lucubrations and her discredited nostrums.

In her latest attempt to diagnose the ills of the world — "The Illusion of Power" (December *Atlantic*) — she tries mighty hard to place the blame for those ills at the door of liberalism and the left and to exonerate the very forces and organizations whose failure to make man a decent and ethical human being is responsible for the past and present evil.

"The instrument of totalitarian rule has invariably been the state." Miss Ward is too learned to be unaware of the fallacy of her statement. Surely she must know that the Catholic Church was for several centuries a superstate whose totalitarian rule instilled terror in all the people of Europe to such extent that even an Emperor could be humiliated to wait in the snow before being received by the ruler of that superstate, the Pope.

"Neither material progress nor science nor environment automatically generates good men and women. How is it to be done?" And Miss Ward answers her own question by prescribing more Catholicism, more Christianity, conveniently ignoring that the failure of those remedies is written with blood and tears in the pages of history. The churches, Catholic and Protestant, have controlled education all over Europe for hundreds of years and look at the results. The truth is that only the full application of the scientific knowledge we

have about man with the tools that we have today can change the world and make man that decent, ethical, and peaceful human being religions have failed to make.

J. M. MARTINEZ
Miami, Fla.

SIR:

It is good fortune for your readers to have in the same number of the *Atlantic* the papers of Barbara Ward and Clarence Randall. Both these thinkers are doing close-in fighting in the main struggles of the day.

Mr. Randall's article, "Steel: The World's Guinea Pig," cannot be divorced from his spirited and suggestive new book, *A Creed for Free Enterprise*. Both are highly valuable, but in both he still fails to see that we have got far beyond the idea of free enterprise and socialism as absolute alternatives. Modern American business has in reality never wanted pure free enterprise. It did not reject land subsidies for railways, nor protective tariffs — both vast interferences by government with free enterprise.

Nor does he realize that more production may not always be the most pressing demand upon industry. In the great depression, the chief problem was not production but distribution, which pure free enterprise could not solve. Nor does he touch at all upon the meanings of free enterprise for the mass production worker. While properly eloquent about the problem of incentives for capital and for management, he is silent upon the larger problem of incentive for the workman.

At all points, Miss Ward's discus-

sion strikes closer home. She sees that the present time requires not dogmatism upon the right or upon the left but experimentation in between. She hits the nail squarely on the head in saying that "the real problem is how, in an industrial order, to give [the worker] the status of a free and responsible man." And she specifies how to do it: namely, by the principle and some device or other of profit sharing and of authority sharing. Mr. Randall inveighs against the German codetermination scheme. The devices of that plan may be wrong but the principle is correct. Let the American businessman adopt these principles and he will take the wind out of the labor union's sails, making his enterprise more free than ever. More than that, he will lead industry far forward not only in its objectives of material production but in its objectives of human fulfillment.

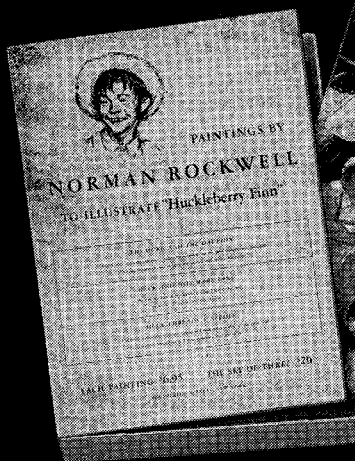
V. OGDEN VOGT
Vero Beach, Fla.

"The Patient and the Doctors"

SIR:

You have performed a public service in publishing "The Best Medicine for the Patient," by James Howard Means, M.D. (December *Atlantic*). With authority, but without the heat that creeps into most discussions of the problem, he has shown why we must find some way to spread out the cost of medical care.

Dr. Means's analysis will help to bring this question back from the violently partisan and emotional area it has been forced into under the unfortunate label of "Socialized Medicine." I await with great interest his forthcoming article on the role of



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We have now taken three of

them (the original oils are in the possession of the Mark Twain Museum) and have created facsimiles four times larger than the plates in the published book. Each will be sold for \$6.95; the set for \$20.

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government in the organization of medical services.

FRANCIS GRANT
Dover, Mass.

SIR:

"The Best Medicine for the Patient" is persuasively written and provides a good basis for constructive discussion. Among the many points which interested me were the following: that organization for medical care must be on a nation-wide basis; that provision for preventive medicine should be included in any health plan; that the best method of paying the doctor is by salary; and that some single physician must have final responsibility for the care of the patient.

L. A. ELDRIDGE, JR., M.D.
Rensselaerville, N.Y.

SIR:

I read with a great deal of interest "The Best Medicine for the Patient."

I have seen such a tremendous improvement in medical service in this community during my quarter of a century of practice that I have an abiding faith in the profession to continue its advance. This advance has been much greater than can be accounted for by the advent of so many miracle drugs, and arises at least in part from devotion to the ideals of self-improvement and of better medical care, if not for "every patient," at least for "any patient."

The medical service given our people can never be better than the sum of the services rendered to individual patients, and will depend upon the competence and conscience of individual physicians. For this we need the clearest thinking and the best efforts of all of our people. We must not oppose change when there is good reason to believe that change may bring improvement, but we must not accept every change suggested, and we should be suspicious of any change which promises the ultimate.

FRED N. MILLER, M.D.
Students Health Service
University of Oregon
Eugene, Ore.

I Personally —

SIR:

Permit me to correct Charles J. Rolo ("Reader's Choice," December *Atlantic*) as I have corrected others. It is not true that 840,000 words make *Sironia, Texas* "the longest novel ever published." The Lanny Budd story, which is one consecutive novel,

contains close to 3,000,000 and will soon have a volume eleven, *The Return of Lanny Budd*. Length is not all, of course; but it is length that Mr. Rolo chose to discuss.

UPTON SINCLAIR
Monrovia, Calif.

SIR:

Bernard Berenson's "My Utopia" (October *Atlantic*) seemed to me to be a reflection of European turn-of-the-century thought and quite out of key with events.

His discussion of leisure and boredom reminded me of Robert Hutchins's concern for the leisure of the middle class at the time of the establishment of the forty-hour week. The law is still with us, but how many Americans, even if so inclined, can find time to join the Great Books discussions?

The nature of the forces that propel the civilized world is materialistic; and leisure, in the aristocratic tradition, is not being inherited by the common man. In a world increasingly geared to the production of tangible objects, the act of proprietorship alone swallows time. Instead of leisure, the system creates work.

Berenson writes of Henry Adams's conception of the greater "amusement" of the people of the Middle Ages, and relates it to less regimentation. Isn't it more logical to attribute it (if it did exist) to the greater hazards, the shorter life span with its frequently abrupt ending, that characterized that time? The savor of life that comes with living dangerously may have been less a matter of choice than of necessity. Perhaps there is some law of compensation that makes the less secure individual more "amused" and hence more creative.

There is a flavor of Berenson's great contemporary, Santayana, in his notion that "the individual, left free to exercise his functions, will end by contributing his full share to the community as a whole." But then he makes a target of the "lame, lazy, and criminally disposed" as having nothing to contribute. One's immediate reaction is to ask for a definition. How lame, how lazy, how criminally disposed must one be before some omnipotent judge will decide to "put him out of the way"? I fear Mr. Berenson's Utopia would have no room for revolutionaries.

MALCOLM COLLIER
Rochester, N.Y.

SIR:

The free-lance writing career — or rather the lack of it — of the persistent Belle F. Winestine, whose story "The Sprained Ankle" (December *Atlantic*) displays a writer of no mean talent, is a sad commentary on today's literary markets. I should like to hear more about the lady's "career." Perhaps Mrs. Winestine could be persuaded to do a piece on herself.

T. SIMMONS
Hermosa Beach, Calif.

SIR:

It has been a long while since I got the sheer enjoyment from an article that I found in the character study of Frances Judge's great-grandmother in "Second Life" (November *Atlantic*). Mrs. Judge makes it live in my mind so strongly that if I suddenly saw that old lady walking along the street I would know her in a minute.

The simplicity with which Mrs. Judge wrote the story makes it one of the most thrilling pieces of wire-tight writing that I've ever read. I believe "Second Life" will find its way into many an anthology.

RUSSELL E. OFFHAUS
Chattanooga, Tenn.

Emily Dickinson

SIR:

I am well advanced on a variorum edition of the poems and letters of Emily Dickinson, and I have access to the great bulk of everything she wrote which is still extant. There is reason to hope that a few scattered autographs, privately owned, may be found if the owners realize that the least impressive items have importance for a work of this scope. My primary interest is in locating all items and gaining permission to examine them, in order to establish a chronology and a correct text.

If there are owners of Dickinson autographs who wish to part with them by sale, I shall be glad to know.

THOMAS H. JOHNSON
Lawrenceville, N.J.

CHANGES OF ADDRESS

Five weeks' notice is necessary to effect changes of address. Please give old as well as new address, preferably supplying actual address label from your copy. Send all changes to THE ATLANTIC, 8 Arlington Street, Boston 16, Mass.

M

Report on Marie

Physical Condition:

*Undernourished
Tall, pale*

Age: 8

Address: *Austria*

Needs: *Marie is very
badly off. She
needs clothes,
shoes, more food —*



Marie is only 8—and already she is the "little mother" to her younger brother and twin baby sisters. Their mother, weak from abdominal trouble, is often in a charity hospital. Two miserable rooms in an Austrian refugee barracks camp are what they call home. . . . The father's wages, from working at road-mending, come to about \$10 a week, and since most of this is needed for the twins' food, little Marie and her 6-year-old brother get only what is left—sometimes nothing.

The case worker's report says "Marie loves taking care of the twins, looking like a little mother and already is taking full responsibility. She is a sweet, lovely child, clever and bright." At the tender age of 8, she is another innocent victim of war's ravages and destruction, the family having lost everything through bombing.

Marie needs shoes, a new frock, and a coat for the winter. The old one is outgrown and worn out. And she must have more food. For us it is so little, but for her and her family it is everything—the hope for a brighter and healthier life.

HOW YOU CAN HELP

You can help Marie or another needy child through the Federation's CHILD SPONSORSHIP plan. For just \$96 a year (\$8 a month), SCF will send "your" child warm clothing, sturdy shoes, and supplementary food—delivered in your name in Austria, Finland, France, Western Germany, Greece, Italy, or Lebanon.

You will receive a case history of the child you sponsor, and if possible, a photograph. You can write your child and you will come to know how much your generosity means.

A contribution in any amount will help

SCF NATIONAL SPONSORS (a partial list)

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SAVE THE CHILDREN FEDERATION

80 Eighth Avenue, New York 11, New York

ESTABLISHED 1932

• I would like to sponsor a boy ☐ girl ☐ about years old in (country) for one year. I will pay \$96.00 for one year (or \$8.00 a month). Enclosed is payment for the full year ☐ first month ☐. Please send me the child's name, story and address, and picture, if available.

• I cannot sponsor a child, but I want to help by giving \$

Name

Address

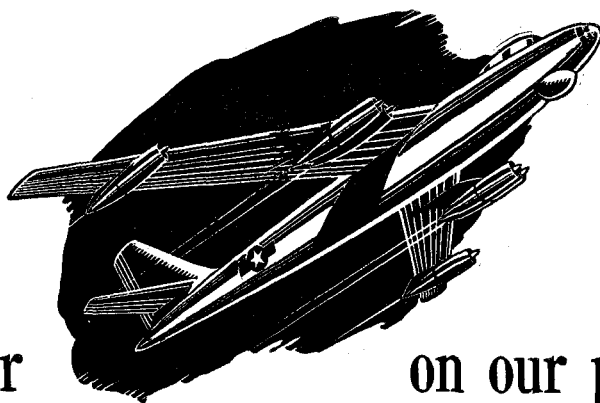
City Zone State

Contributions to the Save the Children Federation are deductible from income tax.

*You may help a needy child in Austria, Finland,
France, Western Germany, Greece, Italy, or Lebanon.*

AM-4

It is difficult to write a definition of the American way.
But it is easy to find good examples. Here is one:



The plane that's lighter on our pockets

A peculiar whistle skyward makes you say "jet" even before you turn. Instinctively you look in the wrong spot of blue, for the jet outspeeds its sound. Playfully it may leave a pencil of white for your eyes to slide down—then nothing.

That plane is yours, some microscopic part of it. You pay taxes. (That word again.) And you hope that defense money, even if astronomical in amount, ought somehow to be spent with the same care and attention *you* give a dollar bill.

You might like a report on that. We can give you a few encouraging stories. Anybody in business making products by the million automatically cocks an eye, and asks his engineers:

"How can we make it work better, and cost less, both at the same time?"

Jet plane engines happen to be in General Electric territory. In fact, we made the first jet engine in the U.S.

- Climb inside a jet engine (if that were possible) and you'd find yourself in a forest of steel fins—a thousand blades bristle from the compressor walls. Our production men instinctively winced at the cost and time of forging these. So our scientists and engineers developed a new type of stator blade and

new tools and methods for making it. Estimated cash saving: 55%. Critical-material saving: 39%.

- You wouldn't think jet aircraft instruments had a cost problem. But imagine a multiplicity of 260 different types of instruments to measure one thing—engine speed for jet planes. Answer: redesign to 11 basic types. Mass produce.

- A hundred peanut-sized lamps light jet plane instruments. Once they were tailor-made. Answer: get lamp engineers to figure out automatic machinery to make them.

Enough examples. You guess the whole story except for two things. We wouldn't know how to do this without long experience in making things of utmost accuracy, at least cost. And that we couldn't do without teams of engineers who could come up with answers in metallurgy, electronics, turbines, lighting, measuring instruments, chemistry, and about anything else you can name.

By the inheritance of our past, we try to find economical and technical solutions to problems like these. The result is usually more defense per dollar spent.

Fortunately we have the people with this ability at General Electric. Engineers and scientists are at the center, not the fringe of our business.

You can put your confidence in—

GENERAL  ELECTRIC



Associate Professor of History at Harvard, OSCAR HANDLIN seeks to answer a question which is fundamental in any blueprint of our economy. Will American labor, some of whose leaders once flirted dangerously with Communism, follow the line toward Socialism? Or will they prove to be a property-minded conservative force in the years ahead? Mr. Handlin is the author of Boston's Immigrants and This Is America, studies of the new blood streams in this country; and his latest book, The Uprooted, won the Pulitzer Prize for History in 1951.

PAYROLL PROSPERITY

Will American Labor Go Conservative?

by OSCAR HANDLIN

BRIDGEPORT, Connecticut, lives by manufacturing; the bulk of its labor force is employed in factories that produce sewing machines, typewriters, and a variety of other goods. Highly unionized, it supported a Socialist municipal administration for years and in presidential elections consistently voted Democratic. Yet in 1952 the Republicans came within a few votes of carrying this labor stronghold.

It was the same in one industrial center after another — in Pittsburgh, Youngstown, in Chicago, and in Detroit. The great cities were still Democratic but by a margin so reduced that the states fell away into the Republican column. Labor was not voting as expected. The character of the victory shows too many similarities to that of Senator Taft in 1950 to be written off simply on the magic of Ike's name. There is substantial evidence that these shifts in voting were but one manifestation of a deep change in labor's political attitudes. What once seemed a permanent commitment to liberalism may, in retrospect, have been a temporary alliance of expediency only. And we may today be witnessing the beginning of a significant attachment to conservatism on the part of the American working people.

To comprehend the nature of that transformation, it is necessary to understand first the condi-

tions under which labor was drawn to liberalism twenty years ago, and then the extent to which those conditions have disappeared.

It was the New Deal that made liberalism meaningful to labor. Until then the mass of American workers had been apathetic to the issues of national politics; and even the minority of organized union members had followed the Gompers policy of neutrality.

The New Deal attracted the overwhelming support of the industrial workers because it offered them, for the first time, the means of protecting themselves against a desperate economic situation. The New Deal measures promised security to men driven to despair by inability to fend for themselves in a system that pitted an isolated individual against the highly mechanized techniques of modern mass production.

We are prone now to forget that the workingman's central problem in the 1930s, as earlier, was to get and to hold on to a job. Unemployment was endemic. In the flush decade of the 1920s the number of job seekers averaged about 2 million in a total labor force that ran to between 45 and 49 million. In periods of depression, unemployment overwhelmed the whole economy. In 1932 the number of the jobless approached 12 million; almost one of every four American families then had no earnings

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at all. Even in 1940, when the effects of wartime recovery were already being felt, a city such as Bridgeport, which had a total labor force of some 60,000, found that more than 8000 lacked work.

The Bridgeport factory hand who supported the New Deal did so in the consciousness that he might be left without an income through some turn of the economy over which he had no control. He was also aware that when he worked, his earning power was abysmally low. Through the good times of "normalcy" the average annual wages of such elite groups as street railway employees, who worked the year round, added up to about \$1500. The mass of laborers earned far less. As late as 1940, in Boston, a city of relatively high wage rates, 31 per cent of the experienced labor force boasted an income of less than \$600 a year, 76 per cent an income of less than \$1600. Whatever allowances must be made for the relatively low cost of living at the time, these returns were still exceedingly low.

The laborers turned to government; there was no one else to turn to. Industry treated unemployment and depressions as inevitable. The few unions were weak and unconcerned with the lot of any but their own members. Only the state, through unemployment insurance, relief, and social security, seemed capable of meeting the critical need of men otherwise without resources. How critical were the needs and how resourceless the men may be judged by the number of violations of the Wage and Hour Law which had in 1938 established a minimum rate of 25 cents an hour.

In addition, a goodly part of the working population felt itself underprivileged and helpless in a broader sense. In the ranks of unskilled labor, the "minorities" were particularly numerous — Negroes, Jews, Catholics, recent immigrants, and the children of recent immigrants. Opportunity in education, in housing, and in choice of occupations was not as open to such people as to other Americans. The minorities found hope in the New Deal idea that it was the function of the government to intervene and rectify such inequalities wherever they existed.

Labor's faith in liberalism after 1930 thus sprang from the quest for security and stability in American society. The quest still continues, but in a form so altered that the old faith has lost its power. The laborer's position in the economy is not now what it was twenty years ago; his earning power has risen, and he stands in a new relationship to his job. In consequence, his general social and political attitudes have shifted.

2

UNEMPLOYMENT as a consequential factor has disappeared. There are still seasonal rises and falls, and there have been occasional short-run declines in the number of available places. But for twelve

years the labor force has kept growing and has not left any significant pools of unemployed. The 60 million jobs once regarded as visionary have long since become a reality; the worker now no longer fears idleness as a threat to his well-being.

At the same time, his earning power has changed, for the better. No matter what has happened to the purchasing power of its dollars, a phenomenal rise has carried the effective total wages of labor to a higher level than ever before.

Hourly rates everywhere have risen. Instances chosen at random show those of transit employees doubling to reach \$1.68 in New England in 1951, and those of all building trade workers climbing to \$2.29. The meat packing industry, which once supplied Upton Sinclair with the material for *The Jungle*, has by now been transformed; in 1950 its average hourly rate was \$1.57.

But these figures do not tell the whole story. Not only hourly rates but, more important, total earnings have mounted. Since 1940, for example, packing house workers have found employment for an average of well over forty hours a week. The wages they take home are greater than in earlier years because they profit from a fuller work week and from extra pay for overtime, as well as from the higher hourly rate. With seasonal fluctuations largely eliminated, and with employers calling for his services through the year, the industrial laborer finds his total annual income soaring to levels beyond his fondest hopes only a few years ago.

What is more, a persistent shortage of labor has made room for numerous new employees. Women, when they wish, find hirers eager to accommodate them on a full- or a part-time basis. Well over 20 per cent of all American women of working age take such jobs, a measure of the extent to which the practice is accepted as respectable. Young people find work as soon as they like; even those who are still in school pick up vacation or part-time employment with ease, and with good pay. Such marginal hands have expanded the labor force and family incomes. The 48,159 households of Flint, Michigan, for instance, produced 70,174 employed persons in 1950; the 219,000 households of Boston, 319,000. Data for the working class sections of the cities generally show that the ratio of employment is highest there. The resulting rise in family income offers a striking contrast to the situation ten years earlier.

The disappearance of unemployment and the rise in earning powers are unprecedented. Earlier periods of comparable prosperity, such as that during the silk shirt years of the First World War, were of short duration and affected only limited numbers of fortunate workers. The present prosperity has extended through more than a decade and has affected everyone. And in that decade the laborer's whole relationship to his work was being altered.

Less than ever before does the laborer identify

himself with his job, think of himself, as an individual, primarily in terms of his position at a particular type of work in a particular plant. The riveter, the laster, the crane operator sheds the marks of his employment when he leaves the shop. The nature of his work will only slightly influence his life outside.

In part, the separation of work from life is due to long-term developments. The craftsmanship that once was the link of the laborer to his task is now disappearing. The decline in the spirit of workmanship has long since set in under the impact of mechanization that lowered the social value of skills. The Studebaker ad still makes an emotional appeal to the pride of the mechanic in his craft. But the man on the assembly line finds little in his own experience that would lead him to stick to a job out of the satisfaction of doing it.

Full employment and high wages have pushed that trend to its ultimate conclusion. The mere process of holding a job is not so critical as it once was. Since the worker feels secure in the knowledge that many jobs are available and that movement is possible from one to another, the specific place he occupies at any given time is not very important in his life. Once hesitant to take the risk of shifting from one factory to another, he is not hesitant now to move from one section of the country to another, confident he will anywhere find a demand for his services.

The general rise in all earning power has also divorced the worker from the specific job by minimizing the importance of wage differentials based upon special skills. In many highly unionized industries, for instance, unskilled or semiskilled laborers are better paid than skilled craftsmen in not so thoroughly unionized plants. Often in the past ten years, cabinetmakers, bookbinders, and watchmakers have moved on to higher wages as laborers in defense plants. The mastery of a trade no longer holds the man to his job. The job, no matter what its character, is regarded as a source of income only, and the best pay attracts the worker.

Laborers are less likely to identify themselves with their work, also, because their work absorbs a smaller share of their energy and attention.

The number of hours actually spent at the machine has fallen steadily. In the hungry 1930s that decline was stimulated by the desire to spread the available work to as many hands as possible. But the feather-bedding practices then introduced in some industries have persisted. The majority of New York longshoremen, for whom the work week is thirteen hours, are certainly not typical of labor in general. But in railroads, steel, and coal mining the work week has shrunk without a corresponding lowering of wages. Even among such a group as motor truck drivers and helpers the work schedule has shown a decline of some 8 per cent since 1939; and the forty-hour, five-day week has become so

widely accepted that there is talk of thirty hours as the next objective.

The decline in hours, like the diminution in the value of skills, is evidence of the extent to which the worker shuts his work off into a separate category of his existence. His earning power and the demand for his labor make it possible for him to express the judgment that the tasks he performs are not, in the performance, the sources of fundamental satisfaction to him. In so far as he can, he curtails the time devoted to them because the life from which he hopes to derive pleasure and satisfaction only begins after he punches out on the clock.

3

How the laborer spends his free time does not depend upon the nature of his labor. Outside the factory gates, in the open market place of goods and services, the dollars of all men are equally valuable, no matter what their source. The truly important questions relate to the means of spending available income.

In these matters, however, the laborers are without experience. Raised in families in which a tight reckoning of every penny was once necessary to survival, they are alike new to leisure and unaccustomed to regular patterns of substantial expenditures.

Until recently they had not even had the opportunity to learn. In the old days, the mill and mining towns were the focal points of industrialization. In Braddock, Pennsylvania, or Gary, Indiana, the laborers had occupied a world of their own. Even in the industrial metropolis, the workers had been isolated, rarely venturing from the East Side to Fifth Avenue, from the North End to the Back Bay, from Hamtramck to Cadillac Square. If some of them were cut off by the fact that they were immigrants or Negroes, that only widened the distance between them and those who enjoyed larger incomes. The working class districts had their own shops, offering for sale goods that would never cross the counters of the more reputable establishments. In any case restricted incomes confined expenditure in these districts to food and housing, and little more.

But the old days have disappeared, and with them almost all the old dividing lines. The laborer's new-won prosperity has made the patronage of his family desirable. The stores welcome their purchasing power, arrange evening hours for their convenience, and offer facilities for time payments. The worker's wife shops where she wishes, and if she will not come to State Street from Gary or even from 63rd Street, then Sears and Goldblatt Brothers will move branches out to her.

Nor will she long be at a loss as to what is desirable. In the movies and the magazines she finds vivid portrayals of the good things of American

life. Indeed she can in the comfort of her own home be one of those first six hundred who respond to the pitchman's offer on television and get a crystal beverage set free with the purchase of the waterless cooker.

The mass industries producing soap and hats and radios for mass consumption constantly assure the laborer he can be like everyone else. The image they expose for his emulation is that of the scrubbed and healthy, the well-fed and well-clothed, the ever mobile American. The image originates in the middle-class past of our culture. The worker sets himself to imitation partly because that model embodies ideals he has long accepted and partly because his new income seems at last to put them within reach. And that imitation inevitably imparts a middle-class cast to his life.

The drive to realize the ideal standards of the slick or flickering pictures is particularly strong among those who have heretofore felt themselves outsiders in American life. For the children of immigrants, possession of these material objects is the sign of Americanization. For Negroes it is a token of the approach to accepted "white" practices. For the mountaineer who moves from the Tennessee hills to Detroit, or the Okie now employed in an Oakland factory, these are the symbols of escape from the oppressive limitations of an earlier life. The desirability of the new car, or radio, or sofa is by that much increased.

In the acquisition of these goods, the prosperous workers do not feel the inhibitions that still restrain the older middle class of shopkeepers, professional people, and managers. The laborers have not the same concern as the latter groups with setting aside funds for education. For many union members, the combination of social security and the fringe benefits of their contracts eliminates the necessity of saving for retirement, or insurance, or illness, or vacations. Often what these people earn is totally available for spending.

4

As a family's income rises, the nature of its expenditures changes. So long as its earnings were less than \$3000 a year, the funds went almost in their entirety for food and housing. Now more dollars are available for better shelter and subsistence; in the last ten years the per capita consumption of bread and potatoes has slumped markedly while that of fruit and meat has noticeably risen. And as its earnings move across the \$3000 line, the family devotes an ever-larger proportion of them to clothing, to entertainment, and to automobiles.

Such objects are not merely useful; they are the recognizable evidence of respectability. The number of potential car buyers continues to rise; but the advertisements of the least expensive vehicles

stress not their low price but their resemblance to Cadillacs and Lincolns. The virtue of the Ford is not that it is cheap, but that it is "worth more," as the lady in mink says as she steps out of it in the picture. The little house with its trim garden is no product of the laborer's own experience but a borrowed dream from middle-class models. Entertainment too is likely to take middle-class forms. "I really hate to work on Saturday," writes a Pennsylvania steelworker, "because I want to go to South Bend to see the Notre Dame and University of Pittsburgh football game."

All this conforms to an old American ideal: the maximum diffusion of the goods of life among the whole population. Indeed desires often outrun the available cash. Significantly, the volume of consumer purchases has consistently been higher than the total available consumer income. The deficit has been met partly by the use of savings accumulated during the war. More important, increasingly liberal credit terms have made up the difference. The Federal Reserve Board has estimated that consumer credits in October, 1952, had soared to an all-time high of \$22.3 billion from some \$8 billion only ten years ago. Purchases on time are expensive and hazardous but often seem the only means of acquiring so many needed objects. Evidently the steadily rising incomes do not cover all the new essentials.

For there are some goods that are almost entirely unobtainable — desirable housing, for instance. Shortages and high building costs have made the price of new homes prohibitive except for veterans who have access to government credit. Yet a desirable residence is the most important good of all; it determines the environment in which the family will be raised and the social status it will hold, as well as the degree of material comfort that will surround it.

Why such deprivations should exist is not readily explained. The blame does not seem to rest upon inadequate wages, for these have been rising steadily. A survey early in 1951 showed a high degree of consumer optimism about future income; four out of ten expected their incomes to rise significantly in the next twelve months.

The trouble quite clearly lurks in the rising cost of living. In the same survey, seven of every ten consumers expected that prices would continue to rise, and regarded that rise as the source of their difficulties. The predicament of the laborer is not a singular aspect of his job, but rather of forces to which other Americans are also subject.

The high cost of living furthermore is not understandable in terms of the ideas with which the battles of the 1930s were fought. The enemy cannot simply be identified in the boss who, after all, has raised wages, and who often is restrained from raising them further only by government action. What then is the source of the difficulty?

Is it not, the laborer asks, in good part those foreign entanglements into which America has been driven by the necessity of resisting Communism? As the war progresses in Korea, the burdens of it are felt not only in the absence of sons and husbands who are at the front, but also in the difficulty of using the wages of prosperity for the new house or the new car. The new insecurity — as consumers seeking the appropriate means of enjoying their incomes — extends to many aspects of the laborers' lives.

5

UNDER these circumstances, the New Deal solidarity among the "minorities" has weakened. Competing groups are tempted to seek their own salvation, if necessary, at the expense of excluding the less fortunate by whose side they once fought in a common struggle. The Black Legion outbreaks in Detroit and the Cicero incident near Chicago exploded out of the intensity of emotion stirred up by the inability of substantial groups to achieve a setting for their lives to which they thought their income entitled them.

A similar instability marks many other relationships — the family, the behavior of children, and the transience of many personal ties in a period of continuous movement. None are related to inadequate income or to the job. Rather, like the high cost of living itself, that instability proceeds from a disquieting insecurity as to every fixed value.

As productive wage earners, the laborers are no longer oppressed by unemployment and low incomes. But precisely because the old insecurities are less pressing, these people are more concerned with questions that emerge from the common anxieties of a troubled world. For the laborers, those anxieties are perhaps more intense because of their newness to them.

Their discontent is not now, however, a radical but a conservative force. The desperation of the 1930s led men on to the risks of experimentation and the trial of fresh ideas. Today prosperity has given the workingmen a stake in the goods of their society. They wish mostly to conserve that stake, and long for stability in which to enjoy it.

Hence they seek the support of tradition. The revival of religious interests in the past decade is impressive evidence of that search. Both the Catholic Church and the fundamentalist sects which attract the largest numbers among the American laborers hold out the promise of such a stabilizing tradition. These bodies themselves are conservative in their general orientation and tend further to fix the workers' attitudes in that direction.

Against the confusing uncertainties of the times, against the dangers from within and without, the laborers are eager also for leadership. Leadership of one sort still comes to them from the unions.

But the unions operate in what is now only a half-important aspect of the workingmen's lives, in that which relates to their jobs. There is still a consciousness that these organizations operate in the interests of their members, protect wage rates and working conditions. There is also a sense of loyalty born of the recollection that it was through the unions that the great gains of the last twenty years were made.

But the techniques of labor agitation are not adequate to cope with what now seem the more important problems, with the high cost of living or with the broader insecurities of their personal lives. In the face of the new difficulties there is grumbling. The long steel strike of 1952 seemed to many steelworkers a futile struggle, unnecessarily disruptive, not really rewarded by its outcome. As time goes by, these laborers become more conscious of the burdens of discipline and dues while they take for granted the advantages of union membership, as they do the progress since 1932.

In any case, they show no disposition to accept the guidance of union leadership in matters unrelated to the job. They turn elsewhere in the search for a leadership that promises order and stability in the whole of their lives.

As the difficult conditions that once attached American laborers to New Deal liberalism have receded, that attachment has faded. Having gained a stake in prosperity, they seek now relief from the high cost of living, from Communism, and from unreasonable foreign expenditures. Under such circumstances, many among them begin to see the hope of solutions in a new conservatism.

It is clear that the conservatism to which they look is a new, not the old, conservatism. These people envision no return to rugged individualism; they foresee no end to the state intervention from which they profited in the very recent past. Rather, they assume they will retain the security they have already attained, and they expect to expand it into areas where it does not yet exist.

There is a challenge here, and also a danger. The challenge lies in the opportunity afforded conservatives long out of power for a constructive encounter with the dominant problems of American life. As to the danger, the experience of Europe offers us a warning. For it was an analogous quest for order and security that misled German proletarians down the path to totalitarianism.

We have grounds for the expectation, however, that the analogy will be a false one. Just as the New Deal did not lead to Socialism, so the new conservatism, in the American context, need not lead to Fascism. The difference, as their payroll prosperity indicates, lies in the facts that these workingmen are not downtrodden proletarians, they do have an increasing stake in middle-class society, and they are prepared still to cherish American democratic ideals.



The doctor and the hard-driven nursing staff in a large metropolitan hospital have little time for the emotional reactions of the parents who come, as it were, on probation to spend a short time with their sick children. The story which follows is a true one written by the mother of a boy born with a congenital defect which could be remedied only after a series of operations. On three different occasions the youngster was on the danger list.

CHILDREN'S WARD

ANONYMOUS

STAND here," said the head nurse, "I want you to see him before he sees you. You'll then be able to notice how much he's improved."

She stationed me behind the window in the nursery door but for a time I couldn't find him. Then again as a shock, his extreme smallness became apparent. Most fearfully it seemed to me that in six weeks he should have grown more. Had they not told me that the rate of growth at three is extremely quick? He seemed, on the contrary, to have dwindled. His head of fluffy yellow curls looked dreadfully unprotected, and he wore unfamiliar pale blue velveteen overalls, not his own clothes at all, strange clothes like an orphan. But, of course, his own would be in a drawer somewhere. Here they only wore what the hospital gave them.

"You see?" said the nurse. "Did you see that? A wheel came off. He tried to fix it. Four weeks ago he would have just cried. Now he attempts to cope."

He was standing in the middle of the room, silent in the cacophony, trying to fix the wheel to the plastic truck; then he lost interest and dropped them both on the linoleum floor. Now he stood aimlessly not caring what he looked at. I slipped through the door. He walked quite close before he saw me.

There was no hint of the transition. Suddenly he was on my shoulder. "I told you," he yelled, "I told you my mama would not leave me. I told you." His free arm waved and gesticulated as though he were making a speech. The other caught at my ears and hair. "I knew, I knew she'd come back to me. Go home now?" Immediately he was quiet, snuggled down under my chin, his thumb in his mouth.

"They adjust faster than you think," the doctors had said. "An hour after you've gone, they're busy with other people and toys and have forgotten all about you. But as long as they've got your emotional reaction, they'll put on quite a show. It doesn't mean much though, really."

I sat with him on one of the very low chairs. He admired the pleats on my waist, my earrings; he stuck a finger tentatively up my nose. He didn't seem to care to speak and was uncommunicative about what had been going on, nor very much interested in the games around.

"Don't you want to string beads with those nice children?" I asked.

He shook his head and flattened himself against me as though he were going to send out roots all down his body and fix himself to me for keeps.

The nurse said it was lunchtime and the children began getting ready. I started to carry him. He jumped down and said, "No, I can," went to a locker behind his high hospital crib, and selected a towel and washrag. Then he marched in a business-like way to the bathroom and turning on the spigot of one of the very low little washbasins dabbled two fingers in the stream of water, drying them smartly on his towel. "Who taught you to do this?" I said marveling. His face lightened with pride. Any attempt to wash his face and hands before had brought on such struggling that I had learned to wash him with one leg thrown across his knees to protect my own teeth and face. I very soon learned never to diaper and wash him when he wore shoes.

All neat and proud, he escorted me to the table. They sat about eight to a table. There was an older girl at the top of ours, who, the doctor told me, had been mothering my Peter.

"Eat your potatoes, dearie," she said pointing. He looked at her with large eyes, then looked at me and all but winked. His thumb went into his mouth, the other hand reached for mine. Emily, who was about eight, continued.

"The food here has been getting worse and worse. I'm going to have my mother complain. It's not fit, that's what it is — not fit. You know why it's no good, don't you?" She cupped her hands and whispered to her nearest companion. All the younger

children stared at them and quietly put down their spoons.

"The potatoes look perfectly fine," I said. "I'm sure they're delicious."

Emily smiled at me pityingly. "Do you know how long I've been here?" She tossed a braid over her shoulder and fingered her locket as she confidentially leaned forward. "Seven years. What do you think of that?" I was astonished. "And do you know why?" she simpered modestly with pleased self-consciousness, tapping a thin finger on the bony plate under the locket. "It's my chest." She dropped her eyes becomingly to her well-polished disk.

"Goodness!" I said. "Surely not."

"Oh, yes indeed."

"You mean you came here when you were one?"

She looked out the window and twisted her mouth for all the world as though she were in a rocking chair on a summer porch and could tell much, much more if she chose. "You might say so. . . . That's good," she added suddenly very loudly to Peter, who was startled into dropping the bit of potato and two peas he was shepherding to his mouth.

There seemed to be some trouble in the far corner — a girl of about seven was wailing and whimpering in her bed while a nurse and three civilian grown-ups bent over her. One leg was encased in a cast to the hip.

"She doesn't want to leave," said Emily, pouring some thick cream on her Jello. "They're taking her away and she doesn't want to go. I know where she's going and I don't wonder she doesn't want to go." Her little uneven teeth met luxuriously through a chocolate biscuit.

"She's going to that place in the valley, isn't she?" asked her friend Frances, darting a glance hungrily through thick glasses. The scene in the corner seemed to be approaching some sort of muffled crisis. "Get your coat on, there's my girl," said a harassed woman — I presumed her to be the child's mother. The intern was wheeling a stretcher through the door.

"Why down there," continued our little ghoulish, "parents never go. You don't see anyone at all down there. Weeks pass — months — and not even the doctors will go down there. I surely pity her. And if you think this food is bad —"

"Emily, I want you to be quiet," said the student nurse with understandable exasperation. "Just finish your lunch."

"You can't make me be quiet," said Emily happily. "I'll tell all I know about this place. You don't like me to talk because it makes trouble for you. But you've got no way of making me be quiet. No way at all. We both know that, don't we? Oh, look — Jane's eating with her fingers again and Paul's drooling."

Peter went on not eating his peas. He put his head against my waist.

A twittering feeble sound came from a little creature table-height standing apart. I presumed her to be female because of the great thick brown braids that hung on either side of her staring eyes. Her neck was entirely swathed in bandages. A tear rolled down her cheek. She looked like a bird with a wig on. She was three and a half, I learned later, and weighed about fifteen pounds. Emily rose and addressed her.

"Now just stop your whimpering, Althea, and don't hang around watching the children while they're eating. It isn't comfortable for them. I've told you this repeatedly." Althea wiped a tear away and shook her head. "Your constant crying is getting on my nerves," said Emily, fastidiously brushing all her crumbs on the floor. "You think you're the only person here with any nerves. We have our troubles, too, I can tell you, and there's no use to take on like that."

"In God's name, what's the matter with her?" I whispered to the nurse.

"Faulty esophagus. She's resting up for a second series of operations. It bothers her when the children sit down to eat. She can't eat."

Althea picked up Peter's broken truck and drifted away.

The nurse continued, "It's hard on her — serious, in fact. But she's really quite happy, you know. Her parents absolutely adore her. They are very proud of her. We have quite a time keeping them from spoiling her."

The little thing was sitting all by herself on the sun porch with the two pieces of the truck untouched on her lap.

"She needs some T.L.C. right now," said the student nurse, gathering plates, "but we're all busy at the moment."

I knew at least what T.L.C. meant. I'd learned that long ago. It's hospital jargon for tender — loving — care.

"Does it frighten or depress the children to see these very hurt ones about?" I asked in some alarm of the head nurse who was just returning to take me to lunch.

"Heavens no. They don't notice the difference. It's the parents and relatives who make the trouble coming in gaping and staring and saying the stupidest things! We try to keep them out. We had a tonsillectomy recently — a tonsillectomy!" — she spoke as though it were a case of hangnail — "and the child's uncle accompanied him. The trouble that man made in one hour! Staring and gaping — gaping at Althea, for instance. I'd have turned him out if I could have. The children had to take her away."

"Now," said Emily, "I'm going to read a good book," and she settled on her bed with a dog-eared volume she pulled out of a box. "Don't any of you youngsters interrupt me."

"Shut up," said a robust boy, whose arm was in

a sling, to a lovely babbling baby who was knocking a doll's head on the floor.

"There's a tragedy," said the head nurse, relaxing for a minute into human depression. "Perfectly normal until a truck hit her. The family will have to do something about permanent arrangements. She'll never be normal. We can't keep her here indefinitely and they can't have her home with the others. It's a problem."

"I can see that," I said.

My son was seated comfortably and unheeding at my feet with three or four choice toys he had stolen from the cribs of the bedridden. Their wails were gradually diminishing into thumb-sucking.

"Put them back," I said sternly. "That's mean of you. They're sick children and they can't get out of their cribs."

He looked at me with bottomless reproach. "Put them back," I said.

He returned them sadly; their owners were asleep. "I want to go home."

"Pretty soon," I whispered.

"Don't go away," he begged, clinging.

"It's naptime," I whispered. "I have to have lunch; they won't let me stay here. I'll be right in this building. I promise I'll be back with you in an hour."

"Mama?"

"Pretty soon." He took his thumb. "I promise."

He turned his head away wearily.

Lunch at the head nurse's table was wholesome and ample as it had been at the children's. I did not feel much like conversation. But I tried.

"Tell me about Emily."

"Emily gets a bit beyond herself."

"Is there really something wrong with her lungs?"

The look that was shot at me all but withered speech. "Emily gives herself airs."

The younger nurses twittered and giggled. The head matron poured our tea and passed helpings and did not trouble to commit herself on anything. There was one doctor at the table, a young Australian house physician. He did a considerable amount of talking, particularly about the modern woman, the woman with only one child who did not do her own baking and laundry. I was instantly aware that my blouse was a French import and my pearls cultured, and I turned the blanc mange in my plate over once more. His wife was going to be different all right. He had her down at the beach with their four kids and no servant. They were expecting another — a baby he meant — not a servant. The smell of home-baked bread as his mother took it from the oven and his seven brothers and sisters stood around hungry was one of the most refreshing memories of his youth, as was the smell of newly washed floors, and the sight of his mother on her knees smiling up at him.

"This, I suppose, is your only child?" he said looking at me for the first time full in the eyes.

"Yes," I apologized. "Unfortunately he's been so gravely ill —"

"Oh, I know all about him," he interrupted. "Interesting case. Would have been more interesting if it had been a girl though. Female Hirschrungs are rarer."

"Did you watch the surgery?"

"Yes, yes. Splendid! Top-hole! You picked a jolly good man!"

"We had to. It was important."

"Removing eleven inches of the colon is always a bit of a nuisance. In Melbourne — and London too of course — we do it differently, but I'm bound to say this was very ingenious — very ingenious."

"He is one of the two authentic geniuses I have ever met in my life," I said with, I felt, warranted heat.

"Oh, quite. Yes, I can see how you think so. He's damned good."

"And he saved the life of my only child."

"I understand."

"And he's kind."

There was a beat of two and a half before he turned to the youngest nurse and said, "Do you call that little red job a hat I saw you going out in last evening?"

The matron touched my hand lightly. "I think," she said rising, "I'll take you to my room for a short lie-down. This trip has been tiring for you."

"All night on the train," I murmured, "and then the bus —"

"It's the emotional strain," she said, breaking the news to me. "If you'll excuse us, doctor."

"Don't let me lose one minute with the baby," I begged.

"You mustn't overdo the first visit. You can't see him more than one hour this afternoon. He's been going through something too, you know. We separated you for a reason. Don't you think he's come on wonderfully? He saw the others behaving and minding — and then we don't give in to tempers. I expect you're the worrying type. Did you give in to him?"

"I tried not. But he was in such pain — screaming all night. And then sometimes — the pain you know — he tried to hurl himself on the floor. It was hard to be disciplining when he was like that."

"Ah, well, anything to do with the intestines is disagreeable. I expect that's over. Let's hope so. But he soon realized he could get his way. He's had to learn."

I shut my eyes.

"There, there. It's probably been harder on you. He likes being with the children. He likes eating with them and playing with them. If he had brothers and sisters. . . . But there, I expect it's all for the best. You did what you could."

"Nurse, what is the matter with Emily?"

"That one!" she said, turned down the radio, drew a rug over me, and left.

The nour afternoon session was very quick. I tried to find out if the loneliness had got at him. Did they kiss him good night? If he woke in the dark, did someone talk to him? I knew very well the perpetual unquiet of a children's hospital at night — but how was it here in the convalescent ward with these strange sophisticated little gnomes, not really ill, but by no means well? Did he have bad dreams? Was he aware of how long it had been?

"Are we going home?" he asked.

"Not yet, dear."

"When?"

"A little later."

"This afternoon?"

"No, but when you come we have a new radio."

"Television?"

"No — and a new gramophone. And there'll be surprises waiting. Some lovely blocks — and a fire truck — and a bunny that walks."

"Today, mama?"

"Don't you like the children here?"

He didn't answer.

"I miss you so dreadfully. I want you to remember this."

He turned his head away.

"Tomorrow, mama, please?"

"No, darling, just as soon as the doctor says. Pretty soon now. Pretty soon."

He didn't bother to answer. He had learned to submit after little fussing.

We had opened all the new toys I'd brought. We had looked at all the picture books. The other children were playing with his toys already. He saw his new possessions distributed with a strange lack of passion. In the ward one owned nothing oneself, not even clothes nor any one nurse, no privacies, few personal rights.

There was a little cart, a little play-cart for pulling the children about in. I put him in this in the new sweater I'd brought him — "lellow," his favorite color. Althea was standing by. I lifted her in also. She was older than he but he was much stronger and he supported her with his arm.

"They're making Althea a beautiful new throat," he said and touched the bandage with infinite delicacy. "So she can eat with us." Althea smiled an

aged smile. Saliva moistened her lips. She put her head against his shoulder.

We went up and down the room six times and to the end of the glassed-in corridor and peeped into the wards where the older children played and were having school.

"When you go, go quickly," said the nurse. "Don't linger — just kiss him and go." There was no use trying to sneak away. I'd done that often enough in the hospital. He was on to every trick, the cars out the window, the surprise present on the other side of the room, the nurse telling the fairy story — all, all he knew. He seemed to smell the moment of departure and fastened on to me.

"Look," I said kneeling to his height. "I must go. Don't cry. I must. But I'll be back."

His face was stricken, slow tears filled his terrified eyes. His mouth shook. "No — no — mama — no."

"Did I ever lie to you?"

His head moved softly.

"Ever?"

The thumb went into his mouth.

"I'll be back next week and in three weeks you come home."

How do you explain time to a three-year-old child? How do you explain three weeks? How do you explain abandonment?

"Tomorrow?"

"No, next week."

"Day after tomorrow?"

"No — six days. Do you understand?"

"No."

"Don't cry. You're frightening Althea. Take her by the hand and wave me good-by at the door."

His hand was wet from his lips and from his tears. His cheek was warm, fragrant and salty.

"Be good to Althea. She's very little."

She swayed slightly under the great braids. His arm tightened around her.

In order to be congenial, Althea whispered, "Good-by."

"Good-by," said Peter at the end of the corridor.

Peter continued motionless in the pale winter sun. Somehow he managed a smile. His free hand wiped his eyes and waved. "Pretty soon," he called.

The nurse had told me to run for it.





In the year 1951, seven out of every ten crimes were unsolved, says VIRGIL W. PETERSON, Operating Director of the Chicago Crime Commission, and for those criminals who were let off or who got away, crime does pay — and pays far too well. Mr. Peterson supports his argument with names and cases in the Chicago metropolitan area — the turbulent area which he has had under professional scrutiny since 1942. But the evidence presented to Judge Proskauer of the New York State Crime Commission of the crime and extortion in the docks makes it appallingly clear that Chicago is not in a class by itself. Mr. Peterson's most recent book, Barbarians in Our Midst, was published last summer under the Atlantic-Little, Brown imprint.

CRIME DOES PAY

by VIRGIL W. PETERSON

A FEW years ago the Attorney General of the United States in a magazine article informed the people: "As your attorney general, I have been asked to bring you the facts and the figures, the tragic evidence of juvenile crime. . . . Here are some . . . of the figures chargeable to some of our youth . . . 51 per cent of all burglaries, over half of them, 36 per cent of all other robberies. . . ." Naturally these figures given by the highest law enforcement official of the land were widely quoted in the press, over the radio, from speakers' platforms, and by crime prevention groups. Actually, the figures were based only on the available fingerprint cards of persons arrested and charged with burglary or robbery — a small sampling from a huge army of burglars and robbers.

In fact, during this same period national statistics reflected that of all burglaries reported to the police only 31.3 per cent — less than one third — were cleared by arrest. Robbery clearances amounted to 36.2 per cent. Thus out of every ten burglaries committed, apparently no one knew who committed seven of them, and the same applied to over six out of every ten robberies. It is true, of course, that because of restrictions placed on the fingerprinting of youthful offenders in some jurisdictions the number of juveniles arrested would be considerably greater than is reflected by fingerprint cards. But it is not surprising that of those arrested a disproportionate number are juveniles. Their youthful recklessness and inexperience in crime make it relatively easy to apprehend them. The mature professional criminal is more difficult to detect and apprehend. And it is reasonable to assume that he is responsible for a large percentage of our unsolved crime. At any rate the Attorney

General's flat statement that over half of the burglaries were attributable to youth was little more than an opinion — an opinion that may be far from the truth.

It is highly probable that a very sizable proportion of our most dangerous criminals are never apprehended or convicted. The most vicious murderers, for example, are those who kill for pay. Few of them are ever caught, much less convicted. In almost every large municipality there are numerous unsolved gang killings. In Chicago alone, there have been approximately 700 gang murders during the past twenty-five years, and the number of persons convicted in connection with these slayings could be counted on one's fingers. In fact, the individuals believed responsible for a great share of these murders have amassed fortunes from illegal activities over a period of several decades. And virtually not one of them has ever been convicted for any major offense in local courts.

During the five-year period from 1947 through 1951 over a million burglaries were reported to the police in about 2200 cities of America. No one knows who committed over 800,000 of them. During the same period in the identical cities, out of 184,388 known robberies, 108,413 were not solved through any arrest.

Keeping the record clean

The unsolved crime figures would probably be much more astounding if all offenses appeared in official records. Many offenses are never reported to the police and cannot be entered in the records. Others are omitted because of poor record systems or through a deliberate manipulation of figures designed to uphold the fair name of the city or the

reputation of the department. A few years ago the crime figures of the New York City police department were so patently inaccurate that the Federal Bureau of Investigation refused to include them in the Uniform Crime Reports for the years 1949 through 1951. During the first six months of 1948, official reports listed only 1498 burglaries and 848 robberies in New York City. After the record system had been corrected, New York City reported 21,786 burglaries and 4469 robberies during the first six months of 1952. It is an outright absurdity to assume — as the official records show — that there were fifteen times more burglaries and over five times more robberies committed in New York City during the first six months of 1952 than in a comparable period four years earlier.

Many years ago the Chicago Crime Commission uncovered a similar situation in Chicago. Of 23,984 burglary offenses reported to the various police districts during 1926 and 1927 it was found that 21,106 were never recorded at the office of the secretary of police, the only source of official crime figures. Following the Crime Commission report, more accurate crime statistics were published: they showed an increase in burglaries from 879 to 18,689 a year, and annual robbery figures soared from 1263 to 14,544.

In some types of crimes, it is well known that only a very small proportion of the total offenses are ever reported to the authorities at all. This is true of shoplifting. Of the large number of shoplifting offenses committed each year only a small percentage are detected, and of those detected many are never reported to the police.

A few years ago a study of shoplifting was made in one of the large cities. Inventory losses from shoplifting in some of the principal stores were tremendous. It was impossible to arrive at any accurate estimate of the large number of offenses committed or the number of shoplifters plying their trade in these establishments. But during a period of just six months the employees of only four stores apprehended 1576 shoplifters and recovered from them the articles they had stolen. Only 137 of those caught in the act of shoplifting — less than 9 per cent of the total — were turned over to the police. Of the remaining 1439, no report of any kind was made to the police as to either the known offenses or the persons caught. And these *unreported*, known shoplifting offenses committed in just four stores in one city during a six-month period amounted to approximately one sixth of the total of such offenses reported by 355 cities with a combined population exceeding 40 million people. At best, crime figures give but a very incomplete picture of the crime problem.

Pressure on the politicians

Every few months, particularly during political campaigns, prosecutors give out imposing statistics

reflecting records of 80 or 90 per cent convictions in cases they handle. The public is sometimes deeply impressed, but actually such figures have little if any significance in so far as the over-all crime picture is concerned. In 1951, a total of 13,048 burglaries was reported to the Chicago Police Department, and only 317 of these cases resulted in an indictment for burglary by the Cook County Grand Jury. In 1951, there were 5526 robberies committed in Chicago, and only 487 resulted in indictments for robbery. It is thus apparent that approximately 97 per cent of the burglaries and 91 per cent of the robberies committed in Chicago in 1951 did not even result in an indictment for the offense committed.

Comparable situations prevail in many of our large cities. And the high percentage of convictions which is constantly paraded before the public frequently relates to only an infinitesimal percentage of the total offenses committed.

With our entire law enforcement machinery and the administration of justice constantly drawn into the swirl of partisan politics, it is doubtful whether statistical data on crime will ever be anything but misleading to the general public. A city administration that attempts to improve the accuracy of its crime statistics frequently finds itself vigorously attacked by political opponents who call attention with alarm to the increased crime rate — an increase which may be based solely on more honest reporting. Mayors and chiefs of police are under constant pressure to keep the crime figures as low as possible. And it is not uncommon for officials to give the public information on crime which is deliberately misleading. A few years ago a high county official spoke before a group of several hundred business and civic leaders of Chicago. He blandly informed these men that the Federal Bureau of Investigation had just completed an independent study of crime in the United States and had definitely established that Chicago's crime rate was lower than in other cities of comparable size. Yet, in the very report to which this official was referring, the FBI warned that it was merely publishing the data furnished by the chiefs of police in different cities; and, said the report, "the FBI does not vouch for their accuracy."

Statistics prepared and released for the benefit of a political party are almost always misleading — more significant for what they omit than for their revelations. The same is probably true with reference to many of the scientific and scholarly studies of crime and the criminal. It would be highly speculative and probably unrealistic to assume that a substantial proportion of the individuals responsible for many of our unsolved crimes are eventually apprehended and convicted for a later crime, and subjected to scientific observation and treatment. It would also be highly speculative and probably unrealistic to assume that the behavior traits of our

known criminals are truly representative of those of the unknown.

Organized crime

In many of our large municipalities vicious criminals have become welded into underworld organizations which have engaged uninterruptedly in unlawful enterprises over a period of decades. They have reaped illicit profits amounting to hundreds of millions of dollars. They have engaged in widespread violence and extortion and have been responsible for countless murders. At times the leaders of these powerful underworld groups have become influential in guiding the political destinies of cities, counties, and states. Not infrequently they have had a strong voice in naming key law enforcement personnel, in dictating law enforcement policies and controlling law enforcement agencies. These men are the real prime ministers of crime. And it is seldom indeed that either they or their henchmen appear in crime statistics or studies.

The murders they commit or order committed are almost always unsolved. The people from whom they extort virtually never report the offenses to the authorities. The glowing reports of high percentage rates of convictions seldom have any reference whatever to these professional criminals. And although they amass fortunes throughout long careers of crime accompanied by violence, terrorism, and murder, they nevertheless remain untouched by judicial pronouncements, the attention of psychiatrists, or the supervision of parole or probation officers.

Albert Anastasia of New York is generally regarded as one of the most vicious criminals in America. Entering this country illegally over thirty years ago, he has acted as the czar of the waterfront for over two decades. As is typical of most gang overlords, his official record is devoid of any important convictions. Only a jail penalty imposed twenty-nine years ago for carrying a gun mars an otherwise perfect record. Officials have charged publicly that he has been linked to twenty murders. Some of them were brutal slayings with an ice pick or by strangulation. On five occasions he has been arrested for murder. Once he was convicted and lingered in the death house for several months. Before the case could be retried, four of the State's principal witnesses against him were murdered and Anastasia was discharged a free man! This overlord of crime has maintained important political and underworld affiliations, including a long association with the gang leader Joe Adonis.

When William O'Dwyer was District Attorney of Kings County, New York, a perfect murder case was developed against Anastasia but he was never subjected to the inconvenience of an indictment. And when a "wanted" notice was posted for him

in the official files, it was mysteriously withdrawn by O'Dwyer's right-hand man, James Moran, an intimate friend of Joe Adonis and his pal Frank Costello. A grand jury presentment in 1945 severely censured O'Dwyer for his "neglect, incompetence, and failure to proceed against Anastasia" although "there admittedly was competent legal evidence sufficient to warrant indictment, conviction and punishment" of the gangster for murder. O'Dwyer's failure to proceed against Anastasia in the perfect murder case did not handicap him politically. He became mayor of the nation's largest city, and Anastasia continued to occupy a high place on the roster of untouchable gang overlords. And in so far as the perfect murder case was concerned, Anastasia did not even become a crime statistic!

In Chicago, scores of Capone gunmen have been doing a flourishing illegal business for the past three decades. Their individual income tax returns reveal illicit profits in recent years totaling millions of dollars. They have been involved in countless murders and at times have conducted reigns of terror against those who might temporarily resist their demands. Although Chicago and Cook County have served as their principal base of operations for over thirty years, local court records show virtually no convictions of any sort. There may have been a conviction for a minor offense or two out of thousands committed and involving hundreds of Capone hoodlums. Now and then a Capone gangster has been held accountable in the United States District Court for failure to share his loot with the Federal government. A few of the gang's members were convicted in a New York Federal court for extorting a million dollars from the moving-picture industry. But even this unusual and unexpected development turned out to be but a minor inconvenience.

In July, 1946, the Special Assistant to the Attorney General who handled the case submitted an official document to the head of the Department of Justice in which he stated that "the convicted defendants are notorious as successors to the underworld power of Al Capone. They are vicious criminals who would stop at nothing to achieve their ends. The investigation and prosecution were attended by murder, gun play, threatening of witnesses, perjury. . . ." Yet only a year after this official report was rendered, four of the ringleaders of the gang were treated as insignificant first offenders and released on parole after having served the bare minimum term of one third of their ten-year sentences.

Tony Accardo, the present leader of the Capone gang, lives in a palatial twenty-two-room house in one of Chicago's most exclusive residential suburbs. Built several years ago at a cost of a half-million dollars by a radio manufacturer, the Accardo estate is one of the show places of the community.

Although arrested on numerous occasions as a suspect in connection with serious crimes ranging from murder to kidnaping, Accardo boasts that he has never spent one night in jail. The counterparts of the Accardos, the Costellos, and the Anastasias are to be found in almost every large community. Because of the evil influence they exert on government in general and on law enforcement in particular, they present one of America's major problems.

The number of persons affiliated with organized crime runs into the thousands, and the criminal activities of this group each year account for untold losses in property and money, not to mention numerous murders.

How much do we know about criminals?

The high percentage of unsolved burglaries, robberies, shoplifting, and numerous other crimes makes it rather apparent that there exists a substantial army of professional criminals who ply their trade with regularity and get away with it. Many of these individuals probably have no affiliation with any important crime organization, but it is reasonable to assume that they are among the most professionalized of our lawbreaking population. And they present convincing evidence that there is a vast no man's land in the field of crime — an area which embraces a major portion of our crime problem and which remains virtually unexplored by social science.

During the past century countless research studies have been conducted regarding those who have been convicted of various types of law violations. From these studies a number of conclusions have been drawn and innumerable theories have been advanced. At times a considerable amount of dogmatism has accompanied so-called findings that are nothing more than theories. In so far as the over-all criminal population is concerned, however, we may well inquire as to how many of the conclusions are based on actual knowledge, how many on woefully incomplete information, and how many are little more than ill-founded opinions.

The tendency of the human mind to oversimplify is evident in its most glaring aspects in all panaceas advanced to solve the crime problem. It is even present in the conclusions arrived at by some of the thoughtful students of crime and the criminal. For example, some eminent authorities have expressed, with optimistic assurance, the belief that probation, the indeterminate sentence, and parole are the three best defenses available to society in its war on crime and the activities of the criminal. Without discounting in any degree their tremendous social significance, none of these defenses can have any application whatever unless there is first conviction. Probation, the indeterminate sentence, and parole, however noteworthy they may be, can never be considered substantial factors in dealing

with the over-all crime problem as long as large segments of our most dangerous criminal population rarely come to the attention of the courts, the prison warden, or the probation and parole officials.

Science vs. law

Scientific studies have added considerably to our knowledge of criminals and causes of their behavior. But to some students of crime, the so-called scientific approach has become a shibboleth, a divining rod which will unravel the mysteries of human conduct and eventually eliminate crime. Several months ago a long newspaper story prominently featured a movement which had been launched for the purpose of making crime prevention a science. Implying that the idea was a novel one, it also left the impression that it would be relatively simple to put into practice.

It is well to observe, however, that our legal system with its maze of technicalities is incompatible with any true scientific approach to the criminal. Science seeks the truth. The effect of our legal system, too frequently, is to suppress the truth. Thousands of guilty defendants, some of whom are highly dangerous professional criminals, are turned loose each month by the simple expedient of motions to suppress the evidence. In my article "Case Dismissed," which appeared in the April, 1945, issue of the *Atlantic*, I mentioned a typical case that had occurred in Chicago several months before. Policemen patrolling the streets observed an automobile loaded with merchandise. The conduct of the occupants of the automobile aroused the officers' suspicions and upon stopping the car they found several hundred dollars' worth of merchandise stolen from a building burglarized but a short time earlier. When the two defendants, Michael Moretti and William J. Russo, were brought into court, a motion to suppress the evidence was sustained on the ground that the arrest, search, and seizure were improper. Legally, the evidence relating to the burglary could not be considered. From a scientific standpoint this evidence would be highly important. Also highly significant was Moretti's juvenile court record, together with all background information developed by the juvenile authorities. The same is true of Russo's former criminal record. Yet under our legal system these pertinent facts had to be treated as if they never existed. If a true scientific approach had been permitted it is possible, though by no means certain, that some light might have been thrown on the causes of the behavior of Moretti and Russo and their future conduct guided and supervised.

Instead, Moretti's record was "clean" legally. He became a member of the Chicago Police Department and was armed with a gun and a badge. He was also an active and effective worker in ward politics. As a Chicago police officer, he was given a choice assignment to the State's Attorney's office.

During the early hours of the morning of August 24, 1951, policeman Moretti, who was on furlough at the time, became involved in a tavern brawl. He was soundly trounced and his service revolver was taken away from him, after which it was thrown in a vacant lot. Following the brawl, Moretti left the scene of excitement, got another gun, and about three hours later returned. As he approached the vacant lot, Moretti observed three youths, Arthur Gamino, only fifteen years old, Edward Salvi, aged twenty-one, and twenty-two-year-old Leonard Monaco. These boys had not been present during the original tavern brawl and Gamino was not acquainted with Salvi or Monaco. He had just come to the lot to see what the commotion was all about. Monaco and Salvi located the lost gun and handed it to Moretti about the time that Gamino arrived on the scene. Moretti herded the three boys, who were unarmed, into an automobile on the lot and shot them. Gamino and Salvi were killed, while Monaco miraculously survived.

After the double slaying and the wounding of Monaco, the case was rushed through the grand jury with Moretti appearing as one of the principal witnesses. The usual coroner's inquest was postponed at the request of the State's Attorney, and the grand jury by a very close vote returned a no-bill. The Chicago Crime Commission demanded that the case be reinvestigated and be presented to another grand jury, pointing out that policeman Moretti was a member of the State's Attorney's staff and thus the State's Attorney's office was a party in interest in the case. The State's Attorney vigorously defended Moretti and attacked the Crime Commission. The case became a *cause célèbre*. The press, led by the *Chicago Sun Times*, began a crusade which resulted in the appointment of special prosecutors and the return of several indictments; and on January 25, 1952, Moretti was found guilty of the murder of the fifteen-year-old boy, Gamino, and was sentenced to life imprisonment. A few days later, on February 6, 1952, Moretti's ex-convict pal, William J. Russo, surrendered to Federal authorities in connection with an alleged multimillion-dollar counterfeiting operation.

It may be contended that the application of science in the Moretti and Russo case when they were originally arrested in possession of burglarized property a few years ago would have altered the course of their behavior. Two murders would have

been prevented and the crime rate reduced. But discussions of this nature are purely academic. Legal technicalities removed them completely from any scientific observation or supervision. And hundreds of thousands of guilty offenders have been turned loose by American courts on legal technicalities since Moretti and Russo had their first brush with the law. Many of them have committed subsequent offenses and have been arrested again. Others are still making crime pay while serving as members of the huge criminal army that remains untouched either by law or science.

And although scientific research will continue to make valuable contributions in the field of criminal behavior, it will never be possible to reconcile our legal system with science. Such a result would not even be desirable. While some of the technicalities which defeat justice may be labeled as foolish and against public interest, there are others that genuinely protect individual rights and are deemed essential to preserve our American concept of justice. The trend in the various judiciaries and legislatures is to increase legal technicalities, not diminish them — a trend which has wide support among the American people. And frequently the strongest advocates of a scientific approach to prevent criminal behavior fight militantly to impose legal technicalities which suppress the very facts that make a true scientific approach possible.

There are numerous factors which have made it difficult to reduce crime substantially. Not the least of these obstacles is the absence of accurate information regarding the problem itself. And instead of coming to grips with facts which have been established, the tendency is to ignore them. It may be reassuring to repeat that crime does not pay, but there is ample evidence to show that it pays far too well for far too many people. We may like to believe that all professional criminals end in jail or poverty. But many of our most vicious criminals are seldom if ever arrested, almost never convicted, and virtually roll in wealth and luxury. We may properly credit the policy of individualized treatment of convicted offenders as a milestone in social advancement. But convicted offenders represent only a small percentage of the criminal population. We may have unbounded confidence in solving our crime problem through science. But it will probably be true in the future, as it has been in the past, that science can deal much more effectively with split atoms than with criminals' split personalities.

Vindication

Historian and scholar now teaching at Christ Church, Oxford, H. R.

TREVOR-ROPER has emerged as the foremost British authority on the closing months of the Nazi regime, a reputation well earned by his book, *The Last Days of Hitler*. In the article which follows, he throws the spotlight on a mystery man, Felix Kersten, who was for a time Himmler's personal doctor and whom members of the Dutch government recently nominated for the Nobel Prize.

KERSTEN, HIMMLER, AND COUNT BERNADOTTE

by H. R. TREVOR-ROPER

FELIX KERSTEN was Himmler's personal doctor, "the magic Buddha," as Himmler introduced him to Count Ciano, "who cures everything by massage." For five years during the war he attended the court of that most famous ogre of our time. Now he has been officially recognized — by a government that was itself a victim of Nazi aggression — as one of the great benefactors of mankind. Members of the Dutch government recently nominated him as a candidate for the Nobel Peace Prize. Such a history might well seem incredible, but since the truth has at last triumphed not only over natural doubt but also over certain deliberate obstacles, I think it should now be told.

Kersten was born in Estonia, a Russian subject; he studied medicine in Berlin under a Chinese specialist, and today, with Finnish nationality, he practices manual therapy alternately in Sweden, Germany, and Holland. His professional success began in Germany, where the aristocracy and the plutocracy of the 1920s alike resorted to him; but since both these classes are international, their patronage soon carried him abroad. Thus, among the aristocracy, Duke Adolf Friedrich of Mecklenburg passed him on to his brother, Prince Hendrik, the husband of Queen Wilhelmina of the Netherlands. This was one of the most important incidents in Kersten's career, for in time he became a member of the Prince's household and made his home in Holland. But he still practiced in Germany too, and there another recommendation led to even greater consequences. This time it came from the plutocracy. In March, 1939, his patient Dr. August Diehn, President of the German Potassium Syndicate, approached Kersten. "Herr Kersten," he said, "I have never asked a favor from you before; now I have one to ask. Will you examine Himmler? I think he would be an interesting patient. Further, if you succeed with him, you may do us a great service. Perhaps you can persuade him not to nationalize private property."

Kersten examined Himmler. He found that he suffered from intestinal spasms, causing great pain,

sometimes unconsciousness. Hitherto his doctors had treated him with narcotics and injections, but without effect. Kersten treated him manually, and the result was astonishing: in five minutes the pain was relieved. Himmler asked Kersten to remain in attendance on him, but Kersten refused: Himmler simply became one of those German patients whom Kersten would attend on his regular annual visits to Germany.

Such at least was the intention, but the issue was different. By the next spring, when Kersten again visited Germany, war had broken out; and while Kersten was actually in Berlin, the German army suddenly invaded Holland and cut off his retreat. The Dutch royal family fled to England. It was with all the advantages of power that Himmler now repeated his demands to Kersten. Offered the alternative of the court or the concentration camp, Kersten chose freedom: he became the personal medical adviser to the Grand Inquisitor of the Third Reich; the extraordinary part of his history began.

All tyrants, isolated in dangerous eminence — especially if they are fundamentally weak men — require confidants whom (perhaps wrongly) they suppose to be outside the vortex of political rivalry around them. Court fools, astrologers, priests, mistresses — these have filled a classic role in the past; the modern despots have given the same role to their doctors. Hitler relied on Morell, Himmler on Kersten. To him Kersten was always "my good Dr. Kersten"; he addressed him in almost tender terms, allowed him great liberties, listened calmly to the most outrageous requests; and Kersten, holding as he did the keys of physical salvation, became to Himmler a kind of all-powerful confessor, who could manipulate the conscience and the decisions as well as the stomach of that terrible, impersonal, inhuman, but naïve, mystical, credulous tyrant of the New Order.

How did Kersten use these extraordinary opportunities? The facts are now well attested. Hundreds of Dutchmen, Germans, Jews, and indeed

others owe their survival to his intercession. All who sought respite for doomed men and women learned gradually to turn, directly or indirectly, to Kersten. The Finnish Legation used him to rescue Norwegian and Danish prisoners; the World Jewish Congress credits him with the rescue of 60,000 Jews; particularly he devoted himself to the interests of the Dutch. Thus in 1941 Hitler proposed to transport up to three million "irreconcilable" Dutchmen to Polish Galicia and referred the matter to Himmler. Fortunately Himmler was at that time in a low state of health and particularly dependent on Kersten. Consequently the move was postponed till after the war. Himmler afterwards regretted his weakness in this matter. The Führer's decision, he sadly admitted, had been right; its postponement "was all the fault of my wretched health, and my good Dr. Kersten."

These and numerous other achievements of Kersten have long been known and are well authenticated. Why is it that after the war the knowledge of them was apparently suppressed and Kersten himself widely denounced as a Nazi, so that a government inquiry was necessary before the truth could ultimately be vindicated? The answer to this question is to be found in internal events in Kersten's third country, Sweden.

In 1943, Kersten obtained leave from Himmler to settle his family in Sweden, and from that time a new phase in his history began. He now made regular journeys between Germany and Sweden and interested himself in Swedish affairs. One such affair was the arrest, on a charge of espionage, of seven Swedish businessmen in Warsaw. Kersten secured their release and in December, 1944, was allowed to take the last three of them personally back to Sweden as "a Christmas present" from Himmler. In the early stages of these negotiations Kersten became acquainted with the Swedish foreign minister, Christian Günther, and from that time he was an agent of Günther in Swedish humanitarian work in Germany. In the winter of 1944-45, when the defeat of Germany seemed at last imminent, this Swedish intervention took on international significance.

For what, in the last convulsions of Nazism, would be the fate of occupied Scandinavia? Hitler had ordered the German armies to fight to the end everywhere. And what would be the fate of the hundreds of thousands of prisoners—including Danes and Norwegians—in German concentration camps? Hitler had given orders that the camps were to be destroyed and the prisoners slaughtered as the German armies retreated. Policy and humanity alike required that Sweden, as a neutral and a Scandinavian power, should intervene.

For this purpose Günther turned naturally to Kersten. The execution of Hitler's orders depended on Himmler: might not Himmler, in these last days, heed the voice of prudence and persuasion?

Kersten persuaded, and on both subjects Himmler showed himself reasonable. He agreed that Scandinavian prisoners should be concentrated in a single camp; he agreed to allow a persistent leakage of prisoners from their camps; he agreed to deliver for transport to Sweden as many prisoners, Scandinavian or other, as the Swedish government would, with its own transport, collect and admit. All that was necessary was secrecy—and a column of omnibuses. In February, 1945, the column was marshaled and set out for Germany. There were a hundred omnibuses of the Swedish Red Cross; they were under the command of Colonel Bjoerck; and they were accompanied by the vice-president of the Swedish Red Cross, a distinguished social figure, whom Kersten, at the request of Günther, now introduced to Himmler: Count Folke Bernadotte.

Of Count Bernadotte's activities in these negotiations little need be said, for he was simply an agent—"a transport officer, no more," as one of Himmler's associates has since described him. Nevertheless there was one interesting incident in which the agent sought to make rather than merely to execute policy. In his efforts to save the prisoners, Kersten has not concerned himself solely with Scandinavians: in Sweden he was in touch not only with Günther but also with the Stockholm branch of the World Jewish Organization and, in agreement with Günther, was planning the delivery of Jewish prisoners also to Sweden. He was therefore surprised, in March, 1945, on mentioning this to Himmler, to be suddenly told, "Count Bernadotte understands the Jewish peril; he refuses to take any Jews to Sweden; and now you speak for them and say that Sweden will take them! Which of you am I to believe?" Kersten replied that Bernadotte had no authority to make terms: he was only a transport officer. "Yes," replied Himmler sadly, "I know that. Still I am glad to see that in Sweden there are men who understand the necessity of our fight against World Jewry."

Kersten remonstrated with Bernadotte, but Bernadotte refused either to take the Jews or to deliver a letter to the World Jewish Organization in Stockholm. He advised Kersten to drop the Jews altogether, "unless you want difficulties for yourself and your family in Sweden." Alarmed at these developments, Kersten himself flew to Sweden next day and reported them to Günther. Günther dismissed it as a misunderstanding: "Sweden's boundaries are open," he said, "to all victims of Nazi persecution." Thus Bernadotte was overruled; the work went forward; and on April 21, Kersten's work for the Jews culminated in one of the most ironical incidents in the whole war: the secret meeting, at Kersten's house at Hartzwalde, between Himmler, the archpersecutor of the Jews, and Norbert Masur, the president of the World

Jewish Organization in Stockholm, whom Kersten had personally brought from Sweden. That astonishing interview has been described elsewhere, by Masur himself; yet it is tempting to repeat the words with which Himmler greeted this unusual guest: "Welcome, Herr Masur. It is time you Jews and we Nazis buried the hatchet!" Thus the last details were arranged; 3500 Jews were taken to Sweden; and Count Bernadotte, for rescuing them, was afterwards presented by a rabbi in Stockholm with a laudatory scroll. Nevertheless Himmler did not forget the curious incident of Bernadotte's original refusal. "Think of it," he told an SS general afterwards, "what a surprise! Count Bernadotte refused to take the Jews! You see how the Nordic peoples think! They understand the Jewish problem. However, I have promised my good Dr. Kersten, and I must keep my promise: Count Bernadotte must take the Jews whether he likes it or not. Besides, I have now fixed all the details with Herr Masur."

Such, it seems, was the true history of the rescue operations of early 1945, as it can be reconstructed not merely from Kersten's own notes (which might be thought a partial source) but from affidavits by Germans and Jews and Swedes who witnessed or took part in it. Nevertheless, no sooner was the war over than a different account of them was launched. Count Bernadotte suddenly appeared before the world as the man who, on his own initiative, had alone conceived and executed this plan. He was overwhelmed with honors, decorations, degrees. He alone, it was declared, by facing Himmler in his den, had rescued Jews and Gentiles from death in the concentration camps. He was even credited with having ended the war. He was hailed as the "Prince of Peace," the Saviour, and, after his death, the martyr of humanity. He himself wrote three books which materially assisted in spreading this doctrine; and since his death he has been made undeservedly ridiculous by inspired hagiography. In these books by and about Bernadotte, the name of Kersten is never mentioned.

How has this happened? Partly, no doubt, unintentionally. As Himmler's doctor, Kersten had necessarily to live down one public reputation before he could acquire another. But partly it seems to have been the result of a deliberate campaign. Bernadotte's first book, *Slutet*, in which he appears as sole author of the whole operation, was published within six weeks of Hitler's death; and the day before its publication he advised Kersten, if he wished to avoid trouble in Sweden, not to publish any comments thereon. Later Bernadotte circularized prominent Englishmen to draw attention to his achievements, and then had those English letters translated and published in Sweden.

Further, he sought to build up, as a witness of his claims, Himmler's chief of intelligence, Walter Schellenberg (whom Kersten had recommended to

deal with him). Schellenberg, who had a war crime in his past (he had organized the kidnaping of two British officers on neutral territory in 1939), was glad to accept Bernadotte's promise of asylum in Sweden in 1945; and although he was in fact extradited to the Allies and tried at Nuremberg, Bernadotte there testified on his behalf, describing Schellenberg as a loyal auxiliary in his, Bernadotte's, humanitarian campaign. These activities evidently kept Bernadotte very busy; consequently when approached by Kersten's friends (such as the Dutch minister in Sweden) he was never able to spare them more than five minutes in which to discuss any different interpretation of events. On the other hand it is only fair to add that Schellenberg, when secretly interrogated in England, did not conceal the fact that it was Kersten, not Bernadotte, who was the real center of the system in which he had been himself, admittedly, a valuable auxiliary.

What were Bernadotte's motives in thus suppressing all credit but his own? His own work was perfectly reputable: why did he think it necessary so busily and — it must sometimes appear — so unscrupulously to inflate its significance? Possibly it was personal vanity; perhaps Swedish politics. At all events it was successful, and by its success stifled the less privileged voice of truth. For who knew the facts? A few Swedes — but Bernadotte had got in first in Sweden, and why should they publicly challenge that formidable claim? A few Germans — but why should they advertise the fact that they had been Himmler's counselors? A few Jews — but Bernadotte was murdered by Jews and a sense of guilt inhibits them from further censure. All these have given private testimony, but publicly they have not spoken out.

Fortunately there is a fourth category of those who know. In Holland there are no such inhibitions, and so it is there that the truth has gradually emerged. In 1950, murmurs of the injustice done to Kersten reached the Dutch government and a royal commission was at last set up to inquire into the facts of Kersten's work during the war. The head of the commission was a distinguished Dutch historian, Professor N. W. Posthumus, then director of the Dutch National Institute of War Documentation, whose records I have used for this article. The final report which Professor Posthumus presented to his government has only recently come off the secret list and has caused some sour faces in Sweden. But the result is public. In August, 1950, Felix Kersten received from Prince Bernhard of the Netherlands the insignia of a Grand Officer of the Order of Orange-Nassau; in 1952 the Dutch nominated him as their candidate for the Nobel Peace Prize. I am sorry that no prize is to be awarded: it would have been a happy symbol of the triumph of truth if Kersten had been honored not only in Holland but even, where he also deserves it, in Scandinavia.



TWO SONGS

For Roy and Mary Campbell

by EDITH SITWELL

You said, "This is the time of the wild spring and the mating of the tigers,
This is the first vintage of the heat like the budding of wild vines —
The budding of emeralds and the emerald climate,

When flowers change into rainbows and young insects
Are happy, the people have heart-strings like the music
Of the great suns, oh never to be quenched by darkness.

But I am the water-carrier to the Damned, and dark as water.
Only those nights, my eyes, have no more rain
And dead are the merciful fountains
Since the world changed into a stone again.

I am the grave of the unpitied Sisyphus,
My heart, that rolled the universe, a stone
Changed to me, like your heart, up endless mountains."

THE SONG OF THE BEGGAR MAID TO KING COPHETUA

I SAW the Gold Man with the lion's head
Reflected deep
In the waters of the well when in the great heat
I went to draw their cold: he gave to me a flower
Petalled with gold and glittering beams, and said,
"You must not tell
What you have seen reflected,"

(The King to whom my sister flower the Marigold
Turns her bright head . . .)
But mine is another Sun. Come from the night, Cophetua!
I will unclothe my corolla to my Sun —
Still wet with the tears of night, each golden beam
About my head! But with your rising, they are gone.

I am your Marigold, O royal star!

My birth was Darkness. But your light
Gave me the corolla of my bright flower
Like to your crown!

The Kings bow their bright shining heads adown —
Like flowers of the Sun, those marigolds!
But the Sun of Fate has beat on them till they grew faint
And flaccid, no more fit
To bear the corolla of a bright crown.

"Kings and bright lovers all must come to this —"
So sighed the dews of night that from the leaf
Fade and are gone.

Yet when in a thick and cloudy air none may espy
Your beauty, so obscured . . . I
Still turn to you the bright beams of my head, my golden skin,
And close in your golden beams for my long night,
O royal star, for whom the poor Marigold must live and die!



American philosopher IRWIN EDMAN was born in New York City in the sunlight and shadow of Columbia University and there he has lived all his life teaching and writing the books (Philosopher's Holiday is his most successful) which have helped to strengthen the philosophy of others. We turn to him for an authoritative and illuminating account of those days in Athens when Socrates, rejecting the idea of exile, faced the final and most dramatic decision in his life of reason. This is the fifth in our series of biographical essays dealing with the turning points in the lives of famous men.

SOCRATES ON TRIAL

by IRWIN EDMAN

1

THERE is on occasion a crisis in the life of a man that at the same time constitutes a crucial moment in the life of humanity. Such was what may, by not too forced a metaphor, be called the high moment in the life of Socrates, that period when he faced ultimate alternatives and had made — as he had to make — an irremediable choice. The crisis was his trial; his choice was obedience to the verdict of his judges. The charges he faced were those of denying the gods of the state and inventing false gods, and corrupting youth. But he really faced, by implication, charges deeper and more serious, accusations that not only the Athenian public but the public of all times has made against philosophers, or indictments which it has vaguely felt ought to be made against them. Socrates was facing the charge that he was living a life according to reason, and that he was corrupting youth because by both doctrine and example he had been persuading them to do likewise.

Socrates, given the chance to escape, chose to obey the laws of Athens. But he was making a deeper obeisance to something that transcended merely civic obligation. He chose to carry out a more absolute imperative, to live in the light of reason whatever others might say, whatever the temptation might be to do otherwise. He chose to defend, and though his defense is labeled his apology, he did not so much apologize as justify both by argument and instance the life he had led. He was an attorney for the life of reason as well as its alleged dangerous embodiment. It was reason (as Socrates well knew) as well as Socrates himself that was being tried. He was the first martyr to the principle of freedom of thought, and to thought itself, which he placed higher than private convenience, comfort, or reputation.

All this, then, is meant by saying that Socrates'

trial, his refusal of a chance to escape, his serene behavior up to the very moment of his execution, constitute a high moment in the history of civilization. The scenes at the trial and in the prison, as we find them in essence accurately reported in Plato, capped and closed a life that had been long devoted to rigorous analysis about ultimate things and above all about ultimate good. In those final hours, Socrates deliberately chose reason as over against public opinion, duty as over against pleasure. It was a moment in the history of mankind which was to have enormous consequences. For it was the first challenging affirmation of the sovereignty of mind.

Socrates was on trial, it must be understood, not only for his life but for his way of life. It is important to understand what that mode of being consisted in. It is important to understand what was basically at issue, what one may say is always basically at issue, and why Socrates' life and death have become a parable for those who hold the life of reason precious. For despite Socrates' modest disclaimer (like all his denials in part at least ironic) he clearly felt that his trial and his sentence were a parable for mankind. The examined life, he declares, is the only life worth living. His one pursuit is knowledge, and the one object of knowledge the good — which reason alone discloses. He could not accept any other deliverances save those of mind, uncorrupted and unconfused, nor could he live by any other standard.

It is this which makes Socrates so peculiarly arresting a figure. For him the life of reason is an obligation; rationality is a duty, and duty is what reason commands. There have been philosophers since Socrates who were reasonable men, but reasonable in the almost casual sense of sensible. In the eighteenth century, for instance, David Hume

and many of his contemporaries appealed to common sense. But they did not combine, as did Socrates, reason and conscience. To Hume and his contemporaries, reason was the mark of a civilized gentleman. In Socrates, reason was merged with the dedication of a martyr and the selflessness of a saint. For all the charge of denial of the gods, there is in the tone of Socrates' speech the signature of a deeply religious man. The quest of the good life is, for Socrates, touched with divinity.

It is not really a relevant question how much Socrates is an invention of Plato's, though it is instructive on this point that the report of the literal-minded historian Xenophon confirms that of the philosopher-poet. There is ground for believing that we see in the dialogues of Plato very much the same Socrates that Athenians saw walking homely and barefoot through the streets of Athens. But it would not matter even were the image that Plato creates less faithful to the facts than it actually is. For it is the Socrates of Plato that has affected the imagination of mankind in a way comparable to that in which the image of Jesus, as given in the Gospels, has become central in the imagination of generation after generation for the last two thousand years.

There is much in Plato's dialogues that is of special interest only to technically philosophical minds. But the *Apology*, the *Crito*, and the *Phaedo* (despite the fact that the last contains an elaborate and not too convincing argument for immortality) have continued to live almost as a Gospel story. They give the narrative of a man who lived in a certain way, serious and beautiful, and died in a certain way, dignified and noble—for an ideal. There is a parallel, too, with the way in which the life of Jesus functions in the subsequent moral history of mankind. He who would live as Socrates lived takes the chance of dying as Socrates died. The way of Socrates, like the way of Jesus, is at once a suffering and a salvation. Each in its special way is an intimation of how life, free of corruption, may be lived. Indeed, there is, just as in Jesus, a calm acceptance of imminent death, and a suggestion by Socrates in the *Phaedo* that a philosopher would prefer death, since he would thereby escape the confusions and distractions of earthly pleasures and earthly pains. For, as Socrates intimates, if the only good life is the life of reason, then it were better that the flesh be transcended altogether and the earth on which it lives.

2

JUST as in the case of the Christian life, one asks, What is it to live the Socratic life? What would the "Imitation of Socrates" be? Well, it is to emulate his mission—and *mission* is used advisedly, for Socrates, in the *Apology*, tells us he had conceived himself to have had such. What is it to live as Socrates

lived? The actual facts of his life are meager, and his biography is thin. When he comes to stand trial, he is seventy years old. For a generation he had been known to Athenians. His father was a stonecutter but Socrates seemed in a way an idler, if an inspired idler, an endless talker, above all an endless questioner.

To live the Socratic life is to follow the Socratic mission, to follow reason where it leads, even to death, if necessary. It is to pursue the long enterprise of trying to know one's self, which means to know one's mind, to follow out the implications of the things one says, of the things one thinks, of the things one thinks one wants. It is to be a perpetual asker of questions, not for the sake of confusing one's interlocutors or confusing one's self, but for the purpose of eliciting principles which will stand proof against further doubts and further confusions. It is to seek to know, really to know, to have sound knowledge of authentic reality, ultimately of that good which permeates the Real and is, in Socrates' belief, identical with it. Socrates was thus the founder of a religion, but a secular religion of mind. He was the first sacrifice to that religion, and his death has endured, like that of Jesus, not as a history but as a symbol, as a permanent moral image of an absolute toward which wavering human nature may aspire and which it may emulate.

A legal charge, a legal trial, is often intelligible only in terms of a personal history and a social scene. The trial of Socrates was not only destined to become celebrated; already in its own time it was a *cause célèbre*, and Socrates already a celebrated and a marked man. Socrates was widely enough known to have been an object of caricature by, among others, Aristophanes. He had great friends among the Athenian democracy and among some of its leaders who had only recently tried to betray their country to Sparta. The gilded youth of the period liked to follow him about and talk with him or listen to him ask leading and devastating questions of their elders, the statesmen, the generals. They liked to hear him bait those epidemic teachers of politics and oratory, the Sophists, who were widely sought after in a political society which was small enough in numbers so that public speaking was a major talent for political advancement. Socrates, from the point of view of respectable opinion, was a ne'er-do-well. Though he was supposed to be a stonecutter, there is no evidence that he practiced his craft. He had small means and he preferred leisure though it meant poverty. He married late in life, and legend has it that he was not home much, though Xantippe was not perhaps the shrew and harridan that she has been painted. (There is certainly nothing in Plato's picture to suggest that she was.) But Socrates, like most intellectual Greeks, moved by preference among men.

Socrates was a well-known figure long before his

trial, and there is no reason for believing that the charges against him could not have been made at almost any time in the preceding quarter of a century. If he had been corrupting youth, he had been doing it for a long time. If he had been denying the gods, Aristophanes, long before his trial, in *The Clouds* (confusing him with the nature philosophers), had accused him of worshiping the sun, the clouds, the forces of nature — and in his youth, indeed, as he tells us in the *Phaedo*, he had been interested in studying what we would now call physical nature.

In any case, long before his trial he had been clearly making himself a nuisance to the orthodox. He tells us himself in the *Apology* that the Oracle of Delphi had told him he was the wisest man in Athens. He was, he tells us also, too modest to believe it, and yet too pious to doubt the Oracle. But on asking questions of those in Athens he found that they knew no more than he did. The generals, the poets, the statesmen literally did not know what they were talking about. Socrates at least did know one thing: that he *didn't* know. In that way at least the Oracle seemed to be right; that was, perhaps, what she meant by calling him wise.

So for years Socrates had been going about Athens asking embarrassing questions. He would ask Protagoras, the celebrated teacher-sophist, what was this virtue he professed to teach. He would ask Euthyphro what was this piety in obedience to which Euthyphro was coming to prosecute his own father because the latter had killed a slave. At the home of the wealthy Cephalus, as told us in the *Republic*, Socrates would ask what is justice and he would not accept the reply of the ruthless Thrasymachus that justice is the right of the stronger. Nor was it simply on questions of politics and morals that Socrates would interrogate the complacent; nor was it always older persons or established conventions that he would question. His intellectual cross-examinations were often addressed to the young and concerned matters more subtle and more intimate and ultimate than politics. He would meet two young men, boys merely, playing in the palestra. He would learn that they were friends and gently make them see that they could not define friendship and could, therefore, be said not to know what it was. On being introduced to Theaetetus, like himself gifted in philosophy and like himself ugly, he would make the young man aware that there was not only the problem of knowing what was real, what was good, but what it was even to *know* at all.

A critical intelligence was at work here clearly, in a society uneasy in the aftermath of a disastrous war, followed by a dictatorial seizure of power by the Thirty Tyrants. It had become altogether notorious that several of Socrates' younger friends, though not the immediate disciples of his inner

circle, had tried to sell out Athens to Sparta. In one sense, Socrates for a long time then had been suspected of "corrupting the young," and he had been doing so if corrupting them was to make them critical of the currently accepted values. As for inventing strange gods and denying the state, there was just enough in the charge to make it plausible. For Socrates had in his early days been inclined to give what we should now call a physical explanation of the universe. And though he did obeisance to the official gods, and gives evidence of a sense of conforming to, even setting store by ritual, he certainly did not, it was clear, take the gods of the Olympian religion literally.

3

THE Athenian public then had had for a long time accounts to settle with Socrates and, it must be remembered, it was a representative section of the Athenian public that actually tried him. The jury of his peers consisted of over five hundred men, not twelve, and the trial was like a hearing rather than in the modern sense a legal trial, in which there are all sorts of technical legal means for the protection of the accused. Socrates was his own defender; the accused could not be represented by counsel. The "jury" listened as a crowd, as an audience listens. Socrates was speaking to an assemblage who already knew much about him. He was answering them and answerable to them for more than the charges brought by Anytus, the tanner, Meletus, the minor tragic poet, and Lycon, well known as an orator. He was answering for his career, for the way he had been spending his days in Athens for longer, perhaps, than many members of the jury could remember. His defense is not an apology but an *apologia*.

Socrates was not only well known to his five hundred hearers; he *shows* clearly that what he was and what he did were well known to them. He feels it necessary to explain to them what his mission is, though it is clear he thinks they already inaccurately guess what it is. He says in so many words, "God orders me to fulfill the philosopher's mission of searching into myself and other men." If he "deserts his post for fear of death, that would indeed be strange," and he might then be justly arraigned in court for denying the existence of the gods. Socrates is being charged with being an atheist. He replies that his whole life has been a divinely appointed career. God commanded him to cross-question the complacent among the older people and among the innocently confused young. Nor does he propose to stop asking questions even if he is let off or let off lightly. For he was, in his famous phrase, appointed by God to be the gadfly of the Athenian state. Socrates had declared early in the *Apology* that that inner voice which always spoke to him, and always in warning *not* to do

something, at crucial turns in his life, had warned him not to enter politics: —

"Some may wonder why I go about in private giving advice and busying myself with the concerns of others, but do not venture to come forth in public and advise the state. I will tell you why. You have heard me speak at many times and in many places of a divine sign from God which comes to me and which, I suppose, is the divinity that Meletus attacked and ridiculed in the indictment. This sign, which is a kind of voice, first began to come to me when I was a child; it always forbids but never commands me to do anything which I am going to do. This is what deters me from being a politician."

He adds that had he become a politician he would scarcely have survived. But he took another road, not in the long run any safer, as it turned out, to make his contribution to the welfare of Athens — or more exactly, toward its improvement. He warns his hearers: —

"If you kill me you will not easily find a successor to me who will be, if I may use such a ludicrous figure of speech, a sort of gadfly, attached to the state by God, and the state is a great and noble horse who is rather sluggish owing to his very size and requires to be stirred into life. I am that gadfly which God has attached to the state, and all day long and in all places am always fastening upon you, arousing and persuading and reproaching you."

The Athenians feel out of temper, doubtless, he admits, at being awakened, and think that if they killed him they could go to sleep again, as indeed they could unless God in his care of them sent them another gadfly.

Socrates was perhaps ironic in suggesting that he kept out of politics to avoid the danger of being liquidated. He knew that in the long run there was a risk, as the event proved, in the subtler, indirect part he took in politics. For while he did not directly engage in political activity, he did take a persistent and constant part in the reformation of those ideas and attitudes which obliquely determine private and public action. There were two occasions when Socrates (as he tells us in the *Apology*) did have to take a minimal part in public affairs: as a senator of his tribe, he had to preside over the trial of the generals who had not taken up the bodies of the slain after the battle of Arginusae; he stood out against the democracy who proposed to try them illegally, in a body. Once again, under the Thirty Tyrants, these demanded that Leon the Salaminian be brought from Salamis to be tried. The four others who with Socrates had been commanded to do this obeyed, but not Socrates. Had the Thirty Tyrants not just then lost their power, he would have been executed by them. In the interest of public duty he had taken the risk of death. But it was not in

politics that he saw his deeper duty as well as a safer opportunity to serve the Athenians. It was in constantly awakening his fellow citizens to a critical analysis of what they did, stinging them into considering virtue, challenging them with searching questions, into preferring the "examined life."

Socrates is quietly proud of this mission of his, and thinks, as he has no hesitation in telling his judges, that he deserves well of the state in whose service, as thus described, he has gained nothing, for he has taken no pay, as his poverty shows.

Socrates denies the charges against him by affirming their opposite. Far from corrupting youth, he has shown them — and their elders — in what the examined life consists. Far from denying the gods, he has continued his mission in response to their commands: —

"Now this duty of cross-examining other men has been imposed on me by God; and it has been signified to me by oracles, visions, and in every way in which the will of divine power was ever intimated to anyone." And he calls to witness the fact that not only the allegedly corrupted, but their elders and relatives as well, are ready to testify in his behalf.

There is some evidence that Socrates almost willfully caused his own condemnation. It is almost as if he felt a divine sign cautioning him not to interfere with the process by which his life was to become an example for mankind. He did nothing to conciliate his jurors. It was as if in the back of his candid mind he knew that in a profound sense the charges against him *were* true. He *had* denied the popular notions of the gods; he *had* corrupted youth, from complacency in convention. These were the accusations the jurors must consider. And he would not (he told the jurors he thought it shameful to do so) woo them by bringing in his family to stir their emotions of pity, or by shamelessly pretending to fear a death he did not fear. He had a reputation, even among those who mistrusted him, of being a man of wisdom, a superior man. He was not going to play upon the sentiments of the jurors, nor deny his own convictions about the meaning of life and death by trading his integrity for a few more years of life.

Socrates had a habit, as did Plato, too, of projecting moral issues into the terms of eternity. His choice at his trial was between life and death, or, as he suspected, and as we now know, between life and deathlessness. Instead of fearing death, he has the magnificent and heroic audacity to tell those who are sentencing him: —

"So, my judges, face death with a good hope, and know for certain that no evil can happen to a good man, either in life or after death. He and his are not neglected by the gods; nor has my own approaching end happened by mere chance; I see clearly that that time had arrived when it was bet-

ter for me to die and be released from trouble; and so the oracle gave no sign."

At the very close he asks only one favor of the jury, a pointed one, for he asks them to educate his sons, as he had tried to educate Athens, and thereby do both him and his sons justice: he wishes his jurors to educate his sons by *punishing* them; but for what?

"I would ask you, my friends, to punish them and I would have you trouble them, as I have troubled you, if they seem to care about riches, or anything, more than about virtue; or if they pretend to be something when they are really nothing. . . . The hour of departure is arrived and we go our ways, I to die, and you to live. Which is better is known to God, and only to him."

Part of the touching quality of the *Apology*, and of the *Crito* and *Phaedo* which follow, is that Socrates is deliberately making his choice to die, and seems also to wish to do so. He never is quite sure (even though he tries to prove it) that the soul is immortal. But he *is* sure that a man should act on the assumption that life is eternal and that right and wrong are eternal also.

4

BUT Socrates had another choice to make after the trial: between obeying and not obeying the laws of Athens. It is not for uncritical love of his fellow Athenians that he chose to obey the law and submit to the sentence. It is clear that all his judges wanted was his silence. He could have had his life at the cost of exile. Wealthy friends had arranged for his flight, and nobody would have thought the less of him for taking advantage of the chance to escape, say, into Thessaly.

Socrates was no blinded patriot; he had no illusions about Athens, though, as he tells us often, he could not imagine another place where he would gladly be. But there was something more deeply involved than his preference; it was his sense of moral self-respect; and his sense, too, of the importance that laws be obeyed lest there be anarchy in society and in the soul of man. He can flee, but where to? To other lawful states? There he will be an enemy, for in any well-ordered state they would know what to think of a man who broke covenants. What would he think of himself, who had preferred to live in Athens all his life as a citizen, and by so doing tacitly assented to its laws, and now violates them by escaping into exile? He could flee to anarchic and ill-governed states, but there he would have to live by conniving and servility, exchanging the birthright of a free citizen, and justice itself, "for the miserable desire of a little more life." To escape from a sentence legally imposed would be tacitly to mock the very justice of which it had been his mission to make his fellow citizens more conscious. Athenian law

might be unjust, but the observance of law itself seemed to Socrates a corollary of ideal justice, and of universal reason. For unless there is respect for law, a carrying out of the tacit contract a citizen has with the state, there is, he believes, the beginning of tyranny and anarchy in the community, there is the initiation of private dogma and fanaticism and chaos in the soul.

In the *Apology* Socrates is the attorney for reason; in the *Crito*, for social order. For what does he plead in the *Phaedo*, that moving and dramatic dialogue of Socrates facing execution and surrounded by his intimate friends? A large part of the dialogue is taken up with a discussion of the arguments for immortality — in which discussion, as Socrates points out with rueful irony, he cannot be accused of meddling with something which is not his business. But the arguments for the immortality of the soul there broached hardly would convince a modern reader; they are based on considerations, both physical and logical, that seem dated and even naïve. They hardly convinced Socrates' hearers, concerned as they were for the fate of their master now about to die. But the *Phaedo* is scarcely to be interpreted as primarily an attempt to prove immortality. It is rather the testament given to a group of intimates of a soul great and generous and just. He is telling his friends, in the last moments of a life sacrificed in the interests of a life of reason, how life should be lived. He is making a plea that life should be lived on earth as if the spirit were immortal. It is the case for living even, perhaps especially, while one is precariously and transiently alive as if that life were endless and as if one's actions were to be judged with reference to eternity.

The *Phaedo*, then, is the projection beyond the present of an image of what the good life and the good man mean to just men anywhere. The high moment before Socrates' execution is when he sees as in a vision what it means to live according to reason. It means among other things to live in the light of considerations which are not affected by the incidents and transient delights and sufferings of life. In another dialogue Socrates is made to maintain that it is better to undergo than to do evil, better to suffer injustice than to do injustice. In the *Phaedo* this proposition is made visible on a cosmic screen. After all the arguments for immortality have been made, and the young disciples, whispering in a corner, are clearly not quite convinced, Socrates tells a story of the judgment the soul receives when, arrayed in its proper being only (devoid of the ornament and clothes and honors that disguise its true nature), it stands ready to be judged. For the soul goes to the world below taking nothing with her but her training and education; and these are said to benefit or greatly to injure the departed at the very beginning of his journey thither.

The soul may or may not be immortal, but the eternal nature of judgment, the changeless character of good and evil, remain, and one should act so that if or when the final hour of judgment should come, one could face it with integrity and without fear. The reward of the just is to be delivered altogether out of the body with its confusing pleasures and pains. So death is not to be feared. What is to be feared is to arrive at death with one's soul unjust. Socrates does not press the implication. But he is not afraid to die.

Is not this, perhaps, the lesson of the *Phaedo*, rather than a theory of immortality? Is not this the meaning of Socrates' choice? He was not only the teacher of justice but the example of a just man, one who has learned by and from reason, and who thus faces death with equanimity. He knew, however the Athenians judged him, that he could face eternal judgment serenely. In the light of the eternal he was innocent, and he chose to face the verdict of all time whatever the verdict of his timeserving contemporaries.

The closing scene of the *Phaedo* is as simple as it is moving. It does nothing but recount the facts: the bringing of the poison; Socrates brushing aside delay; the uncontrollable tears of the beloved disciples — tears which Socrates gently rebukes; the calm of Socrates himself in the very face of death. Stretched out on his bed, while the poison begins to paralyze his body, Socrates' last words are a brief request: to pay a cock to Aesculapius, patron of medicine. For Socrates has been healed — of life. He has chosen immortality, not the endlessness of time, but the timelessness of reason and justice. We have seen the death of one whom the narrator of the *Phaedo* at the close calls "the best and wisest and justest of men."

It is a high moment of literature and civilization. Reason has faced annihilation and reason has triumphed, and with it justice, too, even in the teeth of injustice. Socrates' choice is a recurrent choice of intelligence and integrity. It is an alternative chosen only by those who share these virtues in a rare and extreme degree.



WINTER ETCHINGS

by DONALD C. BABCOCK

I

THE moon, congealed against the sky,
Picked out the tree while passing by.
The shrinking shadow clutched the snow
And found no otherwhere to go.
It scrabbled on the glistening ground
A tree that cried but made no sound,
A calculus without design
Of unarticulated line,
Which, though terrestrial, had no less
A lunar grace, a tenderness.

2

BESIDE the sinuous border of the grove
The steep drifts showed not even a pheasant's tracks.
The hillside meadow stayed, and formed a cove,
Tabula rasa, made of snow for wax.
What stylus could, on such entablature,
Grave any word to make a mind more sure?

Like Druid house of worship rose the wood,
With crystal amphitheater and chancel.
One moment, like a priest, the skier stood,
Then suddenly became a living pencil,
And wrote a lilting line as he went by,
That froze in space and girded up the sky.



An Atlantic "First"

A STORY



RICHARD YATES went straight from his prep school into the Army, where he served as a rifleman in the closing phase of the war in Europe. There followed what he calls an unimpressive series of newspaper and publicity jobs in New York — brightened by the evening courses in Creative Writing which he took at Columbia. In 1951 he plunged into free-lancing and since then has been living and writing abroad.

JODY ROLLED THE BONES

by RICHARD YATES

SERGEANT REECE was a slim, quiet Tennessean who always managed to look neat in fatigues, and he wasn't exactly what we'd expected an infantry platoon sergeant to be. We learned soon enough that he was typical — almost a prototype — of the men who had drifted into the Regular Army in the thirties and stayed to form the cadres of the great wartime training centers, but at the time he surprised us. We were pretty naïve, and I think we'd all expected more of a Victor McLaglen sort — burly, roaring and tough, but lovable, in the Hollywood tradition. Reece was tough, all right, but he never roared and we didn't love him.

He alienated us on the first day by butchering our names. We were all from New York, and most of our names did require a little effort, but Reece made a great show of being defeated by them. His thin features puckered over the roster, his little mustache twitching at each unfamiliar syllable. "Dee — Dee Alice —" he stammered. "Dee Alice —"

"Here," D'Allessandro said, and it went like that with almost every name. At one point, after he'd grappled with Schacht, Scoglio, and Sizsco-vicz, he came to Smith. "Hey, Smith," he said, looking up with a slow grin. "What the hell *yew* doin' heah 'mong all these gorillas?" Nobody thought it was funny. At last he finished and tucked the clipboard under his arm. "All right," he told us. "My name's Sahjint Reece and I'm your platoon sahjint. That means when I say do somethin', do it." He gave us a long, appraising glare. "P'toon!" he snapped, making his diaphragm jump. "Tetch — *hut!*" And his tyranny

began. By the end of that day and for many days thereafter we had him firmly fixed in our minds as, to use D'Allessandro's phrase, a dumb Rebel bastard.

I had better point out here that we were probably not very lovable either. We were all eighteen, a confused, platoon-sized bunch of city kids determined to be unenthusiastic about Basic Training. Apathy in boys of that age may be unusual — it is certainly unattractive — but this was 1944, the war was no longer new, and bitterness was the fashionable attitude. To throw yourself into army life with gusto only meant you were a kid who didn't know the score, and nobody wanted to be that. Secretly we may have yearned for battle, or at least for ribbons, but on the surface we were shameless little wise guys about everything. Trying to make us soldiers must have been a staggering job, and Reece bore the brunt of it.

But of course that side of the thing didn't occur to us, at first. All we knew was that he rode us hard and we hated his guts. We saw very little of our lieutenant, a plump collegiate youth who showed up periodically to insist that if we played ball with him, he would play ball with us, and even less of our company commander (I hardly remember what he looked like, except that he wore glasses). But Reece was always there, calm and contemptuous, never speaking except to give orders and never smiling except in cruelty. And we could tell by observing the other platoons that he was exceptionally strict; he had, for instance, his own method of rationing water.

It was summer, and the camp lay flat under the blistering Texas sun. A generous supply of salt

tablets was all that kept us conscious until night-fall; our fatigues were always streaked white from the salt of our sweat and we were always thirsty, but the camp's supply of drinking water had to be transported from a spring many miles away; so there was a standing order to go easy on it. Most noncoms were thirsty enough themselves to construe the regulation loosely, but Reece took it to heart. "If yew men don't learn nothin' else about soldierin'," he would say, "you're gonna learn water discipline." The water hung in Lister bags, fat canvas udders placed at intervals along the roads, and although it was warm and acrid with chemicals, the high point of every morning and every afternoon was the moment when we were authorized a break to fill our canteens with it. Most platoons would attack a Lister bag in a jostling, wallowing rush, working its little steel teats until the bag hung limp and wrinkled, and a dark stain of waste lay in the dust beneath it. Not us. Reece felt that half a canteenful at a time was enough for any man, and he would stand by the Lister bag in grim supervision, letting us at it in an orderly column of twos. When a man held his canteen too long under the bag, Reece would stop everything, pull the man out of line, and say, "Pour that out. All of it."

"I'll be *God damned* if I will!" D'Allessandro shot back at him one day, and we all stood fascinated, watching them glare at each other in the dazzling heat. D'Allessandro was a husky boy with fierce black eyes who had in a few weeks become our spokesman; I guess he was the only one brave enough to stage a scene like this. "Whaddya think I am," he shouted, "a goddam *camel*, like you?" We giggled.

Reece demanded silence from the rest of us, got it, and turned back to D'Allessandro, squinting and licking his dry lips. "All right," he said quietly, "drink it. All of it. The resta yew men keep away from that bag, keep your hands off your canteens. I want y'all to watch this. Go on, drink it."

D'Allessandro gave us a grin of nervous triumph and began to drink ravenously, pausing only to catch his breath with the water dribbling on his chest. "Drink it," Reece would snap each time he stopped. It made us desperately thirsty to watch him, but we were beginning to get the idea. When the canteen was empty Reece told him to fill it up again. He did, still smiling but looking a little worried. "Now drink that," Reece said. "Fast. Faster." And when he was finished, gasping, with the empty canteen in his hand, Reece said, "Now get your helmet and rifle. See that barracks over there?" A white building shimmered in the distance, a couple of hundred yards away. "You're gonna proceed on the double to that barracks, go around it and come back on the double. Meantime your buddies're gonna be waitin' here,

ain't none of 'em gonna get nothin' to drink till yew get back. All right, now, move. *Move*. On the *double*."

In loyalty to D'Allessandro none of us laughed, but he did look absurd trotting heavily out across the drill field, his helmet wobbling. Before he reached the barracks we saw him stop, crouch, and vomit up the water. Then he staggered on, a tiny figure in the faraway dust, disappeared around the building, and finally emerged at the other side to begin the long trip back. At last he arrived and fell exhausted on the ground. "Now," Reece said softly. "Had enough to drink?" Only then were the rest of us allowed to use the Lister bag, two at a time. When we were all through, Reece squatted nimbly and drew half a canteenful for himself without spilling a drop.

That was the kind of thing he did, every day, and if anyone had suggested he was only doing his job our response would have been a long and unanimous Bronx cheer.

2

I THINK our first brief easing of hostility toward him occurred quite early in the training cycle, one morning when one of the instructors, a strapping first lieutenant, was trying to teach us the bayonet. We felt pretty sure that in the big, modern kind of war for which we were bound we probably would not be called on to fight with bayonets (and that if we ever were it wouldn't make a hell of a lot of difference whether we'd mastered the finer points of parry and thrust), and so our lassitude that morning was even purer than usual. We let the instructor talk to us, then got up and fumbled through the various positions he had outlined.

The other platoons looked as bad as we did, and faced with such dreary incompetence on a company scale the instructor rubbed his mouth. "No," he said. "No, no, you men haven't got the idea at all. Fall back to your places and sit down. Sergeant Reece front and center, please."

Reece had been sitting with the other platoon sergeants in their customary bored little circle, aloof from the lecture, but he rose promptly and came forward.

"Sergeant, I'd like you to show these people what a bayonet is all about," the instructor said. And from the moment Reece hefted a bayoneted rifle in his hands we knew, grudgingly or not, that we were going to see something. It was the feeling you get at a ball game when a heavy hitter selects a bat. At the instructor's commands he snapped into all the positions with quick precision, freezing into a slim statue while the officer crouched and weaved around him, talking, pointing out the distribution of his weight and the angles of his limbs, explaining that this was how it should be done. Then, to climax the performance, the instructor

sent Reece alone through the bayonet course. He went through it fast, never off balance and never wasting a motion, smashing blocks of wood off their wooden shoulders with his rifle butt, driving his blade deep into a shuddering torso of bundled sticks and ripping it out to bear down on the next one. He looked good. It would be too much to say that he kindled our admiration, but there is an automatic pleasure in watching a thing done well. The other platoons were clearly impressed, and although nobody in our platoon said anything, I think we were a little proud of him.

But the next period that day was close-order drill, at which the platoon sergeants had full command, and within half an hour Reece had nagged us into open resentment again. "What the hell's he think," Schacht muttered in the ranks, "he's some kind of a big deal now, just because he's a hot shot with that stupid bayonet?" And the rest of us felt a vague shame that we had so nearly been taken in.

When we eventually did change our minds about him it did not seem due, specifically, to any act of his, but to an experience that changed our minds about the army in general, and about ourselves. This was the rifle range, the only part of our training we thoroughly enjoyed. After so many hours of drill and calisthenics, of droning lectures in the sun and training films run off in sweltering clapboard buildings, the prospect of actually going out and shooting held considerable promise, and when the time came it proved to be fun. There was a keen pleasure in sprawling prone on the embankment of the firing line with a rifle stock nestled at your cheek and the oily, gleaming clips of ammunition close at hand; in squinting out across a great expanse of earth at your target and waiting for the signal from a measured voice on the loud-speaker. "Ready on the right. Ready on the left. Ready on the firing line. . . . The flag is up. The flag is waving. The flag is down. Com-mence — *fire!*" There would be a blast of many rifles in your ears, a breathless moment as you squeezed the trigger and a sharp jolt as you fired. Then you'd relax and watch the target slide down in the distance, controlled by unseen hands in the pit beneath it. When it reappeared a moment later a colored disc would be thrust up with it, waved and withdrawn, signaling your score. The man kneeling behind you with the score card would mutter "Nice going" or "Tough," and you'd squirm in the sand and take aim again. Like nothing else we had encountered in the army, this was something to rouse a competitive instinct, and when it took the form of wanting our platoon to make a better showing than the others, it brought us as close to genuine *esprit de corps* as anything could.

We spent a week or so on the range, leaving early every morning and staying all day, taking our noon meal from a field kitchen that was in itself

a refreshing change from the mess hall. Another good feature — at first it seemed the best of all — was that the range gave us a respite from Sergeant Reece. He marched us out there and back, and he supervised the cleaning of our rifles in the barracks, but for the bulk of the day he turned us over to the range staff, an impersonal, kindly crowd, much less concerned with petty discipline than with good shooting.

Still, Reece had ample opportunity to bully us in the hours when he was in charge, but after a few days on the range we found he was easing up. When we counted cadence on the road now, for instance, he no longer made us do it over and over, louder each time, until our dry throats burned from yelling "HUT, WHO, REEP, HOE!" He would quit after one or two counts like the other platoon sergeants, and at first we didn't know what to make of it. "What's the deal?" we asked each other, baffled, and I guess the deal was simply that we'd begun to do it right the first time, loud enough and in perfect unison. We were marching well, and this was Reece's way of letting us know it.

3

THE trip to the range was several miles, and a good share of it was through the part of camp where marching at attention was required — we were never given route-step until after we'd cleared the last of the company streets and buildings. But with our new efficiency at marching we got so that we almost enjoyed it, and even responded with enthusiasm to Reece's marching chant. It had always been his habit, after making us count cadence, to go through one of those traditional sing-song chants calling for traditional shouts of reply, and we'd always resented it before. But now the chant seemed uniquely stirring, an authentic piece of folklore from older armies and older wars, with roots deep in the life we were just beginning to understand. He would begin by expanding his ordinary nasal "Left . . . left . . . left" into a mournful little tune: "Oh yew *had* a good *home* and yew *left* —" to which we would answer "RIGHT!" as our right feet fell. We would go through several variations on this theme: —

"Oh yew had a good job and yew left —"

"RIGHT!"

"Oh yew had a good gal and yew left —"

"RIGHT!"

And then he'd vary the tune a little: "Oh Jody rolled the bones when yew left —"

"RIGHT!" we'd yell in soldierly accord. Jody was your faithless friend, the soft civilian to whom the dice throw of chance had given everything you held dear; and the next verses, a series of taunting couplets, made it clear that he would always have the last laugh. You might march and shoot and learn to perfection your creed of disciplined force,

but Jody was a force beyond control, and the fact had been faced by generations of proud, lonely men like this one, this splendid soldier who swung along beside our ranks in the sun and bawled the words from a twisted mouth: "Ain't no use in goin' home — Jody's got your gal and gone. Sound off —"

"HUT, WHO!"

"Sound off —"

"REEP, HOE!"

"Ever' time yew stand Retreat, Jody gets a piece of meat. Sound off —"

"HUT, WHO!"

"Sound off —"

"REEP, HOE!" It was almost a disappointment when he gave us route-step on the outskirts of camp and we became individuals again, cocking back our helmets and slouching along out of step, with the fine unanimity of the chant left behind. When we returned from the range dusty and tired, our ears numb from the noise of fire, it was somehow bracing to swing into formal cadence again for the last leg of the journey, heads up, backs straight, and split the cooling air with our roars of response.

A good part of our evenings, after chow, would be spent cleaning our rifles with the painstaking care that Reece demanded. The barracks would fill with the sharp, good smells of bore cleaner and oil as we worked, and when the job had been done to Reece's satisfaction we would usually drift out to the front steps for a smoke while we waited our turns at the showers. One night a group of us lingered there more quietly than usual, finding, I think, that the customary small talk of injustice and complaint was inadequate, unsuited to the strange well-being we had all begun to feel these last few days. Finally Fogarty put the mood into words. He was a small, serious boy, the runt of the platoon and something of a butt of jokes, and I guess he had nothing much to lose by letting his guard down. "Ah, I dunno," he said, leaning back against the doorjamb with a sigh, "I dunno about you guys, but I like this — going out to the range, marching and all. Makes you feel like you're really soldiering, you know what I mean?"

It was a dangerously naïve thing to say — "soldiering" was Reece's favorite word — and we looked at him uncertainly for a second. But then D'Allessandro glanced dead-pan around the group, defying anyone to laugh, and we relaxed. The idea of soldiering had become respectable, and because the idea as well as the word was inseparable in our minds from Sergeant Reece, he became respectable too.

4

Soon the change had come over the whole platoon. We were working with Reece now, instead of against him, trying instead of pretending to try.

We wanted to be soldiers. The intensity of our effort must sometimes have been ludicrous, and might have caused a lesser man to suspect we were kidding — I remember earnest little choruses of "Okay, Sergeant" whenever he dispatched an order — but Reece took it all straight-faced, with that air of unlimited self-assurance that is the first requisite of good leadership. And he was as fair as he was strict, which must surely be the second requisite. In appointing provisional squad leaders, for example, he coolly passed over several men who had all but licked his shoes for recognition, and picked those he knew could hold our respect — D'Allessandro was one, and the others were equally well chosen. The rest of his formula was classically simple: he led by being excellent, at everything from cleaning a rifle to rolling a pair of socks, and we followed by trying to emulate him.

But if excellence is easy to admire it is hard to like, and Reece refused to make himself likable. It was his only failing, but it was a big one, for respect without affection can't last long — not, at least, where the sentimentality of adolescent minds is involved. Reece rationed kindness the way he rationed water: we might cherish each drop out of all proportion to its worth, but we never got enough or anything like enough to slake our thirst. We were delighted when he suddenly began to get our names right at roll call, and when we noticed that he was taking the edge of insult off most of his reprimands, for we knew these signs to be acknowledgments of our growth as soldiers, but somehow we felt a right to expect more.

We were delighted too at the discovery that our plump lieutenant was afraid of him; we could barely hide our pleasure at the condescending look that came over Reece's face whenever the lieutenant appeared, or at the tone of the young officer's voice — uneasy, almost apologetic — when he said, "All right, Sergeant." It made us feel close to Reece in a proud soldierly alliance, and once or twice he granted us the keen compliment of a wink behind the lieutenant's back, but only once or twice. We might imitate his walk and his squinting stare, get the shirts of our suntans tailored skintight like his and even adopt some of his habits of speech, Southern accent and all, but we could never quite consider him a Good Joe. He just wasn't the type. Formal obedience, in working hours, was all he wanted, and we hardly knew him at all.

On the rare evenings when he stayed on the post he would sit either alone or in the unapproachable company of one or two other cadre men as taciturn as himself, drinking beer in the PX. Most nights and all weekends he disappeared into town. I'm sure none of us expected him to spend his free time with us — the thought would never have occurred to us, in fact — but the smallest glimpse into his personal life would have helped. If he had ever

reminisced with us about his home, for instance, or related the conversations of his PX friends, or told us of a bar he liked in town, I think we would all have been touchingly grateful, but he never did. And what made it worse was that, unlike him, we had no real life outside the day's routine. The town was a small, dusty maze of clapboard and neon, crawling with soldiers, and to most of us it yielded only loneliness, however we may have swaggered down its avenues. There wasn't enough town to go around; whatever delights it held remained the secrets of those who had found them first, and if you were young, shy, and not precisely sure what you were looking for anyway, it was a dreary place. You could hang around the U.S.O. and perhaps get to dance with a girl long hardened against a callow advance; you could settle for the insipid pleasures of watermelon stands and penny arcades, or you could prowling aimlessly in groups through the dark back streets, where all you met as a rule was other groups of soldiers on the aimless prowl. "So whaddya wanna *do*?" we would ask each other impatiently, and the only answer was, "Ah, I dunno. Cruise around awhile, I guess." Usually we'd drink enough beer to be drunk, or sick, on the bus back to camp, grateful for the promise of an orderly new day.

It was probably not surprising, then, that our emotional life became ingrown. Like frustrated suburban wives we fed on each other's discontent; we became divided into mean little cliques and subdivided into jealously shifting pairs of buddies, and we pieced out our idleness with gossip. Most of the gossip was self-contained; for news from the extraplatoon world we relied largely on the company clerk, a friendly, sedentary man who liked to dispense rumors over a carefully balanced cup of coffee as he strolled from table to table in the mess hall. "I got this from Personnel," he would say in preface to some improbable hearsay about the distant brass (the colonel had syphilis; the stockade commander had weaseled out of a combat assignment; the training program had been cut short and we'd all be overseas in a month). But one Saturday noon he had something less remote; he had gotten it from his own company orderly room, and it sounded plausible. For weeks, he told us, the plump lieutenant had been trying to get Reece transferred; now it appeared to be in the works, and next week might well be Reece's last as a platoon sergeant. "His days are numbered," the clerk said darkly.

"Whaddya mean, transferred?" D'Allessandro asked. "Transferred where?"

"Keep your voice down, willya?" the clerk said, with an uneasy glance toward the noncoms' table, where Reece bent stolidly over his food. "I dunno. That part I dunno. Anyway, it's a lousy trick. You kids got the best damn platoon sergeant on the post, if you wanna know something. He's too

damn good, in fact; that's his trouble. Too good for a half-assed second lieutenant to handle. In the army it never pays to be that good."

"You're right," D'Allessandro said solemnly. "It never pays."

"Yeah?" Schacht inquired, grinning. "Is that right, Squad Leader? Tell us about it, Squad Leader." And the talk at our table degenerated into wisecracks. The clerk drifted away.

5

REECE must have heard the story about the same time we did; at any rate that weekend marked a sudden change in his behavior. He left for town with the tense look of a man methodically planning to raise hell, and on Monday morning he almost missed Reveille. He nearly always had a hangover on Monday mornings, but it had never before interfered with his day's work; he had always been there to get us up and out with his angry tongue. This time, though, there was an odd silence in the barracks as we dressed. "Hey, he isn't *here*," somebody called from the door of Reece's room near the stairs. "Reece isn't *here*." The squad leaders were admirably quick to take the initiative. They coaxed and prodded until we had all tumbled outside and into formation in the dark, very nearly as fast as we'd have done it under Reece's supervision. But the night's C.Q., in making his rounds, had already discovered Reece's absence and run off to rouse the lieutenant.

The company officers rarely stood Reveille, particularly on Mondays, but now as we stood leaderless in the company street our lieutenant came jogging around the side of the barracks. By the lights of the building we could see that his shirt was half buttoned and his hair wild; he looked puffy with sleep and badly confused. Still running, he called, "All right, you men, uh —"

All the squad leaders drew their breath to call us to attention, but they got no further than a ragged "Tetch —" when Reece emerged out of the gloaming, stepped up in front of the lieutenant, and said, "P'toon! Tetch — *hut!*" There he was, a little winded from running, still wearing the wrinkled suntans of the night before, but plainly in charge. He called the roll by squads; then he kicked out one stiff leg in the ornate, Regular Army way of doing an about-face, neatly executed the turn, and ended up facing the lieutenant with a perfect salute. "All presen'accounted for, sir," he said.

The lieutenant was too startled to do anything but salute back, sloppily, and mumble "All right, Sergeant." I guess he felt he couldn't even say "See that this doesn't happen again," since, after all, nothing very much had happened, except that he'd been gotten out of bed for Reveille. And I guess he spent the rest of the day wondering

whether he should have reprimanded Reece for being out of uniform; he looked as if the question were already bothering him as he turned to go back to his quarters. Dismissed, our formation broke up in a thunderclap of laughter that he pretended not to hear.

But Sergeant Reece soon spoiled the joke. He didn't even thank the squad leaders for helping him out of a tight spot, and for the rest of the day he treated us to the kind of petty nagging we thought we had outgrown. On the drill field he braced little Fogarty and said, "When'd yew shave last?"

Like many of our faces, Fogarty's bore only a pale fuzz that hardly needed shaving at all. "About a week ago," he said.

"'Bout a week ago, *Sahjint*," Reece corrected.

"About a week ago, Sergeant," Fogarty said.

Reece curled back his thin lips. "Yew look lak a mangey ole mungrel bitch," he said. "Doan yew know you're s'posed to shave ever' day?"

"I wouldn't have nothing to *shave* every day."

"Wouldn't have nothin' to shave, *Sahjint*."

Fogarty swallowed, blinking. "Nothing to shave, Sergeant," he said.

We all felt badly let down. "What the hell's he think we are," Schacht demanded that noon, "a bunch of rookies?" And D'Allessandro grumbled in mutinous agreement.

A bad hangover might have excused Reece that day, but it could hardly have accounted for the next day and the day after that. He was bullying us without reason and without relief, and he was destroying everything he had built up so carefully in the many weeks before; the whole delicate structure of our respect for him crumbled and fell.

"It's final," the company clerk said grimly at supper Wednesday night. "The orders are cut. Tomorrow's his last day."

"So?" Schacht inquired. "Where's he going?"

"Keep your voice down," the clerk said. "Gonna work with the instructors. Spend part of his time out on the bivouac area and part on the bayonet course."

Schacht laughed, nudging D'Allessandro. "Hod damn," he said, "he'll eat that up, won't he? Specially the bayonet part. Bastard'll get to show off every day. He'll like that."

"Whaddya, *kidding*?" the clerk asked, offended. "Like it my ass. That guy loved his job. You think I'm kidding? He *loved* his job, and it's a lousy break. You kids don't know when you're well off."

D'Allessandro took up the argument, narrowing his eyes. "Yeah?" he said. "You think so? You oughta seen him out there every day this week. Every day."

The clerk leaned forward so earnestly that some of his coffee spilled. "Listen," he said. "He's known about this all week — how the hell ya *want*

him to act? How the hell would *you* act if you knew somebody was screwing you out of the thing you liked best? Can'tcha see he's under a strain?"

But that, we all told him with our surly stares, was no excuse for being a dumb Rebel bastard.

"Some of you kids act too big for your pants," the clerk said, and went away in a sulk.

"Ah, don't believe everything you hear," Schacht said. "I'll believe he's transferred when I see it."

But it was true. That night Reece sat up late in his room, getting morosely drunk with one of his cronies. We could hear their low, blurred voices in the darkness, and the occasional clink of their whiskey bottle. The following day he was neither easy nor hard on us in the field, but brooding and aloof as if he didn't care any more. And when he marched us back that evening he kept us standing in formation before the barracks for a few moments, at ease, before dismissing us. His restless glance seemed to survey all our faces in turn. Then he began to speak in a voice more gentle than any we had ever heard him use. "I won't be seein' yew men any more after today," he said. "I'm bein' transferred. One thing yew can always count on in th' army, and that is, if yew find somethin' good, some job yew like, they always transfer your ass somewheres else."

I think we were all touched — I know I was; it was the closest he had ever come to saying he liked us. But it was too late. Anything he said or did now would have been too late, and our predominant feeling was relief. Reece seemed to sense this, and seemed to cut short the things he had planned to say.

"I know there ain't no call for me to make a speech," he said, "and I ain't gonna make one. Onliest thing I want to say is —" He lowered his eyes and stared at his dusty service shoes. "I want to wish all yew men a lot of luck. Y'all keep your nose clean, hear? And stay outa trouble?" The next words could scarcely be heard. "And doan let nobody push y'around."

A short, painful silence followed, as painful as the parting of disenchanted lovers. Then he drew himself straight. "P'toon! Tetch — *hut!*" He looked us over once more with hard and glittering eyes. "*Dis-missed.*"

And when we came back from chow that night we found he had already packed his barracks bags and cleared out. We didn't even get to shake his hand.

6

OUR new platoon sergeant was there in the morning, a squat, jolly cab driver from Queens who insisted that we call him only by his first name, which was Ruby. He was every inch a Good Joe. He turned us loose at the Lister bags every chance he got, and confided with a giggle that, through a buddy of his in the PX, he often got his own can-

teen filled with Coca-Cola and crushed ice. He was a slack drill master, and on the road he never made us count cadence except when we passed an officer; never made us chant or sing anything except a ragged version of "Give My Regards to Broadway," which he led with fervor although he didn't know all the words.

It took us a little while to adjust to him, after Reece. Once when the lieutenant came to the barracks to give one of his little talks about playing ball, ending up with his usual "All right, Sergeant," Ruby hooked his thumbs in his cartridge belt, slouched comfortably, and said, "Fellas, I hope yez all listened and gave ya attention to what the lieutenant said. I think I can speak fa yez all as well as myself when I say, Lieutenant, we're *gonna* play ball wit' you, like you said, because this here is one platoon that knows a Good Joe when we see one."

As flustered by this as he had ever been by Reece's silent scorn, the lieutenant could only blush and stammer, "Well, uh — thank you, Sergeant. Uh — I guess that's all, then. Carry on." And as soon as the lieutenant was out of sight we all began to make loud retching noises, to hold our noses or go through the motions of shoveling, as if we stood knee-deep in manure. "Christ, Ruby," Schacht cried, "what the hell *you* buckin' for?"

Ruby hunched his shoulders and spread his hands, bubbling with good-natured laughter. "To stay alive," he said. "To stay alive, whaddya think?" And he defended the point vigorously over the mounting din of our ridicule. "Whatsa matta?" he demanded. "Whatsa matta? Don'tcha think he does it to the captain? Don'tcha think the captain does it up at Battalion? Listen, wise up, will yez? *Evvybody* does it! *Evvybody* does it! What the helly *ya* think makes the army *go*?" Finally he dismissed the whole subject with cabdriverly nonchalance. "Arrright, arrright, just stick around. *Yull* find out. Wait'll you kids got *my* time in the army, *then* yez can talk." But by that

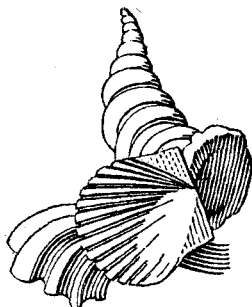
time we were all laughing with him; he had won our hearts.

In the evenings, at the PX, we would cluster around him while he sat behind a battery of beer bottles, waving his expressive hands and talking the kind of relaxed, civilian language we could all understand. "Ah, I got this brother-in-law, a real smott bastid. Know how *he* got outa the army? Know how *he* got out?" There would follow an involved, unlikely tale of treachery to which the only expected response was a laugh. "Sure!" Ruby would insist, laughing. "Don'tcha believe me? Don'tcha believe me? And this other guy I know, boy, talk about bein' *smott* — I'm tellin' ya, this bastid's *really* smott. Know how *he* got out?"

Sometimes our allegiance wavered, but not for long. One evening a group of us sat around the front steps, dawdling over cigarettes before we pushed off to the PX, and discussing at length — as if to convince ourselves — the many things that made life with Ruby so enjoyable. "Well yeah," little Fogarty said, "but I dunno. With Ruby it don't seem much like soldiering any more."

This was the second time Fogarty had thrown us into a momentary confusion, and for the second time D'Allessandro cleared the air. "So?" he said with a shrug. "Who the hell wants to soldier?"

That said it perfectly. We could spit in the dust and amble off toward the PX now, round-shouldered, relieved, confident that Sergeant Reece would not haunt us again. Who the hell wanted to soldier? "Not *me*," we could all say in our hearts, "not *this* chicken," and our very defiance would dignify the attitude. An attitude was all we needed anyway, all we had ever needed, and this one would always sit more comfortably than Reece's stern, demanding creed. It meant, I guess, that at the end of our training cycle the camp delivered up a bunch of shameless little wise guys to be scattered and absorbed into the vast disorder of the army, but at least Reece never saw it happen, and he was the only one who might have cared.



No Sale

FLEUR COWLES, wife of Gardner Cowles, the publisher, came to her editing after a highly successful decade in advertising. She was one of the first American women to enter the liberated countries at the war's end, and her work as special consultant to the Famine Emergency Committee furthered her interest in Europe's response to American ideas. Two years ago she traveled extensively in South America gathering source material for her book, *Bloody Precedent*, a comparative study of two Argentine dictatorships. Recently she and her husband made a tour of the Orient, where they were appalled at the misunderstanding of American democracy. Her article contains the gist of the remarks she made to the Overseas Press Club on her return.

OUR PROPAGANDA IN ASIA

by FLEUR COWLES

1

I TRAVEL outside the U.S.A. quite a lot: in the last two years I've been twice to South America, three times to Europe, and recently to the Far East. I see and talk to government leaders and interesting personalities wherever I go; I also talk to anyone at hand. And I wince when I think how little the world thinks of us. Why don't we do a better selling job?

It is in the Orient that I find the most embarrassing form of polite fear and contempt for our size. It glares at you. I admit that even in such a worldly place as France, the propaganda job is still so sticky I have yet to discover one farmer who knows the truth about Marshall Aid, Mutual Aid, or the off-shore purchases — or how any one of these can possibly affect his life. Yet I think the misunderstandings in the Far East are far more critical. Despite the fact that most of the misconceptions about us are concentrated there, the area gets eye-dropper attention in the matter of public relations with the U.S.A. This is pure folly since the Far East is really the one last big testing ground left between Democracy and Communism. And all the world watches.

I'd like to state promptly that my journey this year to Asia was brief. I have only the most personal impressions — backed by direct inquiry as to what our American foreign service people are doing about information and propaganda. Even a six-week journey is long enough to blot up intuitively what a country's feeling is for the U.S.A. As a matter of fact, I came away wishing that the administration would make the same six-week visit.

My journey to the Orient took me through the front lines in Korea and up to the Truce Conference. I sat in on off-the-record sessions in Japan. I flew to Formosa to hear at first hand the Chiang side of the story. I went to Hong Kong, that tense city on the islands and rocks in one of the world's most spectacular harbors, a British colony perched like a

mouse under the paws of a Chinese dragon. In Calcutta, the dying man on the street still dies without a passing glance in a world too terribly unchanged. Communist swords and scabbards are hidden in many corners of this starving dung-ridden city — ready for action. In Siam lies the most tempting loot of all for the Communists, because Siam is fat with rice. As a food-surplus country, she trembles at her own potentially lush value to the Reds.

In the Philippine Islands I discussed the food problem and agrarian reform with President Quirino. I also got to know the intrepid Magsaysay, their Secretary of Defense, who is slowly killing off the Communist Huks right in the very jungles which once were their refuge. I saw Magsaysay twice again when he was in New York recently, and had long talks with him about enforcing land reform. Magsaysay knows this would remove the political teeth from the Huks' bite — they couldn't even hold their ranks together without this propaganda weapon. And he is helping to accomplish this by the bold stroke of giving land to the captured Communist Huks.

Magsaysay's meeting of war veterans from the Philippine Islands' neighbors was an extraordinary cultural and propaganda attack against the Communists. He invited delegates from North Borneo, Thailand, the Malay States, Indonesia, the Philippines, and Indo-China to come to this secretly planned session at Baguio to pool their experiences in psychological as well as military warfare in dealing with the Communists. To keep this conference from being snarled by politics and government, Magsaysay called it in the name of veterans of the last war. Yet, in four instances, the veterans' organizations sent defense ministers as well as chiefs of staff. This is the kind of cold war propaganda setting the Russians stage so well. I am pleased to see the technique introduced and adopted by our side.

Magsaysay told me one of his unsung armies is the schoolteacher corps all over the Islands. They teach the principles of democracy to children and their parents (at the little village level as well as in the cities). They are spreading the fact that Magsaysay has the gun poised against corruption, that he intends to force political bosses to give way to honest elections (a prospect that once seemed to most Filipinos to require a miracle). He promises that land reform will be increasingly enforced. There — in a mass of thousands of dedicated schoolteachers — is a propaganda corps our information experts ought to embrace. I hope we do.

2

A GOOD many years of my life were spent in advertising before I entered publishing. I respect its power and salesmanship and its influence on our lives. Therefore, I looked with an advertising woman's as well as an editor's eye on our propaganda efforts in Asia. I was disappointed to see our familiar advertising devices used there, where they neither fit nor fare well against the Asian backdrop. I want to see our advertising talent harnessed to meet the needs of the cold propaganda war, but I seriously question transplanting our sophisticated approaches.

Comic books sell many products and have explained many an idea to Americans (including such diverse items as Christianity and space cadets), but what can we expect to accomplish when we distribute comic strips in India? Another instance of transplanting rather than reinterpreting for the market is the use of American-made films in backward places in the interior. We should be using native films with native actors who not only speak the language of the localities but look familiar to their audiences.

We should use each country's own techniques (improving them as we do) to repeat and repeat our attitude toward the problems which beset the wretched millions who are prey to Communist promises. The first job in using each country's familiar symbols must be to make it clear we want to see land reforms take place — and promptly. The sooner we do this, the more effective we shall be in preventing a disproportionate share of farmers' efforts from falling into the hands of landlords.

Everywhere I went, I got the impression that the Eastern world mistakes our interest as a new imperialism which has merely shifted from "old power" to "new power." The conflict is tense between the desperate need of us and the fear of us — the suspicion of our motives. To overcome this, deeds are the finest form of propaganda.

In addition to land reform, the other big propaganda need is to make it clear that we Americans can, and will, support the Asiatics' own efforts to produce more for themselves. We can show the peo-

ples of the Far East how to help themselves, but we must show them how in their own terms. I repeat: we've got to start using *their* media instead of "shot-gunning" our misunderstood ones. The Asiatics have fascinating propaganda instruments; they love their shadow plays, storytellers, and mystical soothsayers. Even if we are not enthusiastic about them, we should employ them; and we should use their local artists instead of our unfamiliar ones. Whenever we can we should teach illiterates to read simple truths in their own devices and dialects.

In Asia, where the color question makes the population look on all whites with suspicion, we must learn to give our help a better complexion. We must *work* with people, and not give any impression of seeming to *order* them to graft our technological efficiency upon their culture from the outside. Our technical assistance must be proffered without the slightest condescension. With it must be linked patient, long-range projects like universities, laboratories, hospitals, plans for exchange students. We must promote vocational training to turn out teachers for the millions who cannot earn a living. We must make reference material available to those who can read (320 millions out of a billion in the Orient cannot). And all this help must be so firmly planned as not to collapse with each new problem, which it now tends to do.

The Indians, by the way, have demonstrated, in one dramatic example in Faridabad, that they can make their own rehabilitation programs work. Faridabad borrowed 5 million dollars from the central government and turned a desolate rural village of poverty and squalor outside New Delhi into a suburban industrial center in four years — a quite perfect modern town for 50,000 penniless refugees. They now live and work there with social and productive amenities of the sort to which most of Western Europe would aspire. And they're repaying the government already.

We should continue to back this sort of thing — do it jointly and as cheaply as possible, so that the Asians can maintain for themselves what we help them to start. These projects should be duplicated (and then skillfully exploited) in other pivotal communities — to let productive democracy be openly measured against Communism.

We have succeeded in our efforts on the island of Formosa (or Taiwan, as the natives prefer it be called). I came away convinced we were at least getting credit among the Taiwanese for the reversal in their welfare. Land reform (helped by the warm breath of the American Joint Commission down the backs of island officials) gave the Formosan farmer 62.5 per cent of his crop. He formerly got about 30 per cent. American fertilizer was distributed to make the land more productive. We also helped to rehabilitate the island's war-ravaged fertilizer plants. The result is the largest crop in Formosa's history.

Somehow we must make it clear all over Asia that this is our idea of justice — that we are not supporting policies in Asia which we disapprove of for ourselves. Otherwise, the Reds will continue to class us as silent partners of the ghosts of the former Empires, which still haunt the people of Asia.

3

RECENTLY Dr. Wilson M. Compton, Staff Director of the State Department's Advisory Commission on Information, wrote me that he considered his job in terms of good distribution. He meant getting the right product to the right place at the right time. To him, that product is TRUTH — the truth about Americans. I hope he succeeds, for each time he does, he cuts down the disbelief and even the fear many backward people have for us.

I think we can do this only if we stop distributing "big phrases" about the specific wonders of our capitalistic world as against their peonage — and abandon the dream of transplanting, overnight, any glorified notion of our twentieth-century civilization. The one thing hungry millions yearn for is the certainty of their next meal, and we must stop talking about the distant golden wheat fields of Kansas and tall corn of Iowa as if they were any immediate answer.

Do we really expect a deeply wounded and hungry mass of people, living in dirt-floor shacks, to cheer about our skyscrapers or our giant tractors or our toilets, soft drinks, chewing gum, cars, and telephones, none of which they have ever seen?

In one Indian community no one had ever seen our common garden-variety hoe until we gave a bundle of them to some farmers who had been using primitive sticks. Hoes promptly raised the crop output. Imagine what motorized tractors would do. If India can raise her production just 10 per cent she can eat.

Instead of vast projects based on our own needs and standards, we ought to continue with simple tools like those hoes, with crop-rotation aids, new roads, and practical agricultural demonstrations of better techniques and new practices. And they ought to be carried on by a foreign-service infantry force really willing to dirty their hands.

Everywhere I found the Communists working "close to the soil." They scatter and distribute leaflets, canvass peasants' houses, penetrate inoffensively into unions and religious societies, meet the common people in everyday situations. They play down any obvious politics and are less under suspicion and less irritating as a result, and more dangerous.

The Soviets have also launched a giant "book campaign." All over India, the Communists use party membership as a distribution chain to pass out literature which emanates from Moscow. The books sell for less than they cost. They are cleverly

printed — by Indian standards. They are given over to the glorification of Russia and of the blessings of Communism and they are written on an almost childishly readable level. The very nature of their contents makes it difficult for Indian government officials to ban the books, since they cannot term the material subversive.

Even in Japan, Soviet-published books written in Japanese flood the bookstalls in the vulnerable student university areas. I visited shop after shop in Tokyo where brand-new bargain books were selling like hot cakes at two-thirds off their list price. Biographies of "Uncle Joe" were best sellers.

Not all the cultural offensive is waged through books; the Soviets have unleashed a flood of films, too — *The Fall of Berlin* is the most notable one. And the most diabolic success of all has been their "leaflet penetration" of Asia. We really stand convicted today on the "germ warfare" we never conducted. "Cultural missions" are constantly invited to China — to tour and see for themselves the "contagious renaissance" there (as they put it); to see the so-called "agrarian reform" and proof of the so-called "benevolent yearning for peace" among Chinese Communists. These they are expected to dramatize when they return to off-Communist bases. And they do dramatize them so effectively that many natives ask themselves which type of democracy, the Western or the Eastern type, they prefer.

The Reds are skillful in other ways. They train their agents to eat the same food, talk the same language, wear the same clothes, and endure the same hardships as the people they promise to rescue. We, on the other hand, attempt to permeate Asiatic countries with ideas we think important by using Americans who don't know the country they're in, can't speak the language, and never leave the major cities. This difference symbolizes the truth of our comparative failure. I found our information people too often using psychologically unsound, beautifully elaborate brochures to make arguments above the ken of the natives.

I am sorry to sound so critical. So many of our propaganda efforts are carried out by dedicated young men who really deserve our applause for their efforts. They live (with their long-suffering wives and often their children) under conditions which the average American would find cruelly primitive and difficult. Their will and willingness and their ardor are beyond question; but the direction they are given is quite another thing.

Propaganda and information should be two-way streets. I think we are far too prone to want to make the world over in our own image; and most of the world resents it. When we learn to have genuine respect for and appreciation of many other cultures (and, may I add, when these people know we do) we will understand how to carry on information and propaganda programs which will be effective.



The corporate contributions for the year 1952 may have exceeded \$300 million, writes F. EMERSON ANDREWS, who has been Director of Publications for the Russell Sage Foundation since 1928. In his article, Mr. Andrews analyzes what proportion of these gifts comes from the gigantic corporations and how much is given by small companies, and he seeks to answer that key question of whether the donor corporations will attempt to control those agencies to which they are now contributing. Corporate giving, he demonstrates, as it grows in size and experience, can fill a unique place in the scheme of American philanthropy.

THIS BUSINESS OF GIVING

by F. EMERSON ANDREWS

1

A NEW giver has sprung into prominence in America in the past few years. As a philanthropist he does not much resemble previous givers — neither the widow with her mite, nor the churchman, nor Lady Bountiful, nor you and me. He does not give in order to save his soul, for he has none. His lawyers tell him that he must never give out of pure altruism, merely to benefit a needy cause or person; he must give to benefit himself. Yet he gives away each year more money than is collected by all the community chests in the United States — though nearly half of their receipts come from him. He may give grudgingly, sometimes thoughtlessly and unwisely, but sometimes in considered, effective ways that no one else could have matched. This strange new giver is the corporation. It is estimated that in 1952 corporate contributions may have exceeded \$300 million.

In the latest year for which government figures are available, 1949, corporate gifts were reported at \$223 million. While it is true that individuals gave fifteen times that much, most of the individual giving went to churches and to causes with “heart appeal” that have mass-collection methods. For many welfare and health agencies corporate gifts are already a crucial part of annual budgets, and their importance is increasing. What opportunities and dangers lurk in this new force in American philanthropy?

Among corporation executives themselves, at least three attitudes toward giving may be distinguished. “Give money to charity?” sputtered one corporation president. “Why, that’s nonsense. Any money we would give must be taken either from profits, which belong to stockholders, or wages of employees, or show up in higher prices to our customers. We have no right to do any of those three things.”

“Don’t use my name, or some folks would think I was pinko,” said an executive of one of the largest corporations in America. “But I think American corporations must go much farther in giving. Let’s say all welfare services make a circle of 360 degrees. If a corporation sets up operations in a backward community in Brazil, it occupies the whole 360 degrees. It builds the church, constructs hospitals and schools, pays the doctors, brings in the teachers, finances all the welfare services there are — not because it’s a philanthropist at heart, but because it can’t make a good profit, and perhaps can’t operate at all, in a community that doesn’t have those services. In the United States, corporations now take in about 45 degrees of that welfare circle. We don’t need to go the whole 360, but we ought to get to about 180 degrees.”

Henry Ford II stated the case from a slightly different angle when recently the Ford Motor Company Fund was set up: —

Traditional sources of financial support of private institutions operating in these fields are tending to disappear. We do not like the consequences inherent in the alternative facing such private institutions — that of having to turn to government for much-needed financial aid. In our opinion, this situation places an increasing responsibility upon American businesses in their role of industrial citizens.

As for the public, 80 per cent of it approves of such giving, according to a recent survey by the Public Opinion Index for Industry. Even stockholders are in favor, though when the searching question about contributions by “the company in which you own stock” was asked, approvals dropped to 62 per cent and definite negatives rose to 13 per cent.

Until recently, the chill shadow of the law often

froze the generous impulses of corporate directors into inaction. But these shadows have been nearly cleared away by developments of the past several years. Permissive legislation of some sort is now on the books of 29 states and the Territory of Hawaii. Kentucky, Mississippi, and Rhode Island have acted during the past year. No significant law case has been decided against a contributor company in any state since 1919. Corporations can give to philanthropic causes if a slight relation to their own interests can be demonstrated.

Which corporations give? How much? To what causes? According to the government figures, of the 537,000 corporations which reported contributions for 1948, half a million (93 per cent) had assets of less than \$1 million each. These comparatively little fellows gave \$68 million — 29 per cent of all the reported contributions — at the rate of 1.3 cents on each dollar of net profit before taxes.

The 36,000 intermediate United States corporations — with assets ranging between \$1 million and \$100 million — made 53 per cent of the contributions, \$125 million, at a rate of 0.8 cents on their profit dollar.

The gigantic corporations with assets of \$100 million and over numbered exactly 601. This small group gave \$44 million, or 18 per cent of the reported total, but it was at the exceedingly low rate of 0.3 cents on the dollar.

The general impression has been that only the very large corporations give substantial sums, and at a generous rate in proportion to income. Only the first portion of this statement is true, with some notable exceptions. Big gifts do come from large corporations because they have so substantial a part of the total profit; but if their rate of giving had even equaled that of the “under \$1 million” corporations, their gifts would have quadrupled.

The rate of giving also varies widely among different types of corporations. Trade and service companies are usually small and close to their customers; they are subjected to heavy pressures — “customer blackmail,” one company president called it — and see at first hand the advantages of giving and the penalties for not giving. Their giving rates are high, and help explain the record of the smaller corporations.

The causes to which they give are not revealed in the Federal reports. But Russell Sage Foundation secured information on this point from a sampling of corporations of all sizes and types.

Corporations in this sample were contributing in 1950 more than a third of their total gifts and contributions (36 per cent) to community chests; they gave an additional 8 per cent to other welfare agencies, making 44 per cent, or nearly half of every dollar, to this one broad category.

Health accounted for a large quarter of all types of corporate gifts — 27 cents out of every dollar. Of this amount, 15 cents on the dollar went directly

to hospitals, and it should be pointed out that hospitals were also the beneficiaries of some of the money given for community chest budgets. National health agencies, including Red Cross, polio, heart, and like groups, received another 10; miscellaneous health, the remaining 2 cents.

Education received slightly less than health — 21 cents out of the gift dollar. Just half of this amount went to direct aid for schools and colleges and for scholarships and fellowships. Research in colleges and agencies supporting “the American way” split the remainder.

Religious agencies, unless they are interfaith or at least nonsectarian, present difficulties to corporations, where gifts are scanned by boards of directors of possibly many faiths and sometimes by stockholders. It was no surprise to find only 4 per cent of corporate gifts in this category — though nearly half of all individual giving goes to religious agencies. The final 4 per cent could not be pinpointed.

2

THE Russell Sage Foundation Survey reports that in 89 per cent of the sampled companies requests for contributions go directly to a single top executive, usually the president himself. Three per cent of the companies, usually large ones, have contributions committees. The whole board of directors functions in 2 per cent of the cases. The rest scatter — finance committees, local or district managers, the company foundation. Fewer than a third of these corporations include contributions as a budget item.

Giving is a complicated business. Julius Rosenwald once declared that he found it “nearly always easier to make \$1,000,000 honestly than to dispose of it wisely.” All large companies, and many small ones, are bombarded constantly by appeals for funds — not only community chest, hospital, college, Red Cross, polio, heart, cancer, tuberculosis, arthritis, cerebral palsy, muscular dystrophy, multiple sclerosis, crippled children, the blind, firemen, policemen, veterans, church, ladies’ aid, Salvation Army, Boy Scouts, Girl Scouts, and the YMCA, but by dozens of additional causes. Even in those communities where most of these services are “wrapped in one package” in a tight community chest or united fund, the extra appeals flood in.

What does the harried president do? He gives in to the squeezes when they begin to hurt. As for the rest, usually he takes refuge in the causes he’s heard about year after year. In the Sage Survey, 18 per cent of all sampled companies gave *all* their contributions to annually recurring drives, and 91 per cent gave at least half their 1950 contributions to such drives. Most of these agencies need support, but to give only to them is to miss opportunities to fit the company’s gifts to the particular needs of its community.

Such giving suggests both dangers and opportunities. One obvious danger is the closer tie between philanthropy and the business cycle. We were just emerging from the great depression when statistics on corporate giving began to be available in 1936, and we have since gone through no major red-ink period. But it seems exceedingly likely that in a depression, if corporate profits vanished, corporate contributions would nearly vanish, too. Unfortunately, that is precisely the period when the needs of welfare agencies expand.

Business executives are aware of this danger. In our interviews many of them expressed the hope that they could keep their contributions up even if profits went down. A few corporations have done something positive about the problem.

The International Harvester Company in Chicago, for example, has set up a foundation which it regards as chiefly a "peaks-and-valleys" enterprise, designed to accumulate profits in good years to supplement the lower contributions of poor years. But our examinations of the confidential reports of other companies which have had a bad year usually show drastic cuts in contributions. Unless further efforts toward correction are made, some agencies which rely substantially upon corporate gifts are flirting with disaster.

Will corporations attempt to control agencies to which they are large contributors? One corporation is known which tries to have a major executive on the board of every agency, college, or institution to which it makes substantial contributions. From the corporation's viewpoint, this ensures knowledge of the effectiveness of the agency's program and an opportunity to suggest activities of direct interest and value to the corporation. But the agency and its other contributors may have a different view. Cases are on record in which contributions have been refused where even the suspicion of influence might alienate other contributors.

Much good may also come from introducing the new hardheaded giver into a field where sentiment and good intent have sometimes resulted in little practical accomplishment. If philanthropy grows in the corporate budget, and as experience accumulates, corporate giving may result in a wiser spread of contributors' dollars. Corporations are more accustomed than individuals to avail themselves of advice of such agencies as the National Information Bureau, Better Business Bureaus, and councils of social agencies, and to require and study financial statements. In so doing they not only make more certain that their stockholders' money is effectively spent; they help raise standards in the field.

3

A word about the tax angle is necessary, for the facts are startling. Current corporation taxes are 30 per cent on the first \$25,000 of net income and

52 per cent on the rest, with excess profits taxed at 82 per cent. Under these high rates corporations may make substantial contributions at small cost in surrendered profits.

A corporation with normal profits can give away \$1000 at a net cost of \$480, the remaining \$520 representing taxes saved. If it is in the excess-profits bracket, its gift of \$1000 costs only \$180; conversely, if it is willing to surrender \$1000 in profits, it can make a gift of \$5556, the government paying \$4556 in forgiven taxes.

These remarkable bargains are a danger as well as an opportunity. The National Planning Association recently issued a report by Beardsley Ruml and Theodore Geiger, *The Five Percent*, which pointed out, presumably with favorable recommendation, that if all corporations should give to the 5 per cent deductible limit, their 1951 contributions could rise to the remarkable total of \$2.2 billion.

No jump to \$2 billion took place or is in prospect, and until corporations have more experience in wise giving, an increase of that dimension might indeed be dangerous. The Congress might regard the reduction in revenue so seriously, in the present emergency, that it would rescind the 5 per cent provision. Sudden abolition of this tax provision could be a catastrophe for agencies which have grown largely dependent on corporate giving over some sixteen years. Or the Congress might make up the lost amount by additional taxation. If this was directed chiefly against corporations, the tax deduction would be mere illusion.

Or the tax the corporation has escaped through its contributions program might fall directly on us, either in still higher personal income taxes or in a consumers' tax. Then in effect we would be paying most of the costs of corporate philanthropy, with no control over its directions. The public reaction against business could be severe if corporations should be in such a rush to take advantage of the charitable bargain that they indulged in foolish, wasteful, or obviously selfish enterprises. The dollars they spend are now more the taxpayers' than those of the shareholders.

But another view is tenable, especially if corporation giving increases in wisdom as it increases in dimensions. Intelligent philanthropy is not a pit into which money sinks and is lost. It may be an investment, yielding dividends as large and sometimes as tangible as business enterprise itself.

The money a life insurance company invests in health research or safety promotion may come back to that very company in delayed death payments for its own policyholders, and in a larger social dividend of longer productive lives. The money a company in a small community spends on the local college it expects to receive back in trained workers, and it suspects that if such voluntary support is not forthcoming, government will

step in and the corporation will still pay, this time through taxes. Viewed nationally, the situation is more complicated, but many of the philanthropic expenditures of corporations are for purposes which, directly or indirectly, reduce government expenditure.

Consider this case, for example. The Bulova Watch Company, one of the few corporations which do give substantially 5 per cent of net income, has set up through its contribution arm (the Bulova Foundation) the Joseph Bulova School of Watchmaking in Woodside, L.I. This handsomely appointed school accepts only disabled veterans, whom it trains free as watch repairers. A large proportion of them are paraplegics — wheel-chair cases — and the school has its own wheel-chair basketball team. In its first five years it has graduated 346 men, 95 per cent of whom are now gainfully employed, chiefly in retail jewelry stores. The company received a tax deduction for its expenditures in setting up and operating the school. But in the absence of such special training, nearly all the disabled veterans now graduates of the school would have had to be supported by government subsidy the rest of their lives. Though they continue to receive disability pensions, most of them are performing useful work and many of them are making such substantial incomes that they pay considerable sums in personal income taxes.

4

BUSINESS statesmanship needs to consider what its share should be in supporting existing free enterprises in health, welfare, education, and research, and possibly in initiating fresh ventures in these areas. Such support is not a necessity. Private individuals can and do bear much of this burden, and government will take over any essential services which fail of private support, and add them to the tax bill. Corporate giving is chiefly an opportunity. An increasing number of corporations are now handling that opportunity with the care it deserves. They appoint contributions committees (G.E. had one as early as 1925), often aided by a full-time executive secretary, to look into all appeals and also to initiate programs in fields of the corporation's special skills and interests. Some of them have set up corporation foundations, both to level off giving through good and bad years and to handle the details of more imaginative and creative giving projects.

The Ford Motor Company Fund has devised an ingenious scholarship plan whereby the children of Ford employees are selected on competitive tests by an independent outside agency and their expenses paid in the college of their choice, with an additional \$500 a year paid directly to the college (unless it is tax-supported) for the college's general support.

The Rich Department Store in Atlanta gives directly to regular, recurring drives but supplies also most of the operating income of the Rich Foundation. This foundation develops special programs, which have included: a building to house the Emory University School of Business Administration; a radio station for the city, county, and surrounding communities, owned and operated by joint boards of education; an outpatient clinic for a local hospital.

A few months ago I drove through Corning, New York, and visited there the new Corning Glass Center, including the Museum of Glass. This striking example of how handsome a modern museum may be has obvious values for the Corning Glass Company, but it is also a distinguished public service.

The Southern Railway System has contributed to churches of many denominations, white and Negro, some 64 bells from steam locomotives that were being scrapped. The Allis-Chalmers Manufacturing Company built a successful mechanical kidney which "snatched a man from death's door," and then donated this first machine to the community. A workshop for the handicapped has been built in Binghamton, New York, with the aid of several corporations, and its workers are executing regular business contracts. The Bridgeport Brass Company, in coöperation with the National Guard and the State Assembly, modernized and equipped an old armory, making it "one of the vital community sports centers in this area."

Some 77 food manufacturers and related companies have contributed some \$4 million to the Nutrition Foundation, set up for basic research and education in the science of nutrition — of value to the food companies but of even greater value to the public. E. I. du Pont de Nemours and Company has set aside \$510,000 in the 1952-53 year for postgraduate fellowship and research grants to "stockpile" knowledge.

Corporation giving, as it grows in size and experience, can fill a unique place in the scheme of philanthropy, taking special care of the needs of the local community with which it is intimately acquainted and seeking out opportunities in the field of its own resources and technical knowledge. True, this new giver will be guided by self-interest. In the short view, self-interest is mere selfishness; in the long view, we are coming to learn, the highest self-interest is often scarcely to be distinguished from the things we used to call altruism and dedication to the social welfare.

Will the public be disillusioned by an orgy of spending masquerading as charity, or will the fabric of our free society be strengthened by substantial new resources invested in man's progress? The decision depends upon whether the new giver, the corporation, is willing and able to take the long view.



TWO LOVE POEMS

by CHRISTOPHER LA FARGE

1

MY LOVE is warm in its own spring
that feeds on past and future days,
its roots go down, its branches fling
in the still rapture of its praise.
Here, icy pond's hard loveliness
is bound by winter's long distress —
but not my love,
but not my love.

The stubborn oak its rustling wears
beyond all hope of sun or sap
and every birch a trembling bears
in witness of the frost's mishap.
In stillness sharp and stillness deep
all this my world is bound in sleep —
except my love,
except my love!

2

WHEN does a wrong
become a right,
when will a kiss
make deep the night,
when will a hand
on hungry hand
turn lust to selfless
need's demand?
I do not know,
I do not know:
but true love still can make it so.

When does a man
have pure desire,
or woman be
unburnt by fire,
when will the thigh
on mortal thigh
turn flesh to spirit's
deathless cry?
I do not know,
I do not know:
but true love still can make it so.



Headmaster of the Grammar School in Bristol, England, and contributor to numerous British periodicals, JOHN GARRETT has long been concerned with the problems of educating the young. Last year, as a Smith-Mundt Fellow in Education, he had the opportunity to visit our schools, and from his firsthand observation he has struck at the weaknesses and underlined the strengths of secondary education in America.

DO AMERICAN SCHOOLS EDUCATE?

by JOHN GARRETT

I

THE whole theory of modern education is radically unsound. Fortunately, in England at any rate, education produces no effect whatsoever." This weighty dictum fell from the lips of Lady Bracknell in Wilde's *The Importance of Being Earnest*. Whether the good lady would be as forthright today in denunciation of the theories and results of education on either side of the Atlantic, it is impossible to guess. It is, however, certain that she lacked that essential humility which must characterize the observer who dares to put pen to paper about another country's educational system, after a visit which was as crowded as it was brief. Whatever is written here in way of honest doubt is qualified by warm admiration of the buoyant belief in education, the eager experimentation, and the astonishing vitality which characterize the American scene in schools and universities alike.

One of the surprises facing an inquiring pilgrim from Great Britain is the emphasis placed in the United States upon what the Harvard Report on General Education in a Free Society styles "the ideal of commonness," and the extent to which "social indoctrination" and "the civilizing work of preparing for American life" have gone. A possible explanation is, of course, that America is still faced with the problem of welding a nation out of many nationalities, a consideration which prompts the conscious use of education as an instrument to produce right-thinking and coöperative citizens of a great democracy.

On our side we distrust a use of the schools as training grounds for children as social beings, and note with dismay that the most highly "progressive" teachers make no bones about educating children, not for society as it is, but for society as they mean to make it. We see danger in a too conscious indoctrination of any political ideals, and believe rather that the good is often better achieved as a by-product. The citizen of the world is more

likely to emerge from a proper study of history than he is from a course in international understanding, and the man of civic virtue from living in the ethos of a good community than from a course in citizenship. The Squire in *Tom Brown's School Days* wanted his son to "turn out a brave, helpful, truth-telling Englishman, and a gentleman, and a Christian." The Harvard Report defines the good man as one who possesses "an inner integration, poise and firmness, which in the long run come from an adequate philosophy of life." Expressed differently, the two statements boil down to the same thing, and the Tom Brown of our times, whether his home is in New England or Old, is more likely to achieve the way of life appropriate to a democracy by exposure to the right atmosphere than by any "social indoctrination" through teaching.

The diet most suited to the taste of the non-academic pupil is much more carefully catered for in America than in Great Britain. The system is more flexible, and the interests and aptitudes of the individual child at fifteen are more important than the dictates of the timetable. More thought has been given to how to reconcile the interests of the fast and the slow, how to give a fair deal both to the quarter in the high schools who proceed to further education, and to the three quarters who leave school without a university career. A brave and determined attempt is being made to find a binding understanding of the society which the two groups will possess in common despite their different interests and abilities. More has been done in finding new and authentic treatments of traditional subjects for the less able.

In England the course given to the children who leave the modern secondary schools at fifteen is still too often a watered-down version of the academic course of the grammar schools, whose function, substantially, is to educate the cleverest children for entrance to the universities. When the

Harvard Report says: "The tendency is always to strike a somewhat colorless mean, too fast for the slow, too slow for the fast," it is making fair comment on the uneasy compromise existing in Great Britain. When it continues: "The ideal is a system which shall be as fair to the fast as to the slow, to the hand-minded as to the book-minded, but which, while meeting the separate needs of each, shall yet foster that fellow-feeling between human being and human being which is the deepest root of democracy," it proclaims a Utopian ideal which so far has eluded both countries.

The quotation rightly implies that America still falls far short of the ideal, in varying degrees in varying States. Mississippi, able to spend a fifth as much per pupil as New York, must clearly present a less rosy picture. But Americans are still far ahead of us British in constructive *thinking* about how to pursue the two goals simultaneously. It is when the Harvard Report asks the question, "How can general education be so adapted to different ages and, above all, differing abilities and outlooks, that it can appeal deeply to each, and yet remain in goal and essential teaching the same for all?" that different answers are likely to come from the two sides of the Atlantic.

2

THEORY does not always produce the results it desires or deserves. Because in these days education has no enemies, it is the more important sometimes to defend it from its friends. If the slower children have a fairer chance in the United States, it also seems clear to a sympathetic observer that a far greater number of clever and intellectually able children have a better deal in the United Kingdom. In the best American schools, whose pupils are trained for and accepted by such universities as Harvard, Columbia, Yale, Princeton, Chicago, and the University of California, and such colleges as Williams and Amherst, the same standards probably obtain as in the best schools in Britain. But the number of such schools is in smaller proportion to the total of those to be educated.

It is furthermore difficult to resist the conclusion that the independent schools set a far higher standard of intellectual attainment than the public schools. President Conant in his enthusiasm to establish the case for the lawyer's son to rub shoulders with the artisan's son in their formative years perhaps gave more support than he intended to those influences which were hostile to independent schools. The hope is that public schools will so improve their standards that parents will feel that a real alternative exists. The development of state secondary education in the United Kingdom since 1902 has owed much to the example of standards set and maintained in the independent schools.

Nothing surprised me so much in America as the

comparative indifference concerning the education of the exceptional child. When I used the term, I was told that in its American connotation it described, not the child endowed with rare intellectual gifts, but the child handicapped or in some way underdeveloped mentally. The euphemism is revealing of the difference between the two countries. The emphasis of the American system is on the social and average; ours, at least until 1945, has been fundamentally intellectual and geared for distinction.

Is there a moral to be found in comparing the publications which set forth the life stories of candidates for the Presidency of the United States? Where Andrew Jackson's in 1828 was dignified and written for an electorate which could read, Harry S. Truman's "biography" was presented in comic strip technique, all the more terrifying for being adroitly done. Does this mean that a man who aspires to the Presidency can only hope for success in so far as he can persuade his countrymen that, far from being exceptional, he is actually the common man whose century this is supposed to be? England's Labor Party has improved on the original dictum, which originated in America, by saying: "If this is the 'century of the common man' it must be made the century of the common child." It will be — if our levelers go their purblind way. A more profitable ideal would be to set about making this the century of the uncommon child, and to plan how to increase their number.

The root fallacy seems to be a refusal to admit that there must always be a governing class, and that men are not all capable of appreciating the best even when they are exposed to it. The evidence of newspapers, advertisements, cinema queues, radio, the near pornography of the bookstalls, the so-called "comics," and the recreations preferred by the majority prove that education, however well intentioned, can produce standards of taste and good judgment in only a minority. As Matthew Arnold said, "the highly instructed few, and not the scantily instructed many, will ever be the organ to the human race of knowledge and truth. Knowledge and truth, in the full sense of the words, are not attainable by the great mass of the human race at all."

It is the task and the responsibility of the small creative minority to hold fast to standards, to hope to widen the area of their acceptance, and to ensure that the salt of the centuries' heritage of culture shall not lose its savor. Equality of opportunity there must be, regardless of the parents' ability to pay. That is no longer a question of debate. What we have to guarantee is that the best quality of leadership shall be available for the service of the state from whatever class it may come, and that the most satisfactory means of education for its attainment are accessible. If society is to avoid the creation of a community content to glide along the

easy current of life, education has to produce a minority of leaders whose influence is rationally persuasive rather than dictatorially dominating.

3

THE question which now has to be posed is whether education in the United States is calculated to produce an elite of leaders of high intelligence. The highly trained mind must be a prerequisite of all leadership. On the report of a boy just leaving elementary for junior high school, I read: "Emphasis has been placed on helping him to assist and carry out his responsibilities as a member of a group." Splendid! But he was eleven years old, and after a weekend in his home, I could not discover that he had ever learned to read a book. My godson, before he went to Eton, had done four years of Latin, three of Greek, had read all Jane Austen, most of Dickens and Scott, and a good deal of Shakespeare. He was also a good member of a group, a quality which had been added as a by-product of his education.

A professor with whom I had the privilege of staying told me regretfully that his son was a typical American boy in that he never tackled books at a higher level than comics and magazines. At a famous private school, whatever literary values were inculcated in the classroom, on the bookstall in the school shop I found a remarkable range of cheap novels, each in its provocatively pornographic dust-wrapper, with titles such as *Nude in Mink*, *The Harem*, and *Sin in Their Blood*. A member of the school told me that all the boys bought such trash, and added: "The trouble about this place is that there's so much learning there isn't time for living." His complaint seemed unfair when he added that the school authorities paid \$2000 for an orchestra for the school dance! Is this the boasted American maturity?

The books on the school bookstall seemed to stimulate sexual appetite rather than to provide healthy meat for good minds. On a tour of America Sir Richard Livingstone found "the clever children an underprivileged class." An American undergraduate described "our high school products" as "well-adjusted morons." This judgment is of course too sweeping. Another critic said that "when he leaves school the American is socially more mature than the Englishman, intellectually less mature." This is probably true if the emphasis is upon social adjustment rather than upon intellectual development.

Young Americans are certainly kept less at the stretch than young Britishers. One teacher in Kentucky excused the weight of American textbooks on the ground that they never had to be taken home for purposes of study. A family in California told me that if homework was ever set, it was the parents who in effect did it. As with us, the one-eyed tele-

vision set is threatening the kingdom of the blind. I very much doubt whether this leeway of learning is ever made up. At eighteen, Americans are intellectually anything from eighteen months to two years behind our young people, and at the universities they have to make up two years of education which in England they would have done at school. They arrive at college without the preparation for work at that level which the specialized work in the last two years at school gives to the English student.

While the B.A. degree is rarely the intellectual equivalent of ours, the postgraduate schools in the United States are probably better than ours. The difference is a matter of spread over the years. A similar result may be achieved in the end, but it takes a much longer time to attain it — which is of course a privilege of a wealthy nation. It must be remembered, however, that the greater length of time may be justified because American schools certainly do better by the average boy. Each nation is conditioned by what is practicable and what is desirable.

An American teacher after a year on exchange in Great Britain once summed up the difference between the two systems to me in the words: "Your system produces snobs, ours slob." The Labor Party in Great Britain would presumably agree with the first statement; and when I look for any hard core of learning in the American high school, I am inclined to see something in the second. I saw little emphasis on the necessity to hold on to the centuries-old tradition of exact, precise, and thorough learning. The syllabus often contained little to bite on, little to discipline minds. The use of Latin and even mathematics was called into question because transfer values had been repudiated. A publishing company reduced Shakespeare's plays to comic strip technique, where the verse, written as prose, emerged in balloons from people's mouths. "Classics Illustrated" justify their vandalism because they are directed "toward familiarizing school-children with the literary classics in a form that will be appealing and 'easy to take.'" Such snippets of culture may be justified for children who cannot read, but they are inappropriate if able minds are to be extended and toughened.

It is difficult to resist the conclusion that in the modern American school the snail's pace becomes the school's pace. Neither can the able child outstrip his companions by a double promotion, because of the custom of classing children by age groups and advancing them by age rather than performance. If "tensions" might result by allowing the clever to outpace the dull, frustration and boredom must be the lot of the able child who is held back. Perhaps that is why there is so much talk about adjustment in America!

The phrase "easy to take" extends to pupils' choice of the subjects of their study in high school. Backward children can take high pride and discover



The Atlantic "Firsts"

1952 PRIZE WINNERS

First Prize of \$750 awarded to

GEORGE GREEN

for "*The Orchard Ladder*" in the
October issue

Second Prize of \$250 awarded to

GEORGE BLUESTONE

for "*A Needle and a Thimble*" in the
June issue

In 1946 the *Atlantic* announced an annual contest for *Atlantic* "Firsts" — short stories by unestablished authors who are making their first appearance in our pages. We pay for these stories at our top fee, and each year the editors award prizes for those of special distinction.

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THE ATLANTIC MONTHLY

8 Arlington Street

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their confidence in subjects which are unsuitable for their brighter brethren. But it is nothing short of idiocy to pretend that a training in typewriting is equal in cultural value to a study of the *Odyssey* or that the child who is exposed to the one is likely to have the same value for the community (qualities of character being equal) as the child who masters the other.

Neither is "Education in the U.S.A.," published by the Federal Security Agency, reassuring on the intellectual pabulum offered. It is hoped that a high school pupil will "acquire the basic tools of learning; the methods and significance of science; prepare for, get, and hold a job; develop and maintain good mental health and physical fitness; be a good consumer; develop insight into ethical values and principles; grow in appreciation of beauty in the arts and in nature; be a good citizen; be a good family member; use leisure time wisely." The aims are unexceptionable, but are they not what Johnson called "an ill digested piece"?

Subsequent study of the publication fails to reveal any priorities or any indication of comparative importance. Much is made of the Health Services. "The mental and emotional health of teachers and students is being given careful consideration." By the same doctor? Surely those who are fit to teach can look after their own mental and emotional health, and surely much that is called health instruction constitutes an impertinent invasion of the responsibilities of parents. If the state controls all, the state can demand all.

A Californian mother summed up the compulsory subject of "Health and Safety" as meaning that a child could "mend a fuse, walk across a street, and know how to avoid V.D." The captions to attractive illustrations run: "School programs are adapted to meet the child's needs" (perhaps a lesson in wise shopping?); "Schools provide rich environment for the children" (teacher and class appear to be concentrating attention on a canary in a cage); "Education for intelligent participation in family life" (teacher and class beholding what appear to be plates of cereals); "Home Economics classes encourage students to care for and repair clothing" (young men apparently pressing trousers, preparatory to dating?); "An opportunity to engage in creative activities" (since when has listening to gramophone records been a *creative* activity?). All this is admirable, but does it add up to education? All the children look happy and have photogenic smiles that would make the sunshine jealous. But if they are being prepared for life, is happiness enough?

The heresy of free activity has much to answer for in both our countries. A current story in Great Britain tells of a teacher, who was being inspected,

saying to her class, "Now it is time to start arithmetic." Whereupon the inspector interrupted, "How do you know that the children want to start arithmetic?" If the child is to choose and dictate its requirements, what is the merit of maturity? If education is to teach children that they can abandon whatever they find difficult, what sort of preparation for life are we giving?

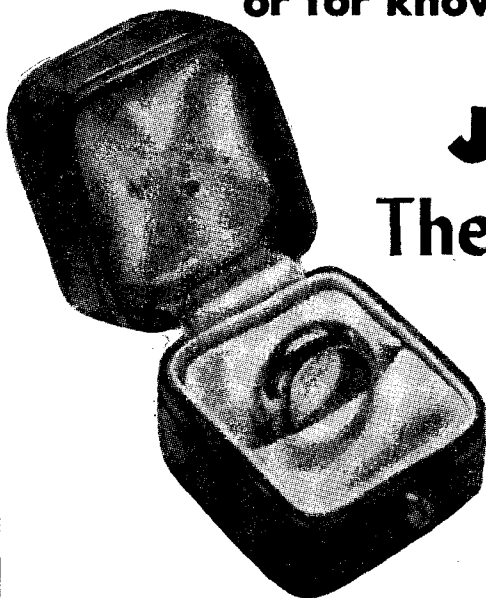
Children are naturally addicted to egotism, and education should assist their emancipation from its tyranny. Progressive education and free discipline seem something like a reversion to barbarism, as well as a calculated debasement of cultural values. One American teacher told me that the word "progressive" had been omitted from the title of his school because it might lead people to include the school in "education's lunatic fringe." Now that university authorities have found that some of their college entrants are incapable of self-expression on paper, and of tearing the guts out of a book presenting difficulty, there are signs of an overdue reaction against the solemn nonsense of these traitors to true education.

We have them on our side of the Atlantic as well, and both countries are faced with some parallel problems. How can schools be financed from public funds and yet be kept free from the dead hand of bureaucratic tyranny? Do those who pay the piper call the tune? I was in one school which had been done to death by remote control from an office desk. What is the limit to administrative pipe dreams? What is the correct emphasis — extravagant buildings, or a salary scale for teachers which will win them the respect which the community gives to other professions? All schools in the United States are much better housed and equipped than the vast majority of ours. I often wondered what American teachers and pupils would make of some of the small, dark, and ill-ventilated classrooms at Eton and Winchester. But, let us make no bones about it, men not walls make a city, and any school is as good as its staff. Recruitment of men and women of ability and virtue, to what is in very deed a vocation, is the consideration which must perforce override all others in both our countries.

A Cambridge don asked Erasmus: "Who would put up with the life of a schoolmaster who could get a living in any other way?" and Bacon was of the opinion that "to have commandment over children, as schoolmasters have, is a matter of small honor." How wrong they both were. To those who have heard the call, it is a life of unique honor, limitless fulfillment, and weighty responsibility. The job of the teacher is to excite in the young a boundless sense of curiosity about life, so that the growing child shall come to apprehend it with an excitement tempered by awe and wonder.

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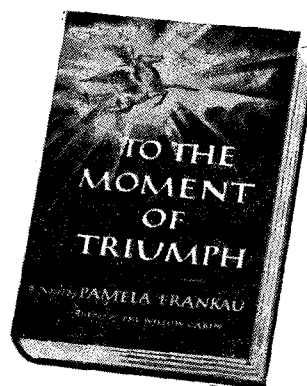
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THE *Peripatetic* Reviewer

BY
EDWARD
WEEKS

A GRANDFATHER can be a very impressive figure to a ten-year-old, and the grandfathers of my generation were invested with a special aura because of their part in the Civil War. We were the youngest to hear at first hand their stories of Shiloh, Chancellorsville, and Gettysburg, and shall be the last to remember these veterans. To us they stood for command, for hardihood, and for a gallantry that has long since disappeared from war.

My Grandfather Suydam was of a size to command respect. He was "The Colonel" to everyone in town, and in fact at the war's end he was Lieutenant Colonel of the Third New Jersey Cavalry at the age of twenty-seven. He had volunteered as a private in '61 and had his troop that autumn; promoted to Captain, he served as Chief of Staff to Keyes and then to Pleasonton, and had more than one horse shot under him. (One rolled over on him, injuring his leg. To prevent paralysis, the doctor filled him with brandy and forced him to walk all night long on the deck of the ship bringing him back home.) He had known Lincoln — with his attractive bride he had dined at the White House; he had ridden in the triumphant review of the Army of the Potomac in May, 1865, and like so many of his time, his life was then at its high point though he did not realize it. I doubt if any subsequent command in civil life ever aroused him as much as his charges against Jeb Stuart in the Valley.

I remember his great cavalry saber which I could barely lift, and the heavy horse pistol I was half afraid to draw from the holster; I remember his commission signed by Lincoln and his spurs on the top of the bookshelf. I remember the "4711" which he used on his handkerchiefs; his black broadcloth and immaculate starched shirts; and I remember his rebuking me for not having had my toenails cut when I crept into his big four-poster one Sunday morning before breakfast.

The stories I remember were probably embellished in the retelling by the Colonel's six daughters, one of whom is my mother. The most exciting story was prompted by the miniature of Grandmother, painted on ivory. While inspecting pickets in the Shenandoah, the Colonel at full gallop was spotted by a sharpshooter: the horse was killed and he severely hurt. The wagon train in which he was sent to the rear was captured by Mosby's guerrillas; when Grandfather was being stripped of his belongings he asked if he couldn't keep his wife's picture and they tossed it at him. But before the guerrillas could reach their own lines they were overtaken by Union cavalry under General Custer. This had all the switch and drama to dream about, and there was the miniature to prove it! Another story was about the Confederate shell in the library, a dud which had plowed into the ground beside Grandmother while she and the Colonel were riding close to the lines and evidently in view of a Rebel battery. I used to wonder what she was doing so close to the front. And did Lincoln really say to her, at the close of a White House reception: "And now, my dear, if you'll excuse me I think I'll put on my old slippers, for my corns are very bad this evening"?

A collection of the Colonel's papers of the war years has come down to me, and as I mull them over I have a clearer understanding of the young soldier. Here is the special order signed by Meade transferring Captain C. C. Suydam to "The Headquarters of the Cavalry Corps," and with it a well-browned clipping describing the successful raid he led on Winchester, where the Third New Jersey captured five regimental battle flags and put Stuart's cavalry to flight. Here are calling cards with corners still turned down just as they were dropped on the silver tray in Washington: "Major Genl McClellan," "Duc de Chartres," "Miss Emily King"; penciled sketches, now faint with age, of the headquarters at Yorktown, Virginia — the artist, Oswald Jackson; a telegram beginning "Richmond taken, Uncle Archie dead . . ."; and the issue of Frank Leslie's *Illustrated Newspaper* for May 6, 1865, entirely devoted to Lincoln's funeral.

Most personal of all, a letter from the Colonel's mother written in October '64 after his "providential escape from death and captivity," in which she goes on to spare him none of the family troubles — asking him whether \$18,000 is a fair price for the family farm she feels obliged to sell, telling him she is worried about his younger brothers who

*The
artist
and
the
innkeeper's
wife*



*L'Arlésienne, by Vincent Van Gogh
Courtesy of Metropolitan Museum of Art*

When Van Gogh lived in Arles in southern France, he wrote glowingly of this warm pleasant country. "How wonderful," he said, "the golden sun is!" And when the artist painted the innkeeper's wife, he used the vibrant yellow like the glow of the sun...the yellow which found its way into many of his best-known paintings and helped to make him famous.

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have enlisted, and suggesting rather plaintively that after such long service, he would have "sufficient reason for resigning." Reading between the lines gives me a clearer appreciation of his loyalties.

As it must have been

The Photographic History of the Civil War, ten bound volumes containing close to 3800 reproductions of photographs by Mathew Brady and his assistants, was published in 1911, the year in which my grandfather died, so I never had the opportunity of looking at them under his guidance. But one of my earliest recollections is of paging through the woodcuts of *Harper's Weekly*, which had been bound up in a huge slab-sided volume, a book so heavy that I could only get into it by sitting cross-legged on the floor.

Now comes a book which holds the best of these two superb collections — the best of Brady and his anonymous contemporaries and the best of the woodcuts and the line drawings by the combat artists of the 1860s. The editors of *Divided We Fought* (Macmillan, \$10.00), Hirst Milhollen, Milton Kaplan, and Hulen Stuart, have selected 500 of the finest pictures from all available sources, and to cap them they chose David Donald of Columbia University, who has quoted from contemporary sources, usually the combatants themselves, the most authentic, and often the most moving, prose that could be found.

Divided We Fought brings home the human elements of the Civil War as no other book I have ever seen — the courage, the suffering, the endurance, the humor, and the passion. The portraits are very telling. Here are the bearded giants: Major General Thomas Jonathan Jackson with his wide, steadfast eyes, Ulysses Simpson Grant with that stubborn thrust of his lower jaw, Lee and Stuart, and the clearest of all, William Tecumseh Sherman, his wrinkled face irascible and sensitive; and here are those who brag: Pope, the portly and grandiloquent, Halleck with his flabby cheeks, and little Mac who protested that he never had enough to do the things he dreamed of. The portraits of those who up to now have been anonymous touch the heart more swiftly. I mean Private Jennison of the Georgia Infantry who was killed at the age of sixteen at Malvern Hill; an unidentified private of the Iron Brigade; the three lieutenants of the First Connecticut Artillery snapped at Fort Brady just after the mail had arrived; the Confederate sharpshooter at Devil's Den; a file of the Sixth Maine after Chancellorsville.

The composition, the artistry of these photographs, is the peer of anything taken in the two World Wars. Whether it is the Starboard Battery of the U.S.S. *Pawnee* or the wives in camp at Brandy Station, the wounded stretched out at Fredericksburg or the Palmetto Battery of Charleston, these pages strike that perfect balance between

the individual and the group action. These are places that challenge the imagination: Pulpit Rock, the summit of Lookout Mountain, Atlanta in flames, the McLean house at Appomattox; and the running commentary, quoted now from Mary Chesnut's Diary, now from Colonel Lyman, now from Sherman's letters, or from the reminiscences of John B. Gordon or an unknown corporal, has a dramatic authenticity no fiction can ever rival.

What makes an American

On the completion of his monumental four-volume biography of Abraham Lincoln, **Carl Sandburg** told his publishers that he never again would write a long book. Next time, he said, he'd cut the text off on the day he reached 100,000 words, cut it right off — and start another book. But every author is entitled to make an exception for his autobiography, and when Mr. Sandburg began to recall the long, long thoughts of his youth, he was swept forward on a tide of reminiscence which overflowed his promise. You must take him at his own pace and I imagine readers will grow impatient with such a detailed tour of boyhood. *Always the Young Strangers* (Harcourt, Brace, \$5.00), which appeared on the author's 75th birthday, is the chronicle of his first twenty years (1878–1898); it is a fresh slice of Americana; it is the jack-of-all-trades education of a writer, and in a class by itself.

Carl's father, August Sandburg, was an emigrant from Sweden who fetched up in Galesburg, Illinois, where he swung hammer and sledge in the C.B.&Q. blacksmith shop ten hours a day, six days a week. An unsmiling, resourceful man, powerful in his shoulders, deft with his hands, who never lost his Swedish ways or accent, the elder Sandburg supported a family of seven on \$35 a month, and not until a mortgage which had been "sleeping" for nineteen years pulled him down into debt did the zest go out of his day. With his accordion and Bible, he was a strong determinant of Carl's character — stronger, I gather, than the amiable mother who accepted so cheerfully the never-ending burden of child-raising and housework.

"Sholly," as his father called him, had first to free himself from the cocoon of the old country. In his infancy he used only Swedish words to tell what he wanted, and to this day some of those homely phrases seem to him of more color than their English equivalents. But from the first Carl was an American boy born close to the tracks and trained to be handy. He held the lamp until his arms ached while his father carpentered in the cellar, fetched the water from the pump — many buckets on washday — grubbed in the garden, and carried on a personal feud with the stove — the fighting words were "Charlie, the coal is gone!" Who can say what chemistry it was that made this one of the five children susceptible to words, to cyclopedias, to *A History of the World and Its Great*

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*(Letters on file)

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Events (sold by a polite book agent), to the *Youth's Companion* and any book he could get about Napoleon.

Carl was perceptive, with a quick sense of humor — there are glints of it in every episode — he liked people, and was brimming with energy, a fine inheritance for a boy coming up the hard way. When he worked in a drugstore he had an unforgettable run-in with a drug addict; when he shined shoes in a barbershop, he had a smile and a nod for the customers that resulted in tips, and on Saturdays he would scrub the backs of those who came in for a weekly bath; for sixteen months he delivered milk with Sam Barlow and did not miss the impression his well-favored boss made on the housewives; he worked with a tinsmith, tried to learn the potter's trade, washed pop bottles from seven in the morning until six at night, guzzled all the pop he wanted and had diarrhea; he was water boy on a road gang — and for these and other jobs too numerous to mention he received approximately \$3 a week, and an incomparable knowledge of human nature.

Always the Young Strangers is written in a prose which catches the naturalness, and at times the awkwardness, of the acquisitive boy. The seventy-five-year-old is always there in the background, and can sometimes be heard weighing and comparing, but he is never obtrusive. This is a book about the sunlit, gaslit American of the late nineteenth century, a book happy in tone, eager, full of character, and domestic in its interests.

How they splurged

The Last Resorts by Cleveland Amory (Harcourt, \$5.00) is a volume in which the bits are better than the whole. At its best it is a shrewd, unsparing account of those who splurged at Newport, Bar Harbor, Jekyll Island, Tuxedo Park, in the heyday of our plutocracy; at its second best, it is waspish journalism cluttered with fashionable names and leaden wit and hardly to be distinguished from the column of Cholly Knickerbocker. Mr. Amory has a good ear for gossip and is an indefatigable collector of fashions. In satirical sketches he tells of the dudes and the belles, of the hostesses and dancing masters, of Ward McAllister and Harry Lehr, George F. Baker, Irene Langhorne, Mrs. Stuyvesant Fish, and Mrs. Stotesbury. He writes with a dislike so little concealed that it constitutes a snobbery of its own. And he has succeeded in telling only half the story, for he has omitted the real reason for going to resorts: people went, and still go, in search of pleasure. They wanted to have fun, and in the old days they found it in house parties and on picnics, in dances that could be lovely, in the delicious food, in amusing talk and in flirtations. But his book has neither time nor skill for such amenities; it is intent on disparagement only, and is endlessly repetitious.

BOOKS

The Editors Like

Far Places

THE FON AND HIS HUNDRED WIVES by *Rebecca Reyher*. (Doubleday, \$3.95.) Polygamy appears to be a trial to all concerned here, life in the Fon's remote African territory being reported with acid clarity by an author who is more feminist than anthropologist.

KOMOON! by *Heinrich Oberjohann*. (Pantheon, \$3.00.) A veteran elephant hunter describes his attempts to raise an elephant child. Full of wild adventures in the Lake Chad country, the book is surprisingly bloodless for a hunting tale, and surprisingly touching.

JOURNEY INTO WONDER by *N. J. Berrill*. (Dodd, Mead, \$4.00.) This summary of explorations since 1492 is full of strange information. A fine book for readers who don't want to resort to the actual reports of Humboldt, Darwin, Cook and company.

Fiction

THE LOTUS AND THE WIND by *John Masters*. (Viking, \$3.00.) Espionage on India's northwest frontier in the 1880s permits Mr. Masters to cook up a grand stew of bloodshed, suspense, chicanery, and convincing detail.

RASHOMON by *Ryunosuke Akutagawa*. (Live-right, \$2.50.) The thread unifying these stories is the author's view of humanity, which he finds consistently depraved and frequently absurd. His style, at least in translation, has none of Jonathan Swift's wit, but the satirical kinship of mind is unmistakable.

TROY CHIMNEYS by *Margaret Kennedy*. (Rinehart, \$3.00.) There's a suitably ironic sparkle to Miss Kennedy's story of a Regency politician troubled with a touch of schizophrenia.

THE WITCH'S THORN by *Ruth Park*. (Houghton Mifflin with Ballantine Books, \$1.50 and 35¢.) While the mistreated orphan heroine holds one's interest, she is basically merely an excuse for stringing together some flamboyant incidents in a small New Zealand town, where nothing much happens but what does happen goes off like a skyrocket.

Americana

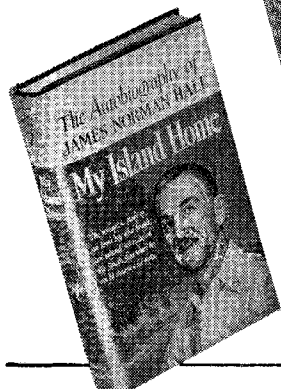
THE AMERICAN TEMPER by *Richard D. Mosier*. (University of California Press, \$5.00.) Although no very striking conclusions are drawn by Mr. Mosier, his history of the progress of American thinking about religion, philosophy, politics, and science is solid and informative.

THE REVOLT OF AMERICAN WOMEN by *Oliver Jensen*. (Harcourt, Brace, \$6.00.) The text plays second fiddle in this amusing picture book, which has all the charm of an annotated snoop through a slightly scandalous family album.

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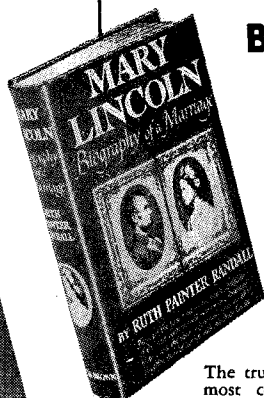
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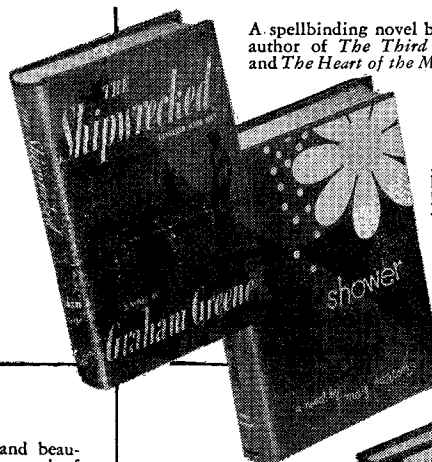
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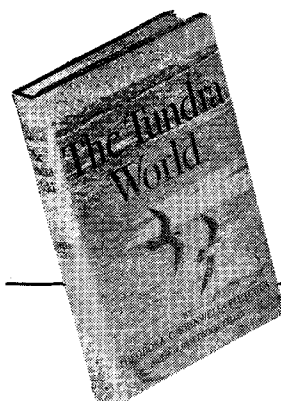


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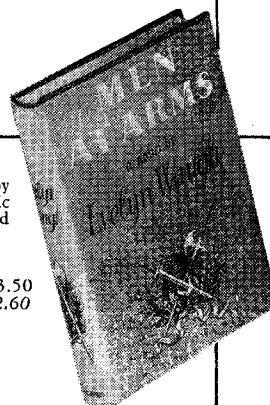
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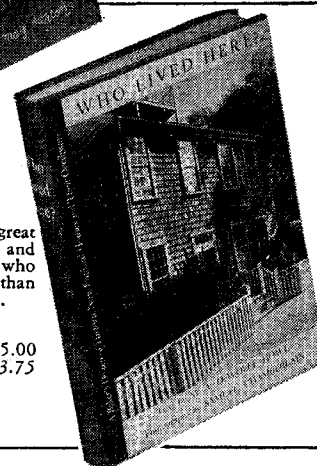


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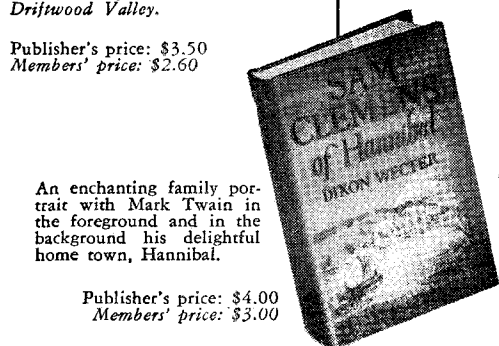
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Reader's Choice

BY

CHARLES J. ROLO



THE life of Charles Dickens is a rich and stirring story, which has in it all the elements suggested by the term "Dickensian," and a hero who is more interestingly complex than any of his own fictional creations. The latest Dickens biography — Edgar Johnson's two-volume *Charles Dickens* (Simon & Schuster, \$10.00) — is, to the best of my knowledge, the completest ever written. The author has studied a great quantity of documents not available to or not explored by previous biographers; and his meticulously documented narrative clarifies passages in Dickens's life about which there has been heated controversy, most notably the tragedy of Dickens's marriage and his liaison with the young actress, Ellen Ternan.

The picture which Mr. Johnson gives us of Dickens's personality —

enormously exuberant yet prone to moods of darkness; friendly, kind-hearted, and a great liberal in spirit, but also demanding, quarrelsome, and dictatorial — is the fullest and the most convincing I have encountered. Besides being a model of scholarly thoroughness, the biographical chapters are vivid and engrossing reading. The critical discussion is distinctly less impressive.

It is probably true that derogatory criticism has blurred the modern reader's sense of Dickens's true greatness; but two of Mr. Johnson's main lines of counterattack do not seem to me particularly persuasive. His leitmotif is Dickens's penetration and scope as a critic of society; and he argues that, from *Bleak House* onward, Dickens is a "revolutionist" who attacks "the very root-assumptions of the social order" of his day. A similar thesis was advanced by Marxist critics in the thirties, and the flaws in it have, to my mind, been tellingly shown up in George Orwell's *Dickens, Dali and Others*. It is significant, surely, that Dickens's novels did not appreciably antagonize his upper-class English public. He was an embattled reformer, but his social

criticism (as Johnson notes) remains primarily moral — its principal target is human nature. Even in *Hard Times*, the message is that the top dogs should be kind, not the under-dogs rebellious. What is notable in Dickens's outlook is not an acute insight into political and economic ills, but a shining generosity of spirit.

Another contention of Mr. Johnson's is that Dickens's failings as an artist have been somewhat exaggerated — that, for instance, his sentimentality is more "natural" than our contemporary fear of sentiment. This may be so, but for all that Dickens remains, par excellence, a case of the genius whose art has major limitations — he is seldom impressive when he treats the mature emotions; when he wishes to be serious, he is more often melodramatic than dramatic. Where Mr. Johnson's critical chapters are completely successful — and this is an important achievement — is in revitalizing our awareness of the riches that Dickens's fiction has to offer: its memorable characters and their memorable sayings; its laughter, its genuine pathos, and its matchless vitality.

Dickens and Ellen Ternan (Uni-

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versity of California Press, \$2.75) by **Ada Nisbet** reinforces Mr. Johnson's evidence that Ellen Ternan eventually became Dickens's mistress. This crisp, intriguing little book surveys the whole history of the Dickens-Ternan relationship; and it reproduces for the first time, from Dickens's letters, obliterated passages referring to Ellen Ternan which have now been transcribed by means of infrared photography.

The Titan

I cannot recall, offhand, a biography which I have read with such a mixture of annoyance and interest as *Michelangelo, His Life and His Era* (Dutton, \$10.00) by **Giovanni Papini**, whose *Life of Christ* was once a huge best seller. The main item on the credit side is that Signor Papini has been enormously industrious in his research: in the case of Michelangelo, about whom there is much that is known only sketchily, the more data a biographer presents the better. Papini devotes special attention to the people, celebrated or obscure, who played any part in Michelangelo's life; and his dozens of portraits help to make his book a bustling panorama of the Cinquecento. So richly detailed a study of a titanic creator, his work, and his tumultuous times cannot help being highly absorbing.

Having made this acknowledgment, it is my grim pleasure to add that Papini seems to me an infuriating biographer. His prose is inflated, cliché-ridden, and bespattered with silly statements presented as portentous thoughts. He has a repulsive habit of boasting, "I am the first biographer to. . . ." He unfailingly defends Michelangelo and strains to show him in the most favorable possible light; and he stupidly depreciates Buonarroti's great artistic rivals, including Leonardo da Vinci. To compound these felonies, he contradicts himself about his subject's personality. He starts out by rejecting the conventional portrait of the morose giant only to give us a portrait of a giant who was often exceedingly morose.

The great mountain

Annapurna (Dutton, \$5.00) by **Maurice Herzog**—leader of the French Himalayan expedition of 1950—is an account of the conquest of the highest mountain ever climbed: a peak of 26,493 feet in Nepal. Moun-

taineering in the Himalayas is a race against time, since the climbing season lasts less than two months: a great Himalayan climber concluded some years back that no expedition could scale any of the twelve highest peaks at the first attempt. Herzog's party achieved this, without loss of life—and under a terrific handicap. Their objective was Dhaulagiri, which proved inaccessible, and two precious weeks were lost before they turned to Annapurna.

Their first problem was to find Annapurna—its approaches were uncharted. By the time the mountain was discovered and an advance party had detected a promising route to the summit, the monsoon was only twelve days distant. The reconnaissance was swiftly transformed into an assault. Six climbers and their brave Serpas (Nepalese mountaineers) battled with the upper reaches of the mountain, striking camps up to 23,500 feet. On June 3, Herzog and one companion reached the summit.

On the descent, disaster set in—an avalanche, frostbite, snow-blindness, delirium. It is impossible to conceive how Herzog, with his terribly injured hands and feet, negotiated the perpendicular walls of ice; or how later the Serpas managed to carry him down precipitous rock faces. For Herzog the worst ordeal was the long journey back, on a sledge, over rugged paths drenched by torrential rains—a nightmare of unceasing pain. He was still in the hospital a year after the expedition.

Herzog, who has never before turned his hand to writing, has told his story simply, with understatement and with extreme modesty. Unfortunately, he lacks the skill to re-create, as vividly and dramatically as one would wish, what is surely one of the great adventures of our time. Just how awesome the difficulties and dangers were is often left to the reader's imagination. Even so, the book is vastly stirring once the assault on Annapurna has been launched.

England made them

Graham Greene was an obscure name when his *England Made Me*—now reissued as *The Shipwrecked* (Viking, \$3.00)—first appeared in this country; and a masterly short novel went almost unnoticed. It does not, like Greene's later work, have a religious theme. But for sheer literary effectiveness, it compares favorably with his more ambitious

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MY ISLAND HOME

by JAMES NORMAN HALL

"Out of the serene and beautifully written pages of this unpretentious book emerges a self-portrait that is both engaging and surprisingly revealing."—ORVILLE PRESCOTT, *N. Y. Times Book Review*. \$4.00

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novels; and it has some of that fine atmosphere of cosmopolitan intrigue that you find in Greene's incomparable thrillers.

The new title is apposite, for *The Shipwrecked*, whose setting is Stockholm, has to do with people who are clinging to rafts that will never carry them to shore—clinging to an illusion or an obsession or a loyalty that will bring them no reward. Anthony Farrant is an attractive English adventurer who has drifted jauntily from failure to failure, committed to the notion that something big will come his way. His firm-willed sister Kate, the mistress of a self-made Swedish tycoon, has for years had a single goal in life: to find a way to keep her beloved brother by her side. The tycoon, Krogh—now engaged in dangerous manipulations to defend his vast empire—has devoted all of himself to success; away from his desk he is a sorry figure, a total stranger to enjoyment.

In the secondary characters, Greene gives us a portrayal of seediness done in brush strokes as expressive as Eliot's "restless nights in one-night cheap hotels/ And sawdust restaurants with oyster-shells." There is a decayed Swedish teacher of languages, learnedly gaga, whose dream is to produce Shakespeare's *Pericles* in his own translation. There is Krogh's English trouble-shooter, who carries with him the aura of the third-class railway carriage and of the peroxide tart. Above all, there is Monty, shabby and spiteful, whose panache is that he is an Old Harrovian and who lives by grubbing after scraps of news—a figure of ineffable crumbiness.

Few novelists believe less in the possibility of human happiness than Graham Greene. But he has a talent for treating defeat without drabness—with passion and wry humor.

Though he has achieved a considerable reputation in England, Anthony Powell—two of whose novels are now offered us in a single volume, *Venusberg* and *Agents and Patients* (Periscope-Holliday, \$4.00)—is as yet virtually unknown to American readers. Both novels are light social comedies somewhat similar to, and contemporaries of, the early books of Evelyn Waugh. Their edge has not been appreciably blunted by the passage of time. I found them the choicest entertainments that have come my way for many months; and

those readers who relish the comic side of Waugh will enjoy Mr. Powell. Underlying Powell's *opéra bouffe* plots and general invitation to hilarity, there is a serious scrutiny of human weakness—a scrutiny which is trenchant but humane.

The plot of *Venusberg* takes a British journalist to a Baltic country where the Communists are blowing up things, and it involves him in a love affair with the young wife of an absurd savant. In *Agents and Patients*, an exceedingly dim, resourceless young man with a large unearned income puts himself in the hands of two plausible spongers who undertake to brighten up his life, the one by psychoanalyzing him, the other by allowing him to finance an experimental movie. In both books, I was entranced by the abundance of richly comic characters, the succession of wildly funny situations, and the sustained humor of Mr. Powell's astringent prose.

Potpourri

THE PROUD KATE by Ishbel Ross. Harper, \$4.00.

A biography of one of the most spectacular belles in American history, Kate Chase, daughter of Lincoln's Secretary of the Treasury. Her consuming ambition was that her father should win the Presidency. Intelligent as well as arrestingly beautiful, she became Washington's social leader in the Civil War era. After marrying the wealthy Governor Sprague, she was able to indulge her every whim. On her trips to Europe she thought nothing of buying a score of gowns from Worth or a fifty-thousand-dollar staircase. Her dinners, *matinées dansantes*, and receptions were the talk of Washington. But Kate's tireless campaign for her father came to naught. After his death, she fell in love with the picturesque Roscoe Conkling, the Senate's eloquent orator; and their six-year-long romance—a notorious scandal—carried Kate to the end of her heyday.

THE NEXT MILLION YEARS by Charles Galton Darwin. Doubleday, \$2.75.

It's anybody's guess how the stock market will be behaving next month, but broad prophecies about the next million years can be made with reasonable confidence, according to Sir Charles Darwin. The author believes that life is a whole lot cozier today than it will be in the remote future. For one thing, Darwin doubts whether man will ever find a source of energy as convenient as oil or coal, both of which will be exhausted within five centuries. He cites reasons why nuclear fission is not likely to prove

a long-term solution to the problem, and suggests that man may eventually have to resort to windmills or even to superintensive cultivation of the vegetable (which converts sunlight into energy). Meanwhile population will be multiplying at an infinitely greater rate than any possible increase in the food supply — whence famines and wars for food. Yet another ominous trend is that the people who are “best” from the eugenic standpoint are producing far fewer children than the less favored, with the result that the human species will probably degenerate. Sir Charles is inclined to think, in fact, that we are today living at the end of “the greatest of golden ages” in man’s history.

WHEN THE GODS ARE SILENT by Mikhail Soloviev. David McKay, \$3.95.

This big Russian novel by a fugitive from Communism, though short on literary merit, has a great deal of documentary interest. The hero, Mark Surov, is a young boy when the Revolution reaches his village. He becomes an ardent Communist, and tags along with Budenny’s Cavalry, which is fighting the Cossacks. Voroshilov is impressed with him and sends him to Moscow to get educated, after which the Party assigns him to an administrative post in Siberia. Here his disillusionment begins, as he sees the horrors of the labor camps. He is next given a job in the Kremlin; is arrested during the Great Purge; and later fights against the Germans. The novel accents the hero’s journey from faith to loss of faith to bitter hatred of Communism; and it suggests that this hatred has spread far among Russia’s millions.

LOVE FOR LYDIA by H. E. Bates. Atlantic-Little, Brown, \$3.50.

A novel of young love, tender and tragic by turns, set in a small town in England. At nineteen Lydia is lanky, black-haired, shy and unawakened; and this is the story of her blooming. It is young Richardson who first brings her out, as they skate together and go dancing; by summer they are deeply in love

and there is no holding back. But Lydia is one of those girls who, as they rush into maturity, are driven by instinct and feeling and blood — and Richardson is not enough. She must captivate Alex, with whom she loved to dance; and Tom Holland, the blond and powerful farmer; and Blackie Johnson, the arrogant, uncouthly handsome mechanic. The story is told by Richardson — directly, passionately, and sometimes wryly, in the narrow magnification that youth brings to situations so intense and muddled and tragic.

MY UNCLE, JOSEPH STALIN by Budu Svanidze. Putnam, \$3.00.

Mr. Svanidze — who is related to Stalin through both his parents and has known his “Uncle Sosso” since infancy — was a Soviet official in Vienna when he took refuge in the West to marry a Hungarian girl who was a Catholic and would not live in Russia. The fact that he has portrayed Stalin sympathetically, as the benevolent uncle, is not in itself a reason for suspecting propaganda or deliberate distortion: other tyrants and mass murderers have had strong family sentiment, enjoyed a joke, and been keen on fishing. Furthermore the book repeatedly reveals, if only by indirection, the monstrous features of the Soviet system; and it ingenuously shows Stalin pulling out of a bad mood and becoming “the old Stalin again” upon deciding that “the Party must be purged.”

The author presents a great deal of intriguing human-interest material about Stalin — his intense feeling for his native Georgia; his fondness for wine; his competitiveness at games and delight in winning; his relationships with his three wives; his passion for ribbing Molotov; his declining health. We see him cooking his favorite Georgian dish for a party; putting Malenkov through a history quiz; cynically deceiving the Russian people in the matter of Lenin’s body (when the mummy decayed, a statue was slipped into its place). Stalin’s daughter, Svetlana, figures prominently in the story; and there are many interesting sidelights on the Soviet bigwigs.

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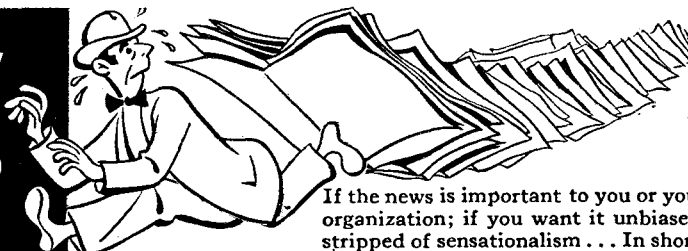
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ACCENT ON LIVING



THE several case reports about not-quite-bright executives, which appeared here a few months ago, were construed by some readers to have been offered in a humorous vein. The fact is, of course, that the examples came from real-life situations but space was not available, unfortunately, to account fully for the success of these executives in spite of what might seem to be their common disability — i.e., unbrightness. A further view of how these and similarly placed individuals actually spend their working hours will show that unbrightness is a business asset and not a handicap.

Let us begin with Bunker. It will be recalled that his job printing company was a great money-maker in spite of Bunker, for reasons quite beyond his control. In this circumstance, the content of Bunker's workday follows a simple, unchanging pattern. Fond of figures, Bunker spends his forenoon in checking, with his bookkeeper, a list of invoices sent on the previous day to his customers.

The bookkeeper reads aloud from one list, and Bunker, after each amount is read, repeats it aloud from an identical list. Bunker keeps track of it all by running his forefinger

down the column of figures, so that he knows at every point how far the work has progressed. "Ninety-three dollars and seventy-one cents," reads the bookkeeper. "Nine-ty-three dollars and seventy-one cents!" comes back Bunker, unerringly. Because it is, after all, his company and not the bookkeeper's, Bunker reads his list more deliberately, more portentously; he achieves the effect of a diligent scholar at work on a hard problem but getting the right answer — nobody's fool, Bunker — every time.

Unusually large items he reads unctuously, like a university president announcing additions to the endowment. "Two thou-sand four hun-dred and eigh-ty-six dol-lars and fif-ty cents!" For such a big billing, Bunker will add the word "Kee-rect!" or "Check and double-check!" This last is taken to mean that Bunker would relish seeing more such big ones on the list, and the bookkeeper knows just when to pause and give him time for these ejaculations.

Afternoons, Bunker repeats aloud, as they are read to him, the payroll, a list of invoices payable *by* Bunker's company, the list of checks to be deposited the next day in the company's bank account, and any other set of figures available. It would all be exhausting to an intelligent man, but Bunker can take it in stride.

The next executive, Callow, we remember as the head of an investment trust who inadvertently went long in 1932 and has been coasting in that position ever since. Callow likes dogs, and his two boxers are the bane of all milkmen, delivery boys, letter carriers, and indeed all guests at Callow's home. Most of his business day is spent on correspondence with the countless kennel clubs and breeders' associations of which he is an officer. Callow is much in demand as a judge at dog shows, and this obliges him to travel a great deal. He does, however, attend the company's annual meeting and each year he makes the same speech; it was written for him in 1933 and it explains why the short-term behavior of the investments is unimportant, in contrast with the long pull. (A statistician in Callow's office brings the figures in the speech up to date each year.)

Two other executives, not mentioned in our previous report, should be included here — Strangely, buyer for the furniture department of a large store, and Stupor, vice president in charge of freight traffic for a railroad. Both qualify readily as not at all bright, and the workday of each is highly successful on that account.

No one in the railroad office ever sees much of Stupor. He is always away somewhere, traveling in his private car, host to a party of big shippers. Nothing impresses a businessman so profoundly as a private car, even though it must be hitched to the slower trains and often means sleeping at night against the cacophony of railroad yards.

Thus, Stupor's car tours the national parks and the northern beaches in the summertime, and California and the Gulf coast during the cold

months. Stupor never looks at a rate schedule, but the clerk who travels with him (and who puts him to bed every night) takes care of all such details. Whether freight traffic has increased on account of Stupor or simply because of the expanding economy, no one particularly cares. The railroad has always approached big shippers in this fashion and, having turned Stupor loose on the assignment, it never got around to shutting him off. Stupor, meanwhile, hasn't drawn a sober breath in many years.

The case of Strangely — the only one of the executives considered here who actually does a day's work at his supposed function — presents one of those inscrutable mysteries of the business world. Strangely's taste as a furniture buyer is shocking. Only the ugliest, the most uncomfortable, and the most useless examples of bad

furniture, only the most repulsive colors and textiles, will suffice for his department, which is celebrated throughout the trade as the one dependable dumping ground for a manufacturer's mistakes. Strangely will buy anything in any amount if it's bad enough. He is a pariah among the store's other executives, who would recoil at the thought of walking through one of his junk-cluttered aisles; he is the butt of all salesmen and his own staff. But for reasons unknown, Strangely's selections are perfectly attuned to the taste of the store's customers. Not even the stupidest clerk — and there are unbright clerks as well as unbright executives — can deter Strangely's customers from pouncing on the appalling things that Strangely buys. Year in, year out, Strangely's stuff *sells*.

CHARLES W. MORTON

FOREIGN SPORTS CARS

by DENNIS MAY

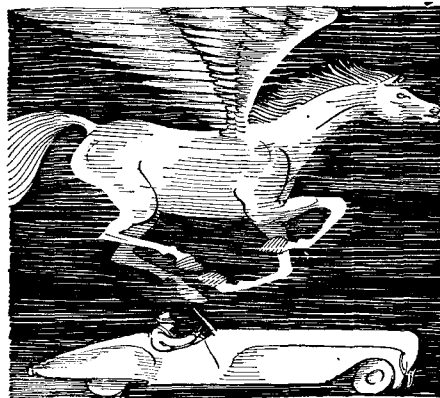
This is the fourth in a series of motoring subjects in these pages from DENNIS MAY, well-known authority on British automobiles.

By any criterion except sheer horsepower — which is seldom decisive in long and dour road races — Germany's 3-liter Mercedes-Benz is today Europe's champion sports car. During 1952, when the Stuttgart factory made its first sports car racing bid since pre-Hitler days, teams of the new Type 300SL fixed-top coupés were fielded four times. In the shortest and least important of these events, the Prix de Bern, three out of the four competing Mercedes filled the leading three places, against admittedly faint opposition. In Italy's Mille Miglia (once around a 1000-mile intercity circuit) three 300SLs ran, and the two that lasted the distance ranked second and fourth in a field of over 500 cars. At Le Mans, in the incomparable 24-hour Grand Prix d'Endurance, Mercedes pulled off a one-two triumph and set a record average of 96.67 m.p.h.; their third car dropped out. Finally, they achieved another one-two in the Mexican road race in November — perhaps their most impressive success of the year.

Thus, in one season, Germany in

the most clear-cut way dispossessed Britain of the sports car racing supremacy she established in June of '51, when the then new XK120C Jaguar romped to record-breaking victory at Le Mans — the first British win there in sixteen years.

On the eve of Le Mans, 1952, Jaguar injudiciously adopted recon-



toured front ends in efforts to improve the XK120C's air penetration and thus reduce a known speed shortage as compared with the Mercedes. This empirical step — England is miserably deficient in high-speed proving grounds — resulted in overheated engines in the race, and all the factory-entered Jaguars cracked up as a result. The debacle is still providing fuel for arguments, but sober students, including British ones, con-

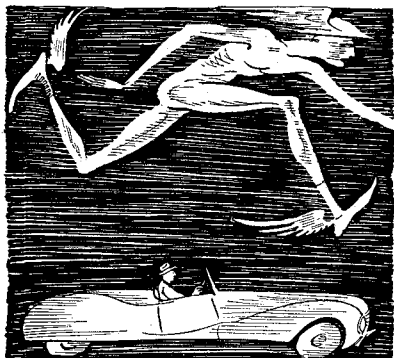
cede that even if the aerodynamically superior and therefore faster 1952 Jaguars had sustained their predecessors' standard of stamina, they wouldn't have kept up with the 300SLs for twenty-four hours.

On paper, therefore, the stage looks set for another Mercedes sweep in the European sports car program of 1953. On the other hand, this is a notoriously tough and competitive field, with new and often unforeseeable developments constantly coming up. The Stuttgart artificers have a way of getting their designs right in the first place, and then, in an astonishingly short time, eliminating such few and minor flaws as may remain by a systematic and assiduous program of testing and rectification. It will therefore be surprising if they overreach themselves as Jaguar did.

A comeback by Jaguar is by no means out of the question. Then there is the new *Disco Volante* Alfa Romeo, as yet unraced, to reckon with. This Italian car, with almost identical underbelly and topside streamlines, looks like something out of science fiction and, with only 3 liters of piston displacement, is said to be turning 160 m.p.h.

The 300SL Mercedes-Benz is a derivative of the capacious and luxuriously equipped touring sedan known as Type 300, but differs from it en-

tirely in appearance and in having a multi-tube frame in which every member forms the side of a triangle. In elevation this chassis is abnormally deep, while the roof line of the body is only 50 inches from the road. The combined effect of these two extremes sets an ingress-egress problem which could only be solved by cutting out normal doors and substituting lift-up panels hinged close to the center line of the roof. By this device, the



300SL, despite its remarkable compactness and resulting low frontal area, is actually rendered easier to enter than the average closed sports-racing car; and at Le Mans in particular, where the race is started with the drivers on one side of the road and their cars on the other, quick access counts.

The 300SL, with 95 inches of wheel base, is 25 inches shorter than the parent model, which has a chassis comprising only two tubes, oval in section, of large diameter and pinched in at the waist. A halfway version of this oval-tube frame — 116 inches wheel base — serves also for the Type 300S, which is intended for fast road driving but not competition work. All models in the 300 series, including a fourth variant carrying the symbol 300SLK, share common suspension arrangements: at the back, articulated half-axes giving independent wheel motion, controlled primarily by coil springs and secondarily by torsion bars lying fore and aft; at the front, wishbone links of unequal length and coil springs.

The six-cylinder in-line engine, with slightly more stroke than bore (88 by 85 millimeters), has a cast-iron main block, but the detachable cylinder head is in light alloy. Unusually enough, for these days, only one camshaft is used, driven by chain and placed in the head.

Three downdraft carburetors are used. In the SL edition, with an 8 to 1 compression ratio, this remarkable

engine gives off 175 h.p. at 5200 revolutions per minute. To reduce hood height, it is bodily tilted at 30 degrees from the perpendicular. The SLK is an open-body model; it has not yet been raced but is understood to produce some 250 h.p.

Incidentally, in case it may be wondered how 175 h.p. European cars contrive to outrace American and Anglo-U.S. rivals with almost 100 per cent more output, the answer is that the former tend to be lighter, smaller in cross-section, easier to stop, more maneuverable in tight turns, and less prone to wheelspin during violent take-off.

Italy's largest-engined sports car, and also her fastest, pending detailed tidings of the *Disco Volante's* performance, is the 4.1-liter Mexico model, a development of the now obsolete Type America. This Mexico production adheres to Ferrari's traditional V-12 engine layout, with one overhead camshaft per bank, and so does the same maker's new Type 250 Sport, of 3 liters capacity and using three quadruple-choke carburetors to ensure balanced rationing of the charge.

Shortly to celebrate its first birthday is the little 2-liter V-8 Fiat, which, with an entirely unornamented fixed-top coupé body evolved in the wind tunnel, looks and is as functional as a pickle fork. This car, even slighter in stature than the 300SL Mercedes and with its body shell fully stressed, aircraft fashion, exemplifies the principle of seeking a desired performance by making light work for the engine, rather than goading quarts of power from pints of piston displacement. This particular motor gives the modest yield of 110 h.p.

In the same engine size category, though far less rakish, is Alfa Romeo's 100 m.p.h. sedan with 2-liter six-cylinder movement. This one, although 20 m.p.h. slower than the Fiat, again shows what a long way a little power will go, suitably encouraged. Here there are twin overhead camshafts operating inclined valves in the classic type of hemispherical cylinder head, and 93 h.p. is delivered.

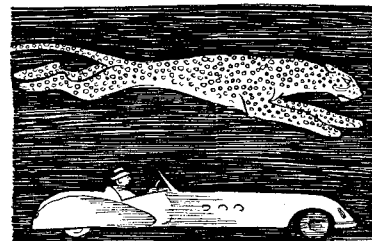
Finish and workmanship worthy of jewelers distinguishes the only automobile produced in Spain, the V-8 Pegaso, which has been disappointingly slow in making a long-promised but still unfulfilled debut in sports car races. It has what I believe is the only four-camshaft V-type engine in actual production anywhere, and a supercharged version makes 2.4 liters

produce 240 h.p. A famous Italian designer of racing cars, Wilfredo Ricart, is Pegaso's technical head, and Italian engineering practice is evident throughout the chassis. Like the faster Mercedes types, the Pegaso has a limited-slip differential to aid traction during tear-away acceleration. New York delivered price of the super-charger model is \$9000.

Outstanding among the few entirely new British sports cars for 1953 is a dapper little Healey with open two-seat body of envelope type and 2.6-liter four-cylinder engine borrowed from the A.90 Austin. Americans didn't want the A.90 at any price, even if it was designed specially for the U.S. market, but I believe they are going to gather the smaller, lighter, prettier, faster (110 m.p.h.) Healey Hundred to their bosoms. U.S. price may be expected to fall about midway between the M.G. Midget's \$2115 and the XK120 Jaguar's \$4075.

Then Allard has something fresh in its Monte Carlo sedan — the designation commemorates this factory's victory last January in the Monte Carlo Rally, the toughest nonracing car competition in all Europe — in which American buyers have a choice between Mercury, Chrysler, and Cadillac V-8 engines. Features here are a tubular chassis, improved steering geometry, and better body lines than on any other Allard so far seen. New York price of the Mercury-powered job is \$3402.

On the upper rungs of the price ladder in Britain, the Bentley export lines, in common with those of Rolls-Royce, are now offered with Hydramatic transmission, by arrangement with General Motors Corporation. And for home consumers of indecent wealth there is gladness in the announcement that Bentley's Continental Sports sedan, hitherto an export-only



car, is henceforth to be available in Britain. So now nothing need stop them motoring at two miles a minute in practically stratospheric silence, apart from writing a check for £7608 (including U.K. purchase tax) — say \$21,302 in American money.



BASIC BASIC

by ALDEN H. SMITH

ALDEN H. SMITH served as an Army interpreter in French and Japanese during the war. He lives in Tuckahoe, New York, and is Vice President of the Magazine Institute.

WHAT I cannot understand about Basic English is why Mr. I. A. Richards, the inventor or discoverer, never thought to supply it with an "ouch," "kerplunk," or a "for gosh sakes." It does seem pretty obvious that situations demanding these words are just as frequent as those in which "and," "but," or "cat" is sufficient.

I imagine Mr. Richards fell into the common error of supposing that *everybody* says "ouch" when hurt and "plop" when trying to describe the impact of a small object falling into a liquid medium. Nothing could be further from the truth. Just let Mr. Richards try calling a Portuguese cat by the kitty-kitty-kitty method. That cat will remain unmoved until Richards translates into Portuguese thus: "Biz-biz-biz!"

And so it is with all those other little words which the grammarians call interjections, onomatopoeic words, or which they ignore altogether. We take it for granted that bells in all countries say "ding-dong" and that "ow" and "ouch" are *essential* expressions of pain; yet every nationality has its own repertory.

Let us, for example, imagine a Russian carpenter banging his thumb with a hammer. In Basic English he would be tongue-tied or confined to some such silly remark as "I have just brought the hammer down upon my thumb." Given access to his native vocabulary he would start out with an anguished "Oi — oi!" I think he would then call the manufacturer of the hammer a lousy

"sookin sin," but that's getting away from simple interjections.

I should mention here that Ivan also had a Spanish assistant, José Maria Gutierrez y Zumbamba. The moment the hammer landed on Ivan's thumb this José began to chuckle, "¡Je! ¡Je! ¡Je!" and then, his carburetor flooded with exclamation points and unable to contain himself, he burst right out with a loud "¡Ja! ¡Ja! ¡Ja!"

Don't think for a minute that the Russians are overburdened with any great love of humanity. If the positions had been reversed and it had been the Spaniard's thumb that got whacked, it would have been José's turn to make a Spanish "ouch" like this, "¡Huy!" and Ivan would have clapped his hands to his ribs and roared, "Xa — xa — xa!" which the Russians consider to be laughter.

But it was Ivan's thumb, so instead of "Xa — xa — xa!" he spits out in disgust, "Foo!" Irritated by José's laughter he then changes the "Foo!" to an angry "Tfoo!" (This is one of those nuances of the Russian language which make it such a flexible medium for the exchange of ideas.)

José counters with a defiant "¡Puf!"

The Russian backs down in the face of the fiery Spaniard. "Ookh!" he whimpers in abject fear.

So José decides to chuck the job — *mañana* he can get another one — and he saunters off calling his dog to his side, "¡Tus! ¡Tus! ¡Tus!" Head in the clouds, he falls right into a freshly prepared batch of cement, "¡Cataplum!" It serves him right and gives us a chance to replace him with a Japanese assistant carpenter.

Instead of pushing a Japanese saw through the plank you *pull* it. And there may be something funny about the hammers, too, so we had better imagine that Mr. Nakayama is provided with a Western-style hammer.

Well, Nakayama throws himself into the work with the old samurai spirit of *Yamato-damashii* and to hell with halfway measures. First thing you know, *he* bangs his thumb and screws his face up in pain. "Sah!" he groans; or "Mah!" or "Oya!" or "Eh!" or "Oya — mah!" It doesn't seem to matter which, since they can all mean "ouch." "Sah," depending on the context, may sometimes be translated as just a thoughtful "Hmm . . ." or an "Ugh!" of disgust or a negative "Unh — unh!" — or, as in this instance, as "Oh, I've mashed

my goddam thumb!" It is thus very difficult to know what the Japanese are thinking or feeling just by listening to them. They are said to be inscrutable. Believe me, if we said "Pow!" or "Zowie!" or "Boing!" interchangeably for all occasions, we could be considered every bit as mysterious.

From these few examples on a single construction job it is clear there is no international unity in interjections. Bells ring variously in all tongues — "Din-don-din," "Tlimtlom," and so forth. Rattle a stick along a French picket fence and the fence gives out with a "Rataplan." And who can say what is the correct formula for calling a Siamese cat or what strange syllable means "Sic 'em!" to an Afghan hound?

It would certainly seem to behoove Mr. I. A. Richards to start at the beginning next time and give us something down to earth. I just wonder what Mr. Richards would say in his vaunted Basic if he should come home some day and trip and fall over his French poodle or slip on a Persian scatter rug.

PROGRESS

by FRANCIS W. HATCH

Those familiar with the slogan "Guinness is good for you" will be interested in the fact that the famous brewery in Dublin is replacing its oak vats with aluminum vessels. Some of the vats are over one hundred years old. — *Aluminum News*

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Shall I presume in 'em
There'll be no alteration in the
brew —
Will Guinness still be just as
"good for you"?

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Leaves me skeptical,
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What promised flavor
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That now you stray on
Will lead to rayon
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SEX LIFE OF THE PUMPKIN

by JOHN OTT, JR.

JOHN OTT, JR., gave up banking in Chicago and organized a company which produced "time-lapse" motion pictures. In the following article he describes an exceptional difficulty he encountered in photographing a pumpkin.

I HAVE been photographing a pumpkin — a project which has presented various problems, particularly in regard to the sex life of a pumpkin. I have been working on this picture for two years. Last year I got some very good pictures.

First I might explain that a pumpkin is a member of the cucumber family, which includes most of the squashes and melons, and is known as a monoecious plant. This means that it has separate male and female flowers on the same plant.

My pumpkin vine last year, for some reason, produced nothing but male flowers. This year I changed the conditions by increasing the light temperature of supplemental artificial light I gave it in addition to sunlight in order to simulate midsummer conditions during late winter — which was when I started photographing a pumpkin vine this year from the time I planted the seed. I also stepped up the fresh air circulation in my time-lapse studio considerably. The result was nothing but female flowers on my pumpkin vine.

Thus, after having photographed a vine every five minutes over a period of several months from the time the seed was planted until it had grown over fifteen feet, I was confronted with the problem of a perfect female or pumpkin-producing flower which I figured would open the next day, and nothing but pictures of the male flower — and a year old at that.

In this difficult situation I decided to call my friend, Dr. Tukey, head of

the Department of Horticulture at Michigan State College, to see if he had any pumpkins growing at this time of year in the department's experimental greenhouses, and also to see if it might be possible to use any kind of artificial hormones, but "Tuke" had no pumpkins and advised that real pumpkin pollen would be best under these circumstances.

Next I called Dr. Dorsey at the University of Illinois, but he said that he was sorry, he had no pumpkin pollen at the moment either.

Then I called Dr. Julian Miller at Louisiana State University, since Dr. Miller had been very helpful on one previous occasion in settling a disputed question as to which end of a sweet potato is "up" when it comes to planting one in a jar of water. (He advised that this differs with various varieties and that the problem can be avoided by laying the potato on its side.) I was hoping that the pumpkins might be blooming in Louisiana at this time of year, but Dr. Miller told me there would be none for a week or ten days — which would be much too late for my beautiful pumpkin flower which I figured would be in full bloom the following morning.

I realized I would have to go a little farther south to find pumpkins in bloom, so I called Mr. Deatrick of the Flagler Hydroponic Gardens in Miami, and asked him if he could look around Florida to see if there were any male pumpkin flowers in bloom. After I explained the urgency of the situation, he said he would see what he could do. He called me back a little later in the morning, saying that he had spread the word by phone to over a hundred friends and that an appeal for pumpkin pollen had been published in the early edition of the Miami paper and broadcast on the radio.

By two o'clock that afternoon a lady living in Miami called in that she had a pumpkin vine with male flowers in bloom, which she would be willing to offer in this emergency. Eastern Air Lines heard of the plight of my lady pumpkin flower in full bloom and rushed the entire vine from Miami under the care of a special attendant on a nonstop plane to Chicago, which I met that evening. The passengers were all held on the plane until my pumpkin was unloaded and delivered to me. I rushed it out home to my time-lapse studio, where I introduced it to the lady in waiting, and I am now being called Uncle John by a lot of little pumpkins.



HEARING WITH BOTH EARS

by JOHN M. CONLY

JOHN M. CONLY is a former New York and Washington newspaperman, now on the staff of High Fidelity Magazine. "They Shall Have Music" is a quarterly feature in the Atlantic.

IN the antic world of audio, where Debussy is sometimes rated in decibels, and the Kreutzer Sonata in kilocycles, the last days of 1952 were marked by a sudden and almost maudlin concern over people with two ears. Down the years, it was discovered with a horrid shock, broadcasters, record makers, and phonograph designers had been ignoring this portion of the listening public. Their creative efforts had been bent wholly toward amusing and edifying the one-eared, or monaural, music-listener. However, thanks to modern science, it was not too late to rectify this awful error.

All at once, the word (and a pretty tiresome word it can be) was *binaural*. Nearly all the most bone-crushingly crowded exhibits at the New York Audio Fair, where the latest home-music gadgetry is shown each autumn, were binaural demonstrations this time. WQXR, New York, the nation's biggest good-music station, within a week delivered two binaural broadcasts and within a month had talked an advertiser into sponsoring one every week for a year.

Two tape-recorder and three disc-record companies joined the act at once, offering binaural equipment and recordings. And the word was heard across the Atlantic. Earl's Court, site of the nineteenth British radio exposition, also acquired aural tri-dimensionality: a tambourine tinkled its detectable way across an apparently empty London stage; a ghostly

bagpiper paraded past; a motorcycle started up and racketed away into almost palpable distance.

Indeed, no spot was inviolate. A New York manufacturer reported a request from Woods Hole marine biologists for binaural recording equipment to be used *underwater*.

Why so many people, all at once and independently, exhibited this sudden burning interest in binaural (or stereophonic) sound is hard to say. Certainly the theory had long been available, and previous experiments had been many. The underlying principle is fairly simple. It is based on the fact that a pair of ears constitutes a directional instrument. When a trumpet plays from the right side of a concert hall stage, its sound reaches the right ear of a listener in the audience a fraction of a second before it reaches his left ear, and with a slightly different quality. The left ear hears it a little less loudly, being blocked off by the listener's head. It also hears it with a larger admixture of reverberation from the hall's left wall, and in the process of reverberating the sound will have lost some of its top treble and some of its purity. Even with his eyes closed, the listener can turn his head to face the trumpet with some precision, if he wants to.

In common sound reproduction, this auditory perspective is lost. Engineers often use more than one microphone to pick up a broadcast or a recording session, but the outputs of all are blended and transmitted over one channel, or onto one tape. Nor can reproducing the result through more than one loud-speaker in the home restore the perspective, since all the speakers will emit exactly the same sound. None will advance the flute's tones a little ahead of the French horn's, or vice versa, as would be necessary to yield a sense of presence in the hall. However, it is possi-

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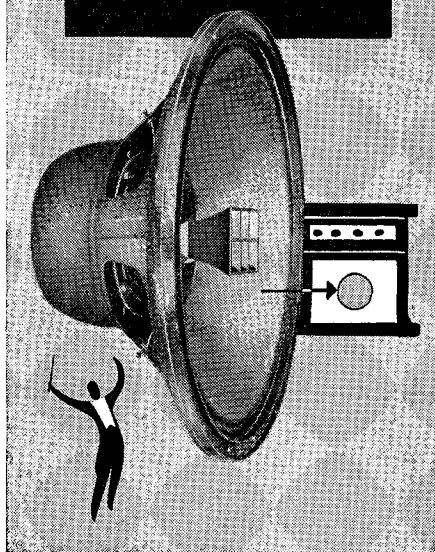


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ble to incorporate aural perspective in reproduced sound, and the method is obvious. It consists simply of using two microphones and duplicating every stage of the recording and reproduction. Each of the microphones feeds its own amplifier, tape track, recording cutter, reproducing amplifier, and loud-speaker. The playback loud-speakers, in the last stage, are spaced apart, more or less as the microphones were at the beginning, and yield to the listener just about what the individual microphones picked up. One delivers the flute a little louder and sooner than the other does, and the horn a little softer and later. If everything else has been done properly, the result is sound-perspective.

The earliest experimenters in bin-aural sound reproduction used two microphones, spaced apart the thickness of a human head, and listened to the resultant sounds through ear-phones. This was uncommercial, but it furnished binaural effect unsurpassed even now. Loud-speakers cannot do as well, since concerts are not normally listened to through two 15-inch portholes in a wall. But, at that, they can be surprisingly good. Also, when loud-speakers are used instead of earphones, the number of channels needn't be limited to two (except by economics).

Actually, history's most ambitious experiment in stereophonic reproduction was made in 1933 by Bell Telephone Laboratories, for the benefit of a meeting of the National Academy of Sciences. The Bell scientists used a three-channel wire system to trans-



mit a concert played in Philadelphia by the Philadelphia Orchestra to Constitution Hall in Washington. Three microphones picked up the sound along the edge of the stage in the Academy of Music. Three giant tweeter-woofer loud-speaker systems, positioned to correspond with the microphones 138 miles away, delivered the music in Washington. Alexander Smallens conducted, Leopold Stokowski worked the tone controls from

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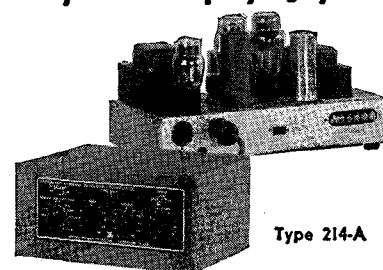
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a box in Constitution Hall. Five booster amplifiers, apart from those in the terminal cities, were placed along the transmission line to keep the fidelity high. The scientists and dignitaries present pronounced the whole thing a delightful success. It must also have cost an astronomical sum of money.

There were numerous smaller experiments. In 1926 a Hartford, Connecticut, radio station, with FCC permission, used two wave-lengths for a short binaural broadcast. At least one phonograph maker tried synchronized or dual-grooved discs. Some multitrack film recording was done, too. But not until magnetic tape and FM radio came into being was there any real prospect of getting stereophonic sound out of the laboratory. FM enters the picture partly because most FM stations are also AM. By dint of separating the transmissions for their FM and AM, and feeding one with a "left ear" and the other with a "right ear" microphone, they can broadcast stereophonic sound. Anyone with an FM receiver and a separate AM radio—even a tiny portable—can space the two according to the station's instructions and get at least a taste of auditory perspective.

In stereophonic broadcasting and recording (as in all other kinds), magnetic tape is the basic tool and all tape can be used for twin-track recording. Now two tape-recorder companies, Ampex and Magnecord, have put out two-channel recorders, the latter even offering a portable model. None of the binaural models costs anything like twice the price of its monaural equivalent, although the recording and erasing heads, and the amplifiers, have had to be installed in duplicate.

Naturally, having two-track tape recorders to work with, someone was bound to begin making binaural disc-recordings in marketable quantity. To date, only one person has done so, although several labels are involved. This pioneer is Emory Cook, recording engineer and equipment maker best known for his series of spectacular "Sounds of Our Times" discs. He has produced three records under his own label (Cook Laboratories, Stamford, Conn.), another for Atlantic Records, and one for Poly-music. Three more companies are more or less committed to affiliate, the terms being that Cook attends their recording sessions and dupli-



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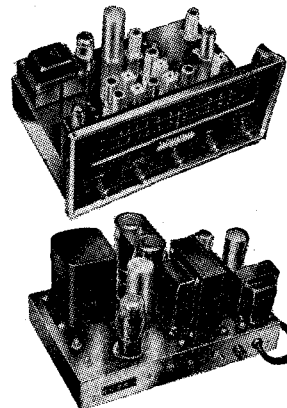
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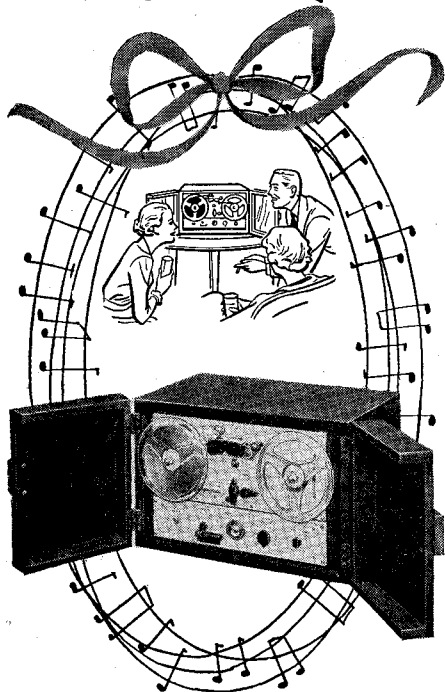
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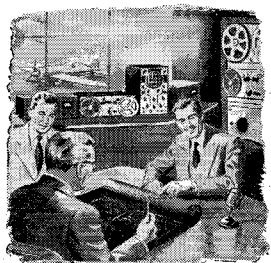
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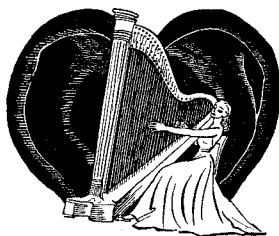
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cates the product on binaural tape. They retain the option of publishing the two-track recordings, but if they don't, Cook can. And even if they do, Cook does the disc-cutting for them. The repertory, thus far, is limited. Cook himself has printed stereophonic records of a grandfather clock's ticking (this is his test record, for loud-speaker and pickup cartridge alignment), of a huge theater organ in Richmond, and of the Hufstadter singers, in very highbrow selections — baroque music on one side, very modern on the other. Polymusic has printed a piano recital by Jesus Maria Sanroma. Atlantic has printed the most successful two-track disc to date, selections by a better-than-average jazz band, taped in a small room abaft the 52nd Street night spot where it regularly performs.

Cook-engineered binaural discs have two bands of grooves, one starting conventionally at the outside edge, the other midway to the central blank area. They can be played by a single tone-arm, provided the arm has twin pickup cartridges, $1\frac{1}{8}$ inches apart and with independent vertical motion, so that they may individually ride the warp of the record. Such an arm is being manufactured by Livingston Electronics, Livingston, New Jersey. The arm is not nearly so tricky as it sounds. The only critical factors, in making

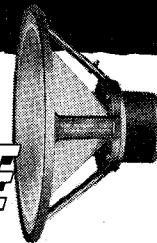


it work right, are the distance between the arm pivot and the turntable spindle and the fore-and-aft alignment of the two cartridges, which naturally must play exactly the same fraction of any note at exactly the same time. (If they don't, the result is interesting but not musical.)

All these complications and hardships are set down mainly to whet the appetite of the faithful, for the overriding fact is that, when stereophonic reproduction is successful, it is simply beyond comparison with single-channel sound. The writer of this column had opportunity to discover this for himself, while helping to prepare an exhibit for the 1952 Audio Fair, aforementioned, and a saddening ex-

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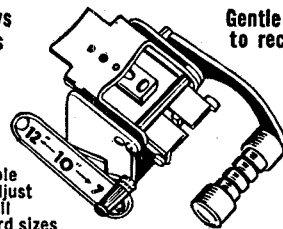
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perience it was. Its terminal scene involved a return to a living room virtually lined with musical masterpieces engraved on discs — and all of them irreparably monaural!

The experiment itself, having been performed by magazine editors, not engineers, was deplorably unprofessional. In fact, the only professional touch was lent by a very competent lady pianist with red hair. The microphones were dissimilar, one being an Altec Lansing, the other an Electro-Voice. The playback speakers were different, one being, again, an Altec Lansing, the other a Barker Duode (British). Neither was mounted properly; indeed, one was fastened to a baffle taped to a cardboard packing case. Heart of the procedure was a Magnecorder dual-recorder. The site was no cunningly acousticed studio, but a dignified Berkshire Hills living room.

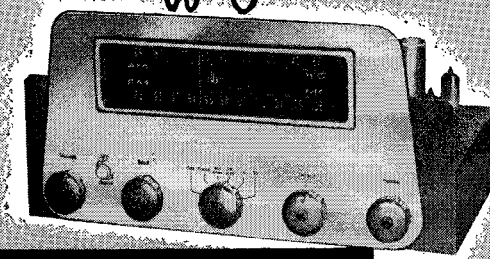
Results, under these conditions, should have been depressingly inconclusive. The two mikes were spaced ten feet apart, six feet off the piano's starboard quarter, so to speak, and tested for volume level. Then the pianist went to work, and in due course the twin-track tape was played back. Listeners, including a small, hostile, and articulate group of displaced wives, were instantaneously overwhelmed and converted. Beyond the wall against which the ill-housed speakers were propped, there suddenly came into being, aurally, a room with a grand piano in it. There is no other description of the phenomenon. The piano seemed just between and behind the loud-speakers.

Lessons were learned. The loudspeakers had to be spaced at least as far apart as were the microphones, and they could not be angled in, to make the sound converge; they had to be faced straight out from the wall, in parallel. Later, when transplanted to another room, the reproduction was much less vital and convincing.

It must be pointed out that music of small proportions, thus far, has fared much better in stereophonic reproduction than has more massive matter. A string quartet, aurally re-created between two loud-speakers in a living room, is convincing. A symphony orchestra is not; if it is to be made so, someone must learn the technique of microphoning from the tenth row in the auditorium, to provide a little vista between the imaginary orchestra and the actual confines of the living room. An intimate,

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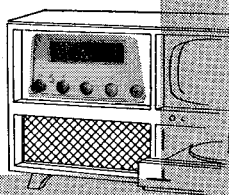
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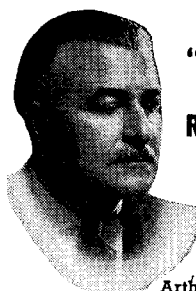
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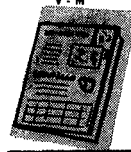
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three-dimensional condensation of the New York Philharmonic will never be quite believable.

The economics of home stereophonic sound are not unduly oppressive, if stereophonic discs are to be forthcoming. The Livingston two-headed arm, by itself, costs no more than other precision phono-arms (and can be used for monaural discs).

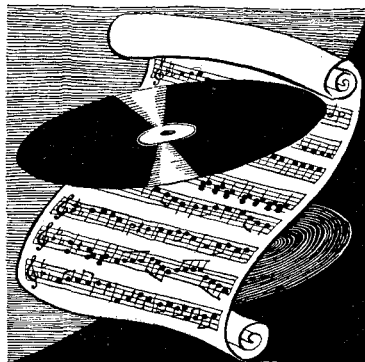
When two channels are used, very little power is needed for aural satisfaction. In the instance reported, two 12-watt Newcomb amplifiers—which have good, flexible controls—were used. They cost \$59 each. The pickup cartridges were ordinary Pickering's. The Altec coaxial speakers eventually chosen, excellent 12-inchers, cost \$89 each. The total is less than is spent on many a fancy monaural system.

The future of binaural reproduction depends in part on the attitude of music lovers, who may be tired, by now, of novelties, however impressive. It also depends on broadcasters, record makers, and equipment manufacturers. The tape-recorder people are off to a bad start already: binaural tape recorded on Ampex cannot be played back on Magnecord; a copy must be made. The Ampex twin-track recording heads work side by side; those of the Magne recorder operate one in advance of the other. In dual-track discs, fortunately, Emory Cook seems to have established a firm guiding standard.

For disc-recording companies, there is, of course, a strong temptation in the binaural technique. Monaurally speaking, they are about at the end of their repertoire, seeking out obscure chamber works of Telemann and Varese. Binaurally, there is plenty of opportunity for someone who wants to break new ground with a good recording of Beethoven's Fifth Symphony.

For home-music enthusiasts as yet undisturbed by the discovery that they own two ears, 1952 produced rather few novelties, although the total pickings in equipment were never so good. The biggest splash was made by a new line of Altec Lansing speakers—one mentioned above—all coaxial, all less expensive

than their honorable predecessor, all certain to succeed. Two eclectic phono-pickup cartridges moved from the professional to the home market—the Weathers FM capacitance cartridge, which will track at $\frac{1}{3000}$ of a pound, and the Fairchild moving-coil dynamic, for which is claimed the highest stylus-compliance ever achieved. Several miniature speaker-



and-cabinet assemblies have been developed to challenge the R-J and the Electro-Voice and Permoflux midgets. Most impressive are the Kelton-Lang, a \$50 two-unit job with truly big range, and the Sound Workshop "baby," a bread-box-sized, carefully tampered bass-reflex

enclosure to be sold at a ridiculously low price. Among amplifiers the major addition was the new Newcomb line, with eight models ranging in price down from \$269 to \$40—all with phono-equalization controls, except the 10-watt models.

Record Reviews

The period under review here was a time of important artistic undertakings in the record industry, as will appear below:—

Bach: Christmas Oratorio (Ferdinand Grossman conducting soloists, Vienna Symphony and Akademie Kammerchor; Vox: three 12" LPs in album with text). The seasonal implication in its title is no reason to neglect this work. Its deep, devotional drama is good every day in the year, and it is gorgeously set forth here. Let contralto Dagmar Herrmann-Braun's rendition of "Prepare thyself, Zion!" (first record-face) establish the verdict.

Bach: Clavier Ubung (Ralph Kirkpatrick, harpsichord; Paul Callaway, organ; Haydn Society: seven 12" LPs, sold separately or in album). This mammoth project actually began because a Washington advertising executive and keyboard fanatic, Day Thorpe, never had heard a harpsichord recorded right, and wanted to. He involved Callaway, Kirkpatrick, and eventually the Haydn Society, in the venture. Six months and thirty miles of tape later, he decided he was satisfied. Among items in the *Clavier*

Übung ("Keyboard Exercises," an inadequate title if ever one was) are the Italian Concerto; the six Partitas "Opus 1"; the French Overture; the Goldberg Variations and four duettos (for harpsichord); and ten great Chorale Preludes in missal order (for organ). Both performers come off extraordinarily well; the amateur engineers easily licked the dreadful reverberations of Washington Cathedral, luckily for Callaway, and gave Kirkpatrick's instrument the fullest harpsichord sound yet recorded.

Beethoven: Quartets (Budapest Quartet; Columbia: twelve 12" LPs, sold in three albums or separately). Concert Hall Society finished its Beethoven Quartet series, by the Pascals, just in time to meet this onslaught. If the quartets be taken as a unit, the Budapests outclass anybody. The Pascals play with equal devotion and less tension, which is sometimes important, but are recorded remotely. In the middle period works—Opus 59, the "Rasumovsky" quartets, and Opus 74, "The Harp"—the Vienna Konzerthaus Quartet (Westminster) is richer, more colorful. But once into the late quartets, Beethoven's most sublime writing in any form, the Budapests are unassailable, almost beyond criticism in their communion with this loving, terrible music. Columbia's recording has shrill spots but is mostly irreplaceable.

Beethoven: Violin and Piano Sonatas (Artur Balsam, piano; Joseph Fuchs, violin; Decca: five 12" LPs, with complete score and notes in performer-autographed album). When 2500 of the autographed sets have been sold (says Decca) the contents will go on sale singly. Again, as a unit, these are beyond compare; individually a few are menaced by Busch-Serkin, Casadesu-Francescatti, and Horszowski-Szigeti (Columbia). Best buy, when they become singly available; the combination of the magical No. 10, Op. 96, and No. 2, Op. 12, No. 2. Fuchs and Balsam are a superb Beethoven team.

Borodin: Suite from Prince Igor (Walter Susskind conducting Philharmonia Orchestra; M-G-M: 12" LP). This includes the overture and Polovtsi March as well as the dances—and recorded fidelity which puts it ahead of the competition.

Boyce: Symphonies Nos. 2, 3, 5, and 7 (Karl Haas conducting London Baroque Ensemble; Westminster: 12" LP). Herewith Westminster

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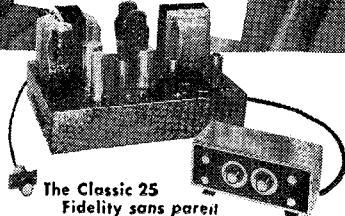
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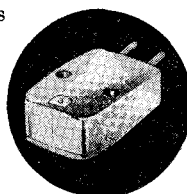
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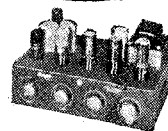
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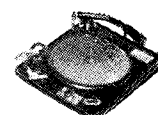
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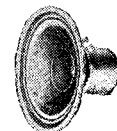
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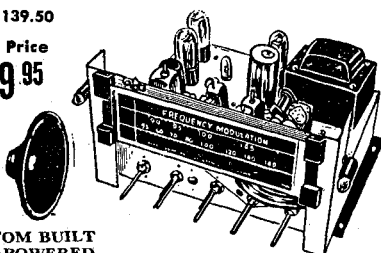
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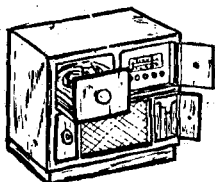
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completes its meritorious recording of this eighteenth-century English master's eight little symphonies. Very fine in all respects.

Menotti: *Amahl and the Night Visitors* (Chet Allen, Rosemary Kuhlmann, and other members of the original TV cast; Thomas Schippers conducting orchestra and chorus; RCA Victor: 12" LP in album with libretto). Television was never like this, aurally. The echo-chambers and other TV-audio gadget-mishmash are pleasantly absent; every note and word is beautifully heard, and *Amahl* emerges an entrancing thing. Another Christmas item good every day in the year.

Mozart: *Concertos and Chamber Works*, performed at the Casals Festival at Perpignan, 1951 (Pablo Casals, cellist and conductor; various other artists; Columbia: ten 12" LPs, in two albums or separately). Difficult recording conditions (apparently) kept the ten works in this cycle from being an overwhelming success; at that, most are still the best recordings of the works available. Most notable: the orchestra's *Eine Kleine Nachtmusik*; Marcel Tabuteau in the Divertimento No. 11; Dame Myra Hess in the lyrical Piano Concerto No. 9; Horowitz in the Concerto No. 27.

Mozart: *Serenade No. 10 in B Flat* (William Steinberg conducting Los Angeles Woodwinds; Capitol: 12" LP). Deft, delicate, and delightful; wonderfully crisp sound.

Schubert: *Symphony No. 9 in C Major* (Josef Krips conducting Amsterdam Concertgebouw Orchestra; London: 12" LP). While this surpasses in almost all respects a new Decca (Deutsche Grammophon) Furtwängler version, it lacks the majestic first-movement authority of the Bruno Walter or Mengelberg (Columbia; Capitol) playings. Otherwise it is tops, and handsomely recorded.

Anna Russell Sings? (Anna Russell, comedienne; Harry Dworkin, piano; Columbia: 12" LP). Hilarious advice, with examples, for would-be concert songstresses. Very, very witty.

Benny Goodman Jazz Concert, 1937-1938 (Benny Goodman, his orchestra, various jazz virtuosi; Columbia: two 12" LPs). Picked up "live" at sundry dance dates, this is even more zestful than the '38 Carnegie Hall concert—and yields a clue to how jazz is best recorded.

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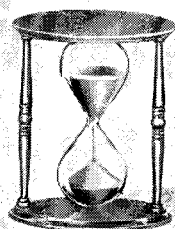
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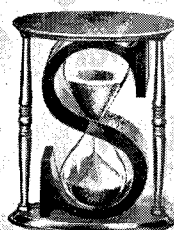
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